

Pick n Roll

Curren\$y

2001 True Blues, some high end denim
Cost a lil grip, them motherfuckahs won't bleed on my shoes
Excuse me if I'm steppin on your image
Wake up and smell this pimpin
These bitches gettin dazed and confused
But I can show em where to get it
And what to do with it
I just gotta see how much I fuck with you
And if you deserve to live this
Jet Life shit you hear about in them songs when you be chillin
Smokin somethin strong for the long lost
Never got to see the boy grow up, become his own boss
It's all good though, I'm doin this for ya'll
In that Flying Spur bumpin that Soulja Slim, Give It 2 Em Raw
Rockin the fur and the white t-
shirt, chinchilla with a lil hood on it
Hoes be wantin to feel on it, chill homie
She chose a G, nigga, with a bag of that Kill Bill on him

I swear this is like when
Birdie and them walked in the gym on Above the Rim
Bitches noticing
Rolex watch, bracelet, frozen limbs
They takin pictures we don't pose for them

Fuck around, Fuck around like Jimmy Two-Times
Props to my girls that act their age and not their shoe-size
I used to get it for the low without no coupon
The smallest nigga on the block, shawty doo-wop
Rule 1: never trust no bitch, get yo loot up
True dat, now they on my dick since I grew up
Hold on, shawty wanna bone since I blew up
I knew it, I been through hell but still I'm coolin
With no Nike deal, I do it, a beast in the lane like Pat Ewing
I coach em, I school em, they need it
I blaze a L for my nigga wooly, I see ya
I'm fresh in my adidas, I'm tryna duck the evils
I'm tryna dodge the reaper, I'm like Hugo bout his reefer
I'm tryna make a killin on this road to the riches
Tryna make a profit, blow money in my closet

[Hook]