

Inhale Exhale

Curren\$y

I'm on gas like BP
Five hour session got enough for a EP
Touch down on the Westside
Kushed God style ain't nothing like free weed
Six hours on commercial
But it feel a little faster if you flying on G3
High def DZA, right, I'm living life in 3D
Mmm, gosh I'm lit, kiss the sky thank God for this
Alexander Wang on my goddess fits
Stay laced in Anonymous
All day I'm smoking personals, little steak and some Merlot
Stay dripped in the 'Berg tho
Shit the freezer where the furs go
My favorite lady is a Virgo
I got a turkey bag stash in my Yeezy box
Emergency option if I need some pot
In a safe place case the D's come stop
Do the speed limit whether we got P's or not
How I made it through I have you pondering
I just checked out and the Mondrian
The pack touch down it's the calmest win
Lay back with a ganja grin

Balling in public but flying private
Millionaires on the low, higher than a bitch though
Looking for the answers and you know I got it
Passenger ride might let my bitch drive it
Started out hustling with a couple of dollars
Now the money piling, and there's not a problem
Started out hustling with a couple of dollars
Now the cars hella options, smoking exotic

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Backwoods, doobies lit, chick with a doobie in the woods
Get all that money back, yea that's movie shit
Pardon I, I ain't ScHoolboy, but this groovy shit
Pardon you, watch where you stepping, yea this Louis shit
Smoke DZA, SP the Ghost, smoke that gooey shit
Cross us, you gon' be the nigga that this uzi hit
My nigga DZA saying riiight
Shoot with my left, I was never right
Dope boy yea I love the dope
Pot head yea I love to smoke
Montana yea I love the coke
Laughing heard yea I love to joke
Eating clean yea I love the plants
Six shooters yea I love to dance
Murder rappers yea I love the chance
Grinding hard because I love the fans

Why you think they call me Ghost?
He's heroin, why you think they call me dope?
Righteous nigga, why you think they call me boat
Saying less, why you think I get the most?

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Woke up in the hotel a bunch of narcotics
You called me in the hood if you wanted exotic
Married to the ghetto fell in love with the projects
Get fly every day chances are Imma day fresh
Wide awake since I did my deal I do not rest
I talk to Nas, try to invest make the guap stretch
Maybach in the ghetto that's the car that the cops press
Your man die young, type of shit hard to digest
This shit is such a humbling process
That Rollie ain't real nigga let's take a watch test
I come from the field where the niggas apply pres-
Sure as I ever been, you hate me well God bless
Try to play the game but you ain't got no cards left
I be all over your bitch lips like Carmex
Ordered all the Henny till no more at the bar left
Air Max or Pennys, Patek on by the armrest
I just got a chain and a watch, the charm next
Brand new dope out, we let your Aunt test
Don't let this shit get out of context
I don't see competition no this shit ain't a contest
Monkey bars, I'm doing park sesh
You wanna be gang but you ain't got the heart yet
Shut your mouth you do not get to talk yet
I'm mad at the juice bar they ain't got no bark left

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