

Stalley

"Fountain Of Youth"

Visit "[Fountain Of Youth](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Rick Ross]

Fountain of youth

May our legacies live forever

Hunh

[Rick Ross]

All my niggas quiet but we burning loud

Makaveli to the max: never turn it down

Mac 11 in a Benz: how you like me now?

I run the city so my closet look like Nike Town

Niggas talking like bitches -- is it my income?

Am I fucking your bitches? Is it official?

My nigga did a dime, didn't learn a thing from it

Came home, in two weeks got him a 600

Get a text from the boss: you know them bricks coming

Chicks at the beach house like they gonna miss something

From the churches I rose, only loving the dough

From the Chevy to Rolls, now it's fur on the floor

Smoke an ounce of the truth: that's my fountain of youth

R.I.P. to Mr. Shakur, this one is for you

Nipsey Hussle and I got my nigga Stalley on it

Double MG burning out in Cali on it

[Hook: Nipsey Hussle]

Stained glass window in the Benzo

Lost in the instrumental

Keys got me sentimental

[Verse 2: Stalley]

These rap books buried in gold

The treasure of a million men, Versace shades trimmed in gold

My life's big like them cameras explode

Capture this rags to riches story that I unfold

The youth fountain for the few counting

Made money, but who's counting?

It's hard stunting living in subsidized housing

Every bag you bring though the door, dude's counting

And every new girl you bring through, dude's hounding

They want your youth, so they watch your moves
From your pinky ring, down to how you lace your shoes
Rope chains with the precious jewels
The dope game had impression rules
What they did with cocaine and a couple spoons
Had the whole hood acting like goons
Trying to be the richest, trying to be the flyest
Claim to be balling, end up like Len Bias
Screaming from the bottom of this fountain here,
nothing but silence

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Nipsey Hussle]

Laces in my blue Chucks, represent my bro's first
Staring at my Rollie bezel as I soul-search
Run this money marathon til my soles hurt
But no materials could measure what my soul's worth
I wanted everything, feel like I had no choice
Young niggas wishing on a star like Rose Royce
Being honest, killing mamas when we sold work
I made a promise, give me options and I cold-turkey
Sick of sitting on the side while it's game point
Recurring dream, tryna scream but ain't had no voice
Crazy lady speaking tongues said it's gon' work
Never vocalize my visions, actions was my
spokesperson
Study rich niggas' moves like my homework
Sacrilegious; however, streets was my own church

[Hook]

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