

Knock

Curren\$y

All our shit knock, all our shit knock
All our shit knock, all our shit knock
Every time that we drop, all our shit hot
All our shit knock, all our shit knock

All stand in the driveway
From my blue six-tre
Low rider problems them bitches break every day
If you really bout it you gotta pay to play
Cost to be the boss, ain't that what they say?
Diamonds, Voss water, gloss, candy paint
Sweet tooth you get cavities from my Chevrolet
14 karat gold Rollie, skates on the Wraith
Motherfucker I don't play
Never did any day, more cake on the way
Nigga paper plates or fine China
It don't matter it don't make me, no never mind bruh
We gon' turn the whole industry into a diner

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It ain't no motherfucking question, you see it know it's P
All of our shit knock, all of our shit clean
Got the whole parking lot candy and on D's
Mine triple gold and only plays Underground Kings
Getting mainstream dough off these underground rhymes
Still busting O's down got a couple on me now
20 for the wipe down got me feeling like I'm Boosie
Gas tank on E but my pockets hella Blueski's
Brought not built, if I buy it I rebuild
Know it dropped this year and I copped this year
Got the 96 tucked, might pull out this year
Been broke, came up shit I outlived my fears
Like if its there cheap what's gon' take to get it here
That bitch know I'ma cheat so she can miss me with them tears
I'm tryna come through foreign then pull up and disappear
Like first class alright, but ain't nothing like them Lear's

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