

## Stalley

### "Pound"

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[Chopped and screwed voice:]

And I'm a go to a place where the bass sound thicker  
Slow the beat down cause the pace a little quicker  
So we stay up, while the sun goes down  
We ain't make enough, so let the elevator pound

[Stalley:]

From the 'jects to the penthouse  
Synonymous to what my life been 'bout  
Kinetic energy, brain waves of intelligence, is what I  
send out  
Still in the cutlass doing spin outs  
'87 boxed up all tinted out  
Living life on the edge, couple links that excite the feds  
Shout to mister jones  
It's funny how sparkling stones bring attention from  
these hater heads  
A lot of changing faces from these potato heads  
Eyes dilated when I sashay lifted  
Couple doobies in the ashtray, cash clay run my mouth  
like a soon be  
Champion  
The long beard, hows the pain I be dancing in  
The reign with the Pharoahs, mirror image to the gods  
My homie glory brings head nods, the only story I been  
bout

This controlled mind with no facade  
The dreamy intuition from a street politician is scarred  
Back and forth with the pimps and gang land  
symbolers  
Dope boys with the bang in they trunk  
See the tremblers  
Milq city where I'm from, where the opie emblems  
Street names after indians, so wild cowboys watch  
where you coming in  
Tomahawks with assault rifles  
May bump into the next king pin or Haile Selassie  
Civil with the spiritual  
This city feels unlucky searching for a miracle  
On this elevator ride skipping floors

Trying to reach the top, then the structure falls (falls)

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