

Stadiums-London On Da Track, SAINT JHN Lyrics

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"Stadiums"

[Intro]

Oh-woah, oh

Oh-woah, oh

We got London on da Track

[Chorus]

Whole club sellin' out of here to doin' stadiums

Pussy niggas don't come around, they don't survive my radius

I keep it too real, for real and that's the shit that made me rich

Trappin', that's what made me rich

Hustlin', that's what made me rich

Hey, whole club sellin' out of here to doin' stadiums

Small business don't come around, they don't survive my radius

Trappin' all I talk about and that's what really made me rich

Hustlin', that's what made me rich

Trappin', that's what made me rich

The whole club, ayy, ayy, ayy

[Verse 1]

McLaren way too white to be shootin' at the opps

I'm sleepin' good at night, see, the door don't got no locks

I fucked her to be spiteful, she best friends with the opps

Them bitches that you buyin' bags, you need better stocks (Ayy)

Standin' on my money, dawg
Please, don't get the gun involved
Ain't nobody runnin' off, ooh, to them basics
I can't be no son in law, I can't take the summer off
I make it look good and all but this is no vacation
All the goons they respect me and I know it
Watch your words and your tone, you're not a poet
My advice, please, don't try to be heroic
Niggas with me know they (Gone)

[Chorus]

Whole club sellin' out of here to doin' stadiums
Pussy niggas don't come around, they don't survive my radius
I keep it too real, for real and that's the shit that made me rich
Trappin', that's what made me rich
Hustlin', that's what made me rich
Hey, whole club sellin' out of here to doin' stadiums
Small business don't come around, they don't survive my radius
Trappin' all I talk about and that's what really made me rich
Hustlin', that's what made me rich
Trappin', that's what made me rich
The whole club, hey-hey, hey-hey

[Verse 2]

I never had a mentor (Hey, hey, hey)
I only watch Scarface (On God)
I met her at a strip club, she twerk better when her heart break (Brr, brr,
ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)
Ayy, ayy
Hood nigga one of one, I'm sellin' everything that I can sell (Uh, uh, uh)
I'm prayin' for a Bentley and to never go to jail
I'm fresh up out the gutter, I don't know if you can tell
I'm hustlin' for everything I do, I do for legacy
You can call me any time of day, my dawg, I never sleep
The only rule I got is we fuckin', don't embarrass me

I write down my problems (Facts) then record it just for therapy (Why?)
Just for clarity (Why?)

[Chorus]

Whole club sellin' out of here to doin' stadiums (Hey)
Pussy niggas don't come around, they don't survive my radius
I keep it too real, for real and that's the shit that made me rich
Trappin', that's what made me rich
Hustlin', that's what made me rich
Hey, whole club sellin' out of here to doin' stadiums
Small business don't come around, they don't survive my radius
Trappin' all I talk about and that's what really made me rich
Hustlin', that's what made me rich
Trappin', that's what made me rich
The whole club, hey-hey, hey-hey

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