

## All Wit My Hands

Curren\$y

Porsches, Lambs, all with my hands  
Mansions expand, haters don't understand  
All the work I was putting in  
Now it's raining bricks

Nigga please, I'm a G, you a sucka  
Baby look at me and tell me what you in this truck for  
\$pitta brings Chevys out all summer  
Winter I'm a slam in the H1 Hummer  
95 Air Max, dope runners  
Shows every night, hella racks, doing numbers  
Homie asks where y'all was at when it was struggling  
You was playing the back, you was hiding from it  
You ain't want nothing, now you got nothing  
While I'm smoking on an onion, counting something  
Out yacht shopping, boat hunting, car lot copping  
Call me if you want something

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You ain't notice all the work I was putting in  
Underground in the kitchen, now it's raining bricks

Hoe what? I'm out your league  
Smoking dolo, don't come talking to me  
Focused on money, baby I can't see  
No future in we, mama we can't be  
Pledge allegiance to garden green  
THC in the oxygen that I breathe  
New Year's Eve is choppers by the trees  
Bring it in safe, please you know how it be  
Realer than TV, listen to OG's  
Stack dope before me then passed down rollies  
To new breeds, this tradition  
What have you been in?  
Motherfucker you don't know me, you kiddin'

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