

# 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  
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' 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  
Flip a hundred keys just to ball all summer  
Born stunna, born stunna  
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Mercedes coup for the missus if she's a born stunna  
Born stunna, born stunna  
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 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/>