

DAVE TOUGH

PRODUCTIONS

Stackin Cash

I was riding with my homies smoking on dro
Talking bout all of the ladies we used to know
Used to ride with, n then take um all home
Sneak um through the back door so that mama wouldn't know
We were young kids, living like we didn't give a shit
Hang out on the porch and just smoke and spit
Any given day, and any given place
Getting into trouble, man what can I say

Ride, and ride down the streets real slow
In a car so nice that would ride real low
See the girls walking so we're putting on a show
With the bump in the trunk everywhere that we'd go
I would ride up on some girls and say what up to the hoes
Saying we could do whatever, girl ya man ain't gotta know
We would do what we do and then get what we get
Then head back to the crib and roll up another spliff

It's like every where we roll
And every where we go
Get money
Stacking cash on top of cash on top of cash on top of cash

Every Friday we'd get in trouble
Called my homie on the phone, he came over on the double
Man, there's some noise that we got to make
Gotta find us some fly chicks, n stay out late
We went straight cruising...over to the mall
Ran into a bitch I had forgotten to call
Tried to play it off right, and I ran my game
By the end of the night she was screaming my name

But ain't nothing better than to stack some cash
We do what we do and then we're chasing that ass
Got stacks to the ceiling like I'm building a house
If cops come, don't know what their talking about
I'm a self made man riding right as I go
Got my money and my baby n a beat and a flow
You wanna test me, I'm the best in sight

Go home and roll another, then I'm cruising just like...

Chorus

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