

Stall God

Stalley

Car dance in the rain
Stones dance in the chain
They still hating that's insane
Speak my name put respect on it
New coupe put a check on it
Rolex put baguettes on it
Tell my jeweler put his best on it
IF's no VV's
I sex all RiRis
'Yonces and Madonnas
Stack paper add commas
Any drama pop the llama
Style God I'm your father
Loose shit on my collar
Stack paper add commas
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In the trenches with my riders
Sweat pants in my Pradas
Ain't nothing 'bout us modest
New shoes on the Tonkas
System shaking like maracas
Moroccan chick from the projects
Kinda ratchet kinda conscious
I like my cars like a topless
She mix my drink like the doctors
Roll my weed in the Fanta
Her mouth we like the fountains
Ran up a mill and kept counting
Threw on my chain and start drowning
Ocean stones count eleven
Seven-fifty horses revving
Holy ghost call the reverend
Niggas switching like Kevin
I'm staying down like Russ
Put faith in the callous
In God we turst
Every night another triple
Put your money on us
Oh you can get a little paper
But you ain't stacking like us

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Comma comma comma million
Private jets type of trips I'm on
Chinese dish with the Szechuan
Blue magic no special wand
Water whippin' till the texture gone
Money low you can text my phone
Sixteens in the trap
Every verse cost a brick
My advance a Bugatti
Oh my what a life
Oyster perpetual movement
Know the watch don't tick
Ten K on a fit
Four G autos on the Bent
Mussan behind the Range
Put the foreigners on the strip
Turn Lincoln way in the nights bitch
Grindin' ain't seen my eyelids
I done seen every island
Drove Chevy drive Italian
Know BCG from the dirt
Pull strings like a violin
I don't need no one to front me
I don't need no consignment

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