

Clear

Curren\$y

Uh, cold bottles, hot nights
Long stories, short flights
My turf field territory, everybody got a price
And these are proposal the money to have, people that chose dis
posal
Bitch wake up to a nose full and sneak out on old dude
He been on to her moves but he play it cool
Knowing better than to trust a bitch
Even though she was with him back when he began hustling
Had her tugging greyhound, busting all types of other shit
Know how that old game loop a younger bitch
Same thing, lose a younger bitch
Speed kills and them newer cats is mad quick
Survival of the fittest, niggas need to join a gym
Rhyme's lightweight homie, been lifting
International audio dope distributing
Five star restaurant with my house shoes on
Like the jernt of a don, stay out my way from here on

Real nigga, let me make it as clear as my windows
If it ain't about no paper we can't deal with ya'
If you hating we can find some ways to deal with ya'

You're a thug but you be around the stars, mad nervous
You ain't got enough bars, bad service
No reception, you claim to be real, that's your perception
It ain't all skill, it's all perfection
I'm the best in, let me make that as clear as my windows
Deeper than rap, niggas know I handle my business
'For the trial even start, I handle the witness
Either way, niggas gon' get it
From sunshine till the storm hit it
I'm out here, hands on with it
I don't love the money, I just get along with it
Turn soft white into hard dope
Bad bitch on a jet watching Argo
That's what it call for, we can all go
I'm just making it clear so that you all know
Nigga