

Lil' Head f/ Mack Biggers

"Stack My Doe"

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(*talking*)

You know, it doesn't matter what city or state you from
You feel me Wood (yeah yeah), you always got them
type of cats
That's worried about how the next man, making his
money mayn
(that's why they still walking baby), you know
So what we about to do, for you ladies and gentlemen
Me and my big bro, fin to explain how we feel about
Them type of faggots, (finna get it on baby)

[Hook]

Everybody wanna know, how I'm gon stack my do'
Rule one I keep my focus, never trust these trifling
hoes
For niggaz that be hating on me, I'm here to let y'all
know
I never leave my crib, without packing my glock 4-0

[Lil' Head]

Ok I never leave my crib, without packing
Cause niggaz get around these hoes, and start acting
Capping, like they living it up
But when you run up on a nigga, he'll be giving it up
See I'm a grown man, and for a while been on my own
man
And all I know is the streets, cause this my home man
I'm from the hood, of the go-getters
Where I was taught to stick and move, back down from
no nigga
I suppose niggaz, wanna know my masterplan
Face the fact I stay hustling, that's your fucking answer
man
All my life, I seen a bunch of thangs
Hung around O.G.'s, and count a bunch of change
Paid attention to my dogs, now I got the game
21 years later, now I got the fame let me explain
All the hustling that I did, it finally paid off
Motherfuck a time card, and being laid off come on

[Hook]

[Mack Biggers]

With no love for a bitch, I hit the field and pitch
A quarter brick, whipping it to 36
A fa sho thang, is a slow swang
You can catch me in the gutter, putting the fork to
some cocaine
With them grimey niggaz, packing fo's mayn
Face it you niggaz basic, to getting do' mayn
You lames is square as a pool table, and twice as
green
In the field I'm a pit, that's twice as mean
My SK, don't play with the sniper's beam
Nigga I smother a punk, I'm a righteous king
Count my dollars, stay low to the ground
And pop my collar, catch a nigga in my bidness
And shots'll holla, this blood on mine
Plus my block is hotter, boys playing games
Trying to stop this rider, before you get it twisted
Picture me in the kitchen, steady whipping and mixing

[Hook]

[Lil' Head]

They wanna know do I got cash, do I have a lot of hoes
Is it that bad, that y'all really have to know
Well here's your answer, you niggaz make me sick
I think need my lanter, please pass me them pampers
Cause these niggaz, acting baby-fied
Steady whining and crying, because I'm nationwide
There go your pride and congratulate me, I know you
punks glad to hate me
Cause I got do' got hoes, plus I smashed your lady
C pass the gravy, for the wonderful dish
Press the button on the Boulo, bout to fumble the kit
Surr-an-wrapped em, then bundled the bricks
Send em overseas, with a ease and told em go on
fumble with this
And these hoes, don't make it no better
Steady roaching off the next man, instead of trying to
make em some cheddar
So that's why, a nigga play the role of being broke
But if my real niggaz need, I take care of my folks no
problem

[Hook]

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