

After the Heist

Curren\$y

Yeah

Eastside

Jet life, jet life

Jet life, jet life

Jet life, jet life

We survive hard times, now we slide soft top rides

I got sunshine when it's cloudy outside

Diamonds still illuminate

They thought it was Illuminati when I bought the Wraith

I got another Rolls

My hustle was to blame

Penning rhymes to the rhythm of the rain

Sipping champagne, having things in this game

We used to hit the strip club just to order wings

Still making hella loot through the quarantine

You gotta really want it man (You gotta want it man)

Lead you to the water I can't make you drink

Four hundred horses in command, foreign G5 in my hand

But to get the motor running you just gotta push a button

Every time she go to Sacks she bring me back something

Even behind the mask she mad stunting

Bag hunting, running it up, another one, another one

Rollies I went and bought brothers some

I'm from an era where live niggas dress better

Jeff Hamilton [?] was on my leather

[?] was under the Lexus

Or the Chevy on them hundred spoke [?] I'm like a legend

She was under pressure when I met her

On a date, she didn't want her boyfriend to catch her

Text message connection, met up and then I stretched her

Ordered room service dessert and then I left her (Skrrt)