

Bulletproof Sedan

Curren\$y

Yeah, waiting on orange juice
We having lemonade mimosas right now

I told that bitch Cash App the homie a stack
Follow these directions like a map and always have my back
Stash my weed and all the shooters gats
Chanel is nothin, we'll have you swimming in that
No cell phones when you in my zone
You know how quick a picture would destroy a happy home
Probably smoke this whole zip alone
Playing oldies out my phone, bluetooth speakers
Discard a bitch most would consider a keeper
I'm not one of them dudes, boo
I'm ain't dying to have you, I'm living to have coupes
Dress cool and always blow that smoke out when I pass through
All that hating is bad for you like fast food
Tearing you up from the inside, your feelings you can't hide
Blaming other people for your shitty position in life
You better level up and get your fucking money right
It wasn't easy but I done it
Entered the race and started running, fucked around and I won it

Bulletproof sedan
Two hundred, eighty grand
Scoop us when we land
Maneuver for the bands
Got the cash in my hand
More money in the plans
Otherwise you ain't sayin nothing understand

(Yeah) tryna be a better pops than my pop
Trap phone ringing, I answered, how much you got?
Niggas in the hood light it up like Fourth of July
Round table meetings just minus the suit and tie
It's me against the world, man they tell me that's suicide
I used to text old girl, but old girl would never reply (fuck her)
On the road for the Dollar Menu, no Supersize
Runnin from them boys up in blue, they a shoot you down
When it's crunch time for they food, they don't fool around
The block on fire, it's sizzling, cool it down (uh)
They tell me hell hot, but all my niggas in the graveyard or in the cell block
All my niggas earning mad stripes like some shell tops
Used to jump shots, but now they pill pop
All she ever seen was mad bills in the mailbox
Saw yellow tape on the door, say she got to go
Or some yellow tape on the body, tag on they toe
How we make it out of the ghetto, hustle and flow (uh)
How we bought our mamas those cribs, audio dope (audio dope)
Nails dirty from trapping, I need some soap
From lack of dough to having cash to blow (blat)

Bulletproof sedan
Two hundred, eighty grand
Scoop us when we land
Maneuver for the bands
Got the cash in my hand

More money in the plans
Otherwise you ain't sayin nothing understand

You ain't talkin bout a profit then ain't no need to holler
I be smokin on them flowers while I'm counting up my dollars
I be coolie in the cut, still want the money and the power
Addicted to the grind 365, twenty-four hours
I'm addicted to the bags, I got it bad
At the lot bout to cop something for the days I didn't have
But it's all good now, but I can't forget when shit was bad
Had to get up off my ass and put some racks up in the stash
In the cut getting this bag right
Counted up twenty just last night
From sun up to sundown, I'm living that grind life
I come from the jungle, ain't no questioning my stripes
Here for the change, fuck the fame and the limelight, nigga

Bulletproof sedan
Two hundred, eighty grand
Scoop us when we land
Maneuver for the bands
Got the cash in my hand
More money in the plans
Otherwise you ain't sayin nothing understand