

Stack It Up (feat. Meek Mill)

Alley Boy

Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing
Then do whatever Mr. Chow bring
And for them hatin niggas that's been doubtin me
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
These bitches wanna fuck, and I'm like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming()
Got 50 bands on my wrist, half a mill in my bitch
She droppin jean sag on my shit, foreign hoes all on my dick
Fuck the law, I could pay for it, fuck the case
I could pay for it, 200 rounds a day
Nigga all them boys fuck it, pay for it
Big titties, fake booty
Got a big dick, bitch get to it
Young nigga minds I influence
DT, they tattooed
We got dig dimes and drone
Too much power in my toungue
Too much kush all in my lungs
We clean and play for the chrome
I'm savin up like I won, I won look at my charm
I'm Scratchin like Yao Ming, always my money long
As I took to Milan but hardly answer phones
My paper like Yao Ming, these niggas just putting on
For real
(Hook)
Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing
Then do whatever Mr. Chow bring
And for them hatin niggas that's been doubtin me
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
These bitches wanna fuck, and I'm like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming(Meek Mill)
Alley What up, Meek Millie
Yea, Okay I stand tall with that China white, uh call that Yao Ming
I don't fuck with these pussy niggas
They all singing like Al Green
We well respected, well connected
My money long and my Car's clean
Gold rims in my Aston Martin

No rollin bitch cuz my cars clean
New Lamborghini Murc go scrrrr
That bull shit you kickin won't work
I'm out in Chi town, meet my nigga Durk
Nigga run up on me wrong
Pussy nigga get murked, bang bang nigga
White bricks duckin from the chain gang nigga
Cock back, head shot, brain hang nigga
Same week, brain from ya main thing nigga
Keep it real, can't tell me they ain't gang niggas
Black masks, we ain't never gangbang nigga
Matte Black coming through the left lane nigga
You a pawn playin in a chess game nigga
FN straight through ya vest game nigga
Hold up, let me slow it down for these fuck boys
Weed loud, jewelry loud, we make enough noise
(Hook)
Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing
Then do whatever Mr. Chow bring
And for them hatin niggas that's been doubtin me
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
These bitches wanna fuck, and I'm like Yao Ming
Yao Ming, Yao Ming
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming()
Must be Fat Trel, Alley Boy, Louie V Mob
Alley Boy talk a big bank bet that the Sosa at 6, little Ricky duct tape em all
50, 000 in hunger
Got yo girl kissin on my stomach
You know that the young boy here do numbas
Hittem one time, bitch lose my number
Runnin too long gon' show no pity
A-Town don, bitch this my city
Georgia power, she ate my State
Home of the brave, nigga fuck yo city
Alley Boy a gold mine, I'mma golden child
Nigga diamond in the dirt
With all these DT's in they face and all the LV's on my shirt
Money long like Yao Ming, that's the chain, that ain't no green
That's K row, that ain't no lean
To a fuck nigga that ain't no team
My paper tall, and my tape dogs
2 Pac's on, new outlaw
Play with me, hand choppa
50 rounds, face off(Hook)
Pull up on you, blowing on that loud thing
Then do whatever Mr. Cho bring
And for them hatin niggas that's been doubtin me
The money stack it up, it look like Yao Ming

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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