

Born Stunna (feat. Rick Ross)

Birdman

(Mmmmaybach Music)
I'm a born stunna
(Mmmmaybach Music)
Huh, born stunna Money money money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags Born stunna, born stunna
Flip a hundred keys just to ball all summer
Born stunna, born stunna
I put a hundred karats in the Cartier mama
Born stunna, she's a born stunna
Mercedes coup for the missus if she's a born stunna
Born stunna, born stunna
Stack a hundred mill and another hundred comin'
Born stuntin', rap huntin'
Flock a hundred of them things for them cheat numbus
Ride numbus, head huntin'
Hit the mall with my bitch and blow another hunid
Red flaggin', poppin' red bottles
I'm talkin' big faces, money and the power
Sway linin', with my man in it
Birdman, bitch and I've been kickin'
Yea, so my baby want a new wheel
Pearl white, stay fresh on that new shit
You dig? Born hustlin' on that money shit
Ya feel? Blowin' mills, big jewels bitch
Born stunna, born stunna
Flip a hundred keys just to ball all summer
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Stack a hundred mill and another hundred comin' Money money money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags
Money money money bags Yea, a lot a lot of money bags
The money in the garbage can
Strapped up tight with a hundred bags
Money filthy bitch, we in the money lair
See, we shinin' like the money can
Since the money came, bitch we throw the money fan

Yea, YMCMG
 Loto jacked in the hustle since I hit the streets
 2-50 on the new piece
 New condo, 20.000 square feet
 Ballin', uptown suicide
 Born stuntin', strapped how we livin' fineBorn stunna, born stunna
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 Money money money bags
 Money money money bags
 Money money money bagsCash money, money stacks
 Been grindin' since the lineage with that cromag
 Fifty whip sittin' right in front of that
 Ocean view, top floor, blew a hundred racks
 G5'in with them chandeliers
 Checker floors, tattoo tears
 Uptown n-gga on the battle field
 Maybach relaxin' on them cop heels
 Candy coated, a Harley Davis
 Stuntin' on them n-ggas like the old baby
 Bad bitch, matchin' Gucci bikes
 My sun lit, we live a high lifeBorn stunna, born stunna
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>