

A Sign of Things to Come

Curren\$y

They got pistols in the sofa cushion
Mama watched how you you sit with the niggas
And my brotha apartment used to be trippin'
But I cherished every minute spent in it
Remember it like yesterday, them images is very vivid
Made me a colder nigga, as a youngster, roll with the older
And made sure that I did my shit just how they did it
Pulled up, hitting switches at any event or in the trenches
Its all the same, I'm heavily respected in the game
They all know my name, why rappers do free beats
Trying to get back they chain, I'm rolling heavy Chevys
Mashing through the light rain, probably won't even put up the
top
We on the move, they only get to touch us if we stop bruh
Hit the block, kids tell one another that that's my car
I was just like you shorty, but you gotta grind hard
You ready for war, take it far, all heart
From the front porch to the stars, ain't far, just stretch your
arms out
Stacking the stash, you'll never fall off
Never get a label, your masters record it all for us?
Make them ideas real, make them appear
Get em off the visual, get em right here
In the [?] dealership like, lets make a deal
I bought two already, give me the playa price on this one
Gas this Andretti, don't kiss and tell, lets make a meal
I take the wheel, baby with me, she trained to kill
And you know she will, with no hesitation
Put you haters on chill, still beautiful murderin them photo st
ills
Rolls with the [?]
Made us breakfast in the morns

East Side
Just like airtime
All recruiting [?]
While them other niggas lying...