

**DJ Drama f/ Drake, Lil Wayne****"Stuntin'"**

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[Drake] I'm a rapper turned singer, and you can tell  
that he smoke But I don't need my vocal chords; all I hit  
is C notes N.E.R.D. flow, I spaz if I'm prevoked I'm about  
to change the fucking game, pass the remote Money is  
everything and it's every other thing I'm part of the  
quietest, the model that my brother sing Cash is the  
right now, women are post game  
MoneyOverBitches.com, check the domain It's coming  
too soon, album on the way People ask me if I pray, I  
say, "Yeah, once in a blue moon" Oops I mean a red  
moon; I did it again to em Let me leave a space in for  
your blood affiliation I say, heavy metaphors, flow so  
over weight I could wrap around these other youngins  
like a cobra snake Cross bite, drizzy-nigga, nobody as  
cold as drake Keep your ass inline; don't be trying to  
roller skate Fuck all the discrete shit; I get on some  
deep shit I am 21, tell me who do I compete with I'm on  
my elite shit; you could tell I'm real Cause I'm getting  
hood loving, I ain't even talking street shit Young  
angel, young lion, I'm done trying I'm just doing, who's  
drinking, cause I'm buying It's on me, everything is on  
me And my girl is still down like she's fucking John B.  
And when I go dumb, I tend to do dumb shit I just listen  
back and I've sounded like a trumpet This for all the  
strippers cause I know that they gone bump it Tell her  
back it up and dump it, back it, back it up and dump it  
Ain't no pistols here, your money will disappear My  
accountant will feed his family off my fiscal year Tax  
brackets and back and forth faxes My money come in  
full circle, get up on my axis Maybe I'm a kill 'em, only  
cause I promised They think I'm being cocky, but I'm  
only being honest I'm swallowing the goose, got a  
model getting loose And I never party less; I got some  
bottles and a booth I just walk up on the scene, I'm  
about to take this I'm just having patience, cause I  
wanted to make sense White cup, orange pot,  
Tennessee State shit Drop a fo' in it and appreciate the  
greatness, Drizzy [Lil Wayne] Yeah P-p pass the dro I  
am such a beast and you can ask them hoes And they  
might even say you should leave me alone And I don't  
mean scaaaaag, cause his bitch like me Stunting is a

habit, get it from my daddy just like shaggy, I tote that  
bone-bastic I'm a rude bastard, I don't give a fuck bout  
you I ain't talking moths, but you pluck my balls And  
yes I'm falling, but up I've fallen If your bitch in heat,  
she could fuck my dog I went from penny pinching to  
private planes Never sat on any benches, I got in  
games Starter-Carter, Ball-Harder Ten girls, pent  
house suite; ya'll order Whatever ya'll please: wine,  
crackers, and cheese They take off their clothes and  
put on my T's The supplement I've taken got me feeling  
mighty My gun and money don't split, call that shit  
Siamese Yeahyes my watch make the fricken time  
freeze Your girl bless me, she suck my dick and I  
sneeze Cheap ass apartment, just the kitchen I need  
And 18 g's is why the chicken crossed the street  
Whatcha know bout it, my niggas so bout it If you kill  
everybody, they can't go to court about it, Weezy I  
ignore the liars baby, I ignite the fire I am like a Michael  
Myers; leave your body in the dryer Got the shotty on  
the side of me, my bad boys follow me I'm a bad boy  
obviously, popping at your ivy leave I don't have a  
robbery, if so you'll have a casueulty Oops I meant a  
casualty, oops I meant catastrophe Oops I meant  
actually, you niggas is just ass to me And big wet pussy  
is more like what I'm rathering Welcome to the  
gathering, welcome to the barying Or I hang you on the  
wall like a art gallery You got shark salary and I got  
long money I got cash money, I got young money,  
BITCH

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