

## 17.5 Cannons

Curren\$y

Jets nigga  
Yeah  
Jets nigga  
Uh  
Next they'll be dressing like me  
But back in the G they wasn't stressing like me  
Good thing I had the balls to boss up  
If not for that ain't no telling where I might be  
Ain't no telling who you might see  
No tint, got your world in my passenger seat, wassup  
Dropped her off to you  
With her fingertips and her lips smelling like weed  
Nigga she been rolling it up  
Laced locks on my Jordan Ones  
Naw homie they ain't come like that  
Ya'll remember Mr. Spitta  
Mr. Month-After-Month  
Panic, Don Cannon your nigga right back  
Bitches just fell through with the loud pack  
No cigars in my session my crew don't allow that wussup  
Yeah

Yeah  
Uh  
Paper planes, personals to the brain  
Help a nigga deal with the illz of the game  
The radio station playing favorites  
And I don't even turn the TV on  
Cause it ain't about the music artists making no more  
Its all about scripted realities from their home  
Fussing with their kids, fussing with their chicks  
Hundred thousand dollars on the line  
Run an obstacle course and eat a plate full of shit  
Lose a hundred pounds, celebrate, get highed up  
Go to the sober house, lay it down  
I'm an artist get me the fuck out of here  
Nick Diamond Supply outerwear  
Two dope Caprice classics  
Got suede interior in my slab bitch  
So be careful where you pluck your ashes Tonguezilla what up  
Yeah

Shout out to everybody supporting the Jets movement  
Don Cannon the money machine  
It's real special  
Curren\$y, Smokee Robinson  
Roll up a doobie or something  
And oh yeah  
I don't let no projects go  
Without having one of my joints on it  
Ya dig?