

500 Pounds Of Gas

Curren\$y

Probably stay in the lab till the plane leave
Cookin' dope with no gloves, sit these bars on the triple beam
Weigh it up; you know that it's heavy if it's linked to me
A hundred-twenty-eight grams, my day-to-day Cuban
I bring the kilo out, if them suckers make me do it to 'em
Gasoline in the paper, listenin' to nature
For all seasons, weavin' lanes, interstate racin'
My stockbroker homie just copped the i8
Wanna see what it do, I bring the El Camino through
My tires stickin' like glue
Successful players, with expensive hobbies
Mamas are high-end, luggage-clutterin'
Hotel lobbies, because we mobbin'
A movement, movin'; this what it's become
See my Wraith rollin' off into the settin' Sun
"Yo, I think that was son, dog, I bet that was hum"
Listenin' to Hendrix [?], they knew I was the one