

Stalley

"BCGMMG Remix"

Visit "[BCGMMG Remix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Stalley]

I just be laughing at these haters...

My laugh is like...

My laugh sound like...

[Verse 1: Stalley]

Drag racin', left the game behind me

I'm zoomin' on these niggas and I don't see nobody

There's no competition and I told you niggas I'd be

Back to put it down, now I'm back with the crown

Crooked C with the pins on it, my kid's life depends on it

So when the pen glowin', and I get goin, I ain't tip
toein', I'm stompin'

And them black boots, thug mind

Look at the ish they start

Made a honest man straight heartless... Once in a while
I be ski mask mobbin'

Someone pass me the Marlboro, I got somethin' to say
boy

Real intelligent ish too, somethin' niggas'll pay for
Got filth under my nails, so I ain't tryna be no playboy
Won't sell you nothin' I ain't boy, see I ain't for
That dumb ish

Yea I'll aim at ya nugget

Open that rat hole and I'll plug it

Took my... and I thugged it

Now these lame ass niggas they love it, I does it

For you and you, put it together like two and two

BCGMMG, yea that be my only crew

[Hook: Stalley]

BCGMMG, yea that be my only crew

BCGMMG, yea that be my only crew

BCGMMG, yea that be my only crew

BCGMMG, yea that be my only crew

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Drag racin' haters all behind me

Niggas mad at me cause my chrome wheels shinin'

Flag hangin, bosses move in silence

The money came slow, then I started vibin'
Bumpin' Tela nigga "I'm so tired of ballin'"
My new crib got four fuckin' waterfalls in it
Behind the double doors it look like it's a mall in it
Fuck her good, bend her over, then I fall in it
Pair of Chuck Taylor's, I rarely call tennis
All the locc's sport'em, and they all menace
From a nickel rock the Louboutin's on any block
Public transportation our Lamborghini's on
Rickenbacker
Still under surveillance, look over you haters
Right back to this money, I'll get with you later
I'm stackin' this money, can't do you no favors
I'm fuckin' with Stalley, we still on the pavement

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Meek Mill]

Rolex, I get more sex
Ho's tryna hang like coat check
Four's on the rang nigga no sweat
And every time I'm in the bank that's more checks
And my nigga's got work no Bowflex, and my 44th
Ward dogs go fetch
Two bad hoes with me and they both wet
And I stand on the corner like I protest
Till that work done, and that first come
And when the re-up came, I was the first one
Like the Re-Up Gang I had two clips, up in my new glicc,
ready to hurt something
Cops came, I ain't heard nothin'
Rock came, I served somethin'
Started off with that.oz and tried to flip that bitch to a
whole ki'
I'm OG, you know me
Your work high, I'm low key
I started off with like four quarters and it was tie game,
I went OT
Your girlfriend she so freak, eat the dick till she OD
Gotta yellow Rollie, with a yellow bezel, and them rocks
in it like cold pink

[Hook]

Visit [Stalley](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.