

## Briefcase

Curren\$y

Yeah

Yeah

On a mission and I'm fishin' for my niggas  
Fuck around found Pilot Talk III

Million cash in the safe, help me sleep safe  
Handcuff my favourite bitch to the briefcase  
Baby text me, let me know you made it in safe  
Condo, capital city of each state  
Enough here for all of us to have a slice of cake  
Make sure every body ate, the whole family straight  
Try to keep a tidy place and have it free of snakes  
Cause you know they slither in here some kinda way  
Some disguised as friends, masks on they face  
Fake smiles, devilish grins, looks of hate  
Steer clear of them cause them niggas they'll take ya  
For a long ride, they find ya tied up off the interstate  
Stays high, but I'm higher  
Keys open doors to my lowrider  
Somewhere inside I'm sure I got a lighter  
Take flight after we find it  
Racecar driver slash airplane pilot  
Dress better than yo stylist nigga I'm not even tryin'  
You wastin' time lookin' at shit you ain't even buyin'  
I'm on the lot and you barley online browsin'  
Tryna tell me what to do with my shit  
Organized crime, in my mind game applied  
Dream realized, things visualized, materialized  
Words to my rhymes, I'm swervin' in my '65  
13 inch gold spokes white wall tires  
Young and you 'round grown folks  
Keep some open eyes, and ears  
You might learn something up here  
No fear, just blood sweat and gears  
Shifting the number one position, top tier  
For the right amount of dollars my nigga, I'll appear  
The whole crowd high off the dope for they ears  
Catalogue thats enough dope for the years  
I'm on for hella seasons like cheers nigga yeah  
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Yeah, yeah  
Seen niggas blow up and blow it, you know it  
One of the last stoned poets