

## Been Real

Curren\$y

Landed with my duffle in hand  
Working out a plan  
Hustle not a scam  
Struggle of a man  
Tryna get to it  
Southern supplier of real music  
Trill shit evoke...

Landed with my duffle in hand  
Working out a plan  
A hustle not a scam  
This the struggle of a man tryna get to it  
Southern supplier of real music  
Trill shit evoke feeling when you listen to it  
Only trueness if ever I spoke  
It was a million dollar quote if ever I wrote  
Papered up, but I'm still feeling broke  
Ran 100 miles still got plenty more to go  
Terrace overlooking the seashore  
Left side of my walk-in closet look like the BBC store  
Lifestyle goals, this is something you should reach for  
High as the stars because we on my nigga  
Drug dealer cars we gettin' country club homes we living  
Looking like a PGA champion  
Crib made out, I'm stoned in the governor's mansion  
Tryna put a little dope in the game  
Put some pure in your veins  
Help you maintain and stay sane  
Sharpen yo knives and carve your own lane  
Never let that money make you change  
A Gangster gets his money and remains

I ain't always had that paper but I been real  
I ain't always had that paper but I been real  
I ain't always had that paper but I been real  
You don't know how that shit feel  
I ain't always had that paper but I been real  
That ain't how you niggas live  
I ain't always had that paper but I been real  
You don't know how this shit  
I ain't always had that paper but I been real  
That ain't how you niggas live

Outside the chicken spot in that Starship Rolls  
With the kamikaze doors  
Discussin the hard from the last score  
As the world revolves slow  
We livin fast, runnin through that cash  
Cause any minute can be our last  
So we live it up, pop a bottle lift your glass  
This is us, the team that never switched up  
To the script, memorized that bitch  
Y'all was tryna be too slick  
You end up lying in shit  
See this a dog eat dog world  
You get fleas you get bit  
Tryna live free in the streets, might get hit

This is for those who wanna thrive, not just exist  
To survive and surpass all the shit  
Ferraris and a bad bitch, pillow-top mattress  
Daydreamin about paper advancement  
Gettin up, gettin to it, really puttin the plan in action  
The result is the boss smokin gas, mashin  
On the interstate blazin' reminiscin laughin  
Smilin at all memories, even the bad ones  
Cause at least we had em  
Some of us made it, some of us immortalized in murals  
Lookin to the pavement  
Candles in the spot homie was slayed in  
I shed a tear with my top down it was rainin

Unh...

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