

## Closing Date

Curren\$y

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Closing date

I just got the keys to a closed down grocery store  
We parkin' cars in it  
We stars, really gettin' it  
You fools bore us, really  
I'm sittin' and listenin' to my engine, it sounds strong, isn't it?  
Square rapper, I don't do no fuckin' song with ya  
Don't need that feature money, multiple hustles I got  
Runnin' that always make it up for me  
Another Rolex, my other one's worn in company  
She watch me like Cinemax, she said she wanna be the one for me  
I got love for the rap game, appreciate the things that it done for me  
At the same time I'm scarred, pa  
This shit hard, lifestyle niggas kill for  
Cameras in your yard, niggas creepin' through your doors  
It appears that you have been sent for  
Told a youngster to eighty-six 'em  
He responded, "Big dawg, that's a ten-four"  
One eighty seven, it's a real war  
Tit for tat, it's the unsettled score, they spun on them  
So they finna spin, and it's gonna happen over and over again  
Ain't nothin' you can do about it 'cept to protect your body  
Choose wisely your partners and move out your mama  
Stand on your promise, act with honor  
My mackin's polished, you's a novice  
You a nuisance, I'm a legend, you a motherfuckin' illusion  
Still gettin' better and better at how I do it  
If you could imagine D93s on a E-class wagon  
My homies active, I'm not flaggin', I'm just mashin'  
Fifty-seven Bel Air with the tail draggin'  
Sparks flashin', Spitta talkin' that cash shit, yup

Yeah (Da-da, da-da)

What you call a nigga that be goin' too far? (Da-da-da, da-da)

What you call a nigga got- (Da-da-da, da)

What you call a nigga got thirty-five cars? (Da-da-da)

What you call a nigga that be playin' the role? (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yea  
h)

What you call a nigga walk away with your broad? (Jet Life, Jet Life, Jet Li  
fe)

What you call a nigga that be talkin' that talk? (Jet Life, Jet Life, Jet Li  
fe)

What you call a nigga that be walkin' that walk? (Jet Life, Jet Life, Jet Li  
fe)

What you call a nigga got thirty-five cars? (Jet Life, Jet Life, Jet Life)

Keep the E in it, Chevys on switches, baby

Smoke weed in it, post it in your pictures (Yeah)

If you can keep a secret, we can always kick it (Yeah)

Rule number one, don't talk about me with your man (Da-da-da)

It's that shit that have me suspicious (Da-da-da)

Hittin' switches on Chef Highway, dippin' (Da-da-da)

Huh, yup, cool, we can bring it with us (Yeah)