

Dew Baby

"Stuntin On Em"

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[Hook]

I be flexing on these bitches, I be stunting on these niggas
Smoking all this loud, fuck my haters I don't hear them
She ask me what I'm doing, bitch I'm tryina make a killing
Bout to turn up on these niggas, stack my money to the ceiling
I just flex, flex, stunt, stunt, flex, flex, stunt, stunt, flex, flex, stunt, stunt
I just flex, flex, stunt, stunt, flex, flex, stunt, stunt, flex, flex, stunt, stunt

Oh, oh, I be counting endless, I love my wariness
I'm getting money on the stoop, I call that bandits
I be blowing on this dope, you know shit tremendous
Her head is in my lap while I grab her extensions
And we don't stand in line, nobody waits around
And all my niggas fresh, don't see no waste around
I'm bad, all these bullets landing, we don't waist around
Straight shots, no patron,
Who want to taste a round?
And ditas, I'm a gator, I be stunting on the hater
Blowing trees, getting paper, tell that bitch to see you later
She suck me like a vac, you know meet me in the bathroom
I be catching nevertheless, you niggas in my classroom
You niggas tryina get me, kinda hard to hit me
Cause I blow my nose with hunned and I wipe my ass with fifties
Catch me at the table dropping bottles in the club
Blowing loud everywhere, nigga we don't give a fuck

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Bout to turn up on these niggas, stack my money to the

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flex, stunt, stunt

I just flex, flex, stunt, stunt, flex, flex, stunt, stunt, flex,
flex, stunt, stunt

They said cannon what you doing, I say bitch I'm
stunting

She asked me where I've been, I say getting to this
money

Keep that 40 in my jeans, 30 for your team

What you mean? Bitch I'm balling like I'm tryina win the
ring

I finesse right, check, I flex right, check

My connect from up town he got the best white

A laser show I guess that's what my neck like

And we trained to go, my niggas got them tecs right

Ok, ecstasy or specialty, no coughing or arresting me

On her knees praying to that dick, I call it blessing me

No one would do baby sb they say they mess with me

She blow me then I leave her, put a child call it destiny

Rolling, these bitches rolling, like they got motors

Smoking and blowing loud, she love the aroma

I'm toking, my niggas holding,

Don't make them blow you

I'm flexing and I'm stunting, I ain't talk about aerobics

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