

Checkpoints

Curren\$y

Yeah, yeah
Huh, turn me up
Let me hear a drum play
Yeah

I figure they're just livin' to die
I see they're crashin' out all in their eyes
Them niggas hungry and they gotta try
I'm aware when I'm outside
Every second is precious time
Roll my lowrider by the second line, I ain't stoppin', though
Might burn a jernt up with my partner, though, in front the store
And then I'm in the wind, I'm in the air like pollen
Phone rung again, I hear that money callin'
Catch me, I'm fallin'
Not holdin' back, I'm all-in
Frontline for New Orleans
Layin' lawless
You gotta have heart, but you gotta be heartless
Who live larger, the smartest or the hardest?
I'm not sure, doggy, I seen it go bad for all of 'em
Money talkin', bullshit walkin'
Procrastinators crawlin' into incinerator
Dump their world and ashes in the garbage
Aspirated engine. Eight cylinders. My Ferrari
I could paint a picture with an ink pen. I'm an artist

Ha
Keep the E in it, Chevys on switches
Said we smokin' weed in it, don't post me in your pictures
You can keep a secret, we could
Huh
Yeah

Lighter flicker, light that Popeye spinach, I'm strengthenin'
Checkpoint collected, drive time extended
Upgraded my suspension, that bitch handlin'
Like Allen Iverson, the livest one
The highest one, always been him
I just don't argue with niggas, they done a metric ton
Of audio dope, still smellin' like the Left Coast
I sell it and I chef up more, run up the score
Marina never seen so many cigarette boats
Shit like this'll probably never ever happen no more
Legends of the fog, bong smoke in the armored car
SL600, I got four more
R129, that's the two-door
W126, I swear I'm gettin' extra rich
In San Diego jammin' Mitch and Slick
With an ink pen in my fist, I could write a brick