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Mavis Staples "Stake Sause"

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Max B: Uh, yeah Coke Wavy Season Boss Don, French Let's go

Hook:

Yeah, I'm in the ghetto everyday

And ever since this little beef I tote that metal everyday In the industry to the ghetto, know every angle played

Baby so come and play

I got that Henny mixed with Coke

Got that Cleego mixed with ice

They just put me on the line, and my freethrow lookin' nice

I was born and raised in the ghetto

(Born and raised baby)

Yeah

Verse 1

Max B:

I'm heavy B, cock that Desert E

Crusing in that Beamer like 70

20 miles an hour in a 50 zone just so you can see me

My mayo right, lookin' at that tailpipe

Put it up on that scale right, bet it come back Even Steves

These bitches best believe in me

When I tell 'em "Baby let me take you out this ghetto that you livin' in"

Biggaveli 'bout his Benjamins, send 'em in

Make 'em suck and fuck dem dicks, lately I don't trust the tricks

Hit me up, let's stay the night, pimpin' was my way of life

Slippin' and I paid the price

Left my bitch alone and let her gone

Six thousand miles away from home

Sittin' with this guilt tryna cope the pain, no, tryna rope the game

Record labels is now focusing
On the weak shit y'all provide so my sons won't even listen to
Bigga speak the truth, I ain't dissin' you, listen boo

Hook

Verse 2

French Montana:

Hit him if he actin' up, bread I be stackin' up
Work I be baggin' up, homie that's what I do
Young boys duckin' feds, niggaz comin' for ya head
61 in the head, homie that's what I do
In the hood I was born and raised
Homie ghetto bound, life is a bitch, I'm tryna settle
down

Them metal rounds gon' hit ya up. split ya up
Paramedics gift ya up, coke boys fix ya up
Welcome to the hood, to the corners, backblocks
Niggaz foamin' out the mouth, lookin' for a jackpot
A silverback ape

Cop it when it's here in a drought I be sellin' backs weight

We got the streets, steak sauce We on top of beef, a whole lotta heat We never sleep, homie I'm Ray Charles I ain't gotta see, homie we got the streets

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