Double 07

Curren$y

Looking for someone down the line
But no one will be there to see ya through
Fuck all y'all

Shelter from the rain in a parked car
Chopping game, I defined my slangs
Fog lights in the grill, in the grill whippin the 96 rain
It's insane I pass you, let you drive in the narrow lanes
My independence remain
Cause I ain't working for the radio station like Martin Payne
I grind and maintain my piece of mind
Almost lost it once on the line
But see that I found it just in time
A mercenary killer
Paid for bringin debt to these whack niggas
You call them rats that's why them labels never called you back
Pimpin, yeah jack, spitta snap,
Long flight, turbulence bad, baggage claim tags, car service ro
lling grass
Double 07, but I ain't talking agents
Two ounces and seven grams my nigga we still blazing
You uneasy in my presence
Dumb questions, dumber statements
I'm on a whole nother level
Roof terrace, you the basement
Couldn't gain possession
Them haters couldn't take it
Can't see me unless you sleeping
Nigga Freddy vs Jason
Snoozing on a jet movement
Your worst nightmare in the making

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