

## Bank Statement

Curren\$y

Yeah

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But I stay trill, knowing it might fall on deaf ears for real

Instagram shenanigans, gang precedent over skill

Anything to get you shine in these dark years

I've been reppin' Jet Life in the killin' fields

Some of us probably never make it out of here

Some of us don't really give a fuck, they, just givin' up

They not livin' they just alive, waitin' to die

Not I, no never, I want better than have-nots

Not for long 'cause we go-getters

And we gon' keep on gettin' until they catch us

Though we never slip I guess we gon' reign forever

We some motherfucker money makin' underground legends

Standin' on the furniture

Fuck these VIP sections, depositing the checks

Countin' up my blessings, plottin' on the next move

Sure as Raekwon, cheffin' 'em

And I'm praying for the best direction of my crew progression

For T.Y. to never switch up, that's all I tell him

For Corner Boy to know this shit could blow up in a second

It's lookin' like we sellin' dope though we slayin' records

With little to no radio presence

Could still flex on 'em with that mainstream leverage

Show 'em my bank statement, you know your life been threatened

Nigga

Life