

Pack "Club Stuntin"

Visit "[Club Stuntin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lil' Uno]
We in the Club we Stuntin'
[Traxamillion]
(Yeah, Yeah)
[Lil' Uno]
HEEEYYY
[Traxamillion]
I had to get the Youngstas on em' man
[Lil' Uno]
Its the Pack man, Young L, Wezzy B, Young Stunna and
me Lil' Uno aka
the
prince man, Got my man Traxamillion over here on the
beats man so you
know its a hit Haha, Heeeey
[Traxamillion]
AAAAOOWWWW

[Lil' Uno]
D the first letter in A-M-O-N-T-E
But you better call me Uno when you see me on the
streets
A cute face with a coke bottle shape
Blowin' ice like a blunt, They get me high I call em'
grapes
The grapes in the backfoot call em' Gymanstics
Kinda had a nice game like my name John Madden
Mouth Jeff Gordon racing 24 Bullets
And the bitches call me baby like I'm runnin' cash
money
My tool kinda long I wrap it double magnums
A picky type dude gotta be gold wrapper
Jackie Joyner-Kersey
Got Trax and The Pack
Pickin' up skirts for a 100 yard dash
Slow it down, Take a breath, Fresh air I love that smell
See Vans no Nikes so you know its Wolfpack
Put the mic in my hand and see a girl shape crack.

(Chorus)

[Stunna Man]

I'm back baby
The Pack go crazy
Trax on a track
We be hittin' on the ladies
She ask questions
Why you so fly ?
She tell me that my grill look like a bright lite
I take her to the club so she see them bright lights
My team get Hyphy a lot of club fights
So nice, So much ice
We be flyer than a kite in the Vans that you like
I'm so fly, I'm so high
Yes you ain't heard Stunna that guy
Yeah homie I'm popular so now you know why ya hoe
jockin' us
At the party I sip
I be ripped like shit hoes down with this shit
The Pack, Based Boys
Yeah that's my clique
Act into ya street, Yeah I bang my script

(Chorus)

[Young L]

Run then bend yeah shake that shit
Back it up make L wanna break that shit
(Yeah, Yeah) And I bang the Pack got
Boppas on deck with the Rippas in the back
I'm messin' with Trax
Give me all the Racks
Yeah I'ma stacks
Cash to the max
Why ya chick wouldn't stop eyin'
She let ya boy in, Nigga ain't even tryin'
She came over ask me a question
Next thing you know we was talkin' about sex (About
sex, Yeah)
Its the Pack
Based Boys
Vans with a backpack
Star Wars Jeans
With A Looney Tune hoodie
Inside out niggas know what I'm about
Its the next level
Frasier Frames
She's a runner, She ain't my main

(Chorus)

[Lil' B]

Walked in the club yes I'm fresh, Gadddesyes

Girls say I'm raw and I give em' all the best sex,
Ganggaddangdeng
All up in the back mayne, Sac mayne, I done seen
souths like Pac-Mayne
?
Ride in the scrape thing black with the black tint
Aired out, Aired out Girl yeah that's it
Bruhhs tryna stab it, Gruhhs tryna grab it
Gotta long blunt, Bleeyah ?, Throat all raspy
Gotta just test me, Right but I'm lefty
Gotta light skin look sweet like Nestle
All my niggas deep with the heat don't test me
All nice gotta long slot like Gretzky ?
Been done fuckin' you, Why the nigga gon' test me ?
All up in the party goin' dumb lookin' sexy Yes
All my niggas go crazy
I been in the club goin' 18 aye aye.

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.