

Stunnaman "Mollywhoppin'"

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Slidin' down the block
Sli-Slidin' down the block
Sl-Sl-Slidin'down the block on them big ass wheels,
yeah

Chorus:

Mollywhop, mollywhop, mollywhop, moll-, mollywhop,
mollywhop, moll-, mollywhoppin'
Mollywhop, mollywhop, moll-, mollywhoppin',
mollywhop, mollywhop, moll-
Stunnaman, Stunnaman, Stunna, Stunna, Stunnaman,
Stunnaman, Stunna, Stunna
Stunnaman, Stunnaman, Stunna, Stunna, Stunnaman,
Stunnaman, Stunna, Stunna

Verse 1:

Slidin' through yolkin' on them big ass wheels/
Girls jockin' bass knockin', givin' suckas the chills

At the light, goin' dummy, 2800 I ain't gotta roof/
Got the banga on my lap, fuck around, Imma shoot

Say my car look wet? That's candy baby/
Plexiglass on my windows cuz my bass is crazy

????, my car so tall/
Nah, I don't play hoop, but everyday I ball

Yeah, I'm in ya hood, I just bounced out/
Yo, my bass shakin' all through yo moma house

Mean muggin' niggas, with these diamonds in my
mouth/
Glock in my ???, you know what I'm bout

I'm that nigga that got cho grandpa mad/
Cuz I slide through went straight knockin' on his ass

2800 all day, hood on smash/
Count hella cash, ridin' hella fast

(Chorus)

Verse 2:

Yo, your girl say I get her wetter then a jet ski/
Blades on the coupe, she be skatin' like Gretzky

See me European V12, just try and catch me/
Leather seats, AC, breakin' down another Sweet

I tell her roll it up, she roll it up, and pass it back to me/
????, I swear his ass after me

But they'll never catch me, cuz I mollywhopp!/
I get stupid in the drop, beatin' up the block

Bass don't ever stop/
Yellow stones in my watch

It's 3 in the mornin', I just left the club/
Finna hit the hood, and wake everybody up!

I'm gettin' money, sellin' weed on my iPhone/
I'm always ???, but the rims so fuckin' grown

I can't ???, but my wheels can, bitches ???, I think she
know who I am/
Get cha chick, she be starin' at the wheels, DAMN!

(Chorus)

This fool's hella big, I be in the sky/
Smoke hella weed, I be hella high

Pull up to the curb, bounced out, what's the word?/
Paint sick, yeah, I'm stuntin' on them Larry Birds

They get at me, I'm smokin' on Krakk Street/
Slidin' on Shaq feet, yeah, I got the strap, B

I bang west coast, dodge white ghosts/
Mess around with my cheese and you're really toast

Rims extra large, car real little/
My watch starburst, but the chain skittles. Navigation
with the destination in the middle

Where you goin'? Where I'm goin? Finna get the cake!/
Last week, I swear to god, I made the street break

I hustle all day, I don't take breaks/
Shout out to the real, fuck you and the fakes
Big money in my safe, yo broke ass stank

(Chorus x2)

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