

Stone Age

Stalley

Cuban with the BCG medallion and it's never tucked
Don't throw stones at kings
Unless you want a stone on your grave
I made waves out the maze of the ghetto
Sparked shit I been hot out the kettle
Meddling minds get the metal
Say hello to the devil
I'm half god, half pharoah
I'm from the era of Corvettes and Camaros
My circle [?]
Violence on every corner but death we never fear though
That's just the way we was raised
Break it all down and sell it that's the way we get paid
Cope with the pain, take a blunt to the face
So any trouble we come across, we hardly get fazed
We from the stone age
Hearts made from metal and stone
Cold face, never see emotions exposed
At least five deep, never do emotion alone
It's just the creed, code of the streets that we always be on
So in the presence of the [?] please watch your tone
I mean we don't wanna wyle out on no violent shit
We just trying to stack money, be positive
Leave the monstrous ways, tap into our consciousness
But odds is just
Not on our sides
With all these hating ass niggas trying to lean on your pride
And eye to eye we don't measure up
I'm cut from a different cloth that isn't feather stuffed
I mean I'm motorcycle jacket leather tough
Cuban with the BCG medallion and it's never tucked

Stone age niggas (we stone aged niggas)
Stone face niggas (we all stone faced nigga)