

# Kush Clouds

Curren\$y

This is uh flight 8/30, directly to the money, non-stop  
If I could get an ashtray and a grinder from one of y'all two when y'all finish talkin'  
Yeah, yeah  
And walk 'em through the safety features before y'all get up here for me  
You know what time it is  
Huh

When the kush clouds rain, it be champagne  
Windshield wipers on the gull wing  
Mercedes peace sign gang, maintain  
Preserve the lineage, experience this here, this is the life of kings  
Brabus W210, I'm gone in the wind  
Sunset Boulevard my favorite film  
Black and white, though my watch got different color gems  
Peanut butter Timbs for my niece, like two pairs a week  
Over-conversate for time I don't spend, I be OT  
Tour bus startin' at 4 a.m., I'm on the road again  
Willie Nelson, but he black in a Louis belt and some khakis  
Kickin' back, relaxin', pulled up to the BBQ  
A '68 rag, baby girl, who is you?  
You motherfuckin' bad, I want you motherfuckin' bad

Yeah, huh  
Sit right, chyeah, all night, yeah  
I could, I would  
You should  
I wanna holla?, huh  
You should meet my old lady, for real, you know

Baby girl, let me take you to the moon, you look lunar  
Out this world, know my girl? Shit, we shoulda did this sooner  
Rent a beach house in Laguna with the pool, I'm a foola  
Eatin' steaks, rockin' my Bapes, and makin' calls to Stack the jeweller  
My neck look like Rick the Ruler, baby, speakin' of them rulers  
You don't know, so let me tutor, this how we gonna manoeuvre  
Keep it low, we want no rumours, now you know what time it is  
Like Franklin Muller, say amen like your name Beulah  
In the back of blackest churches, in the back of blacker Benzes  
Lookin' like the blackest hearses, but nobody died  
Is you feelin' me, man? I'm killin' the game  
A murder for hire, [?], and even when times were dire  
I never conspired with liars, I had me a younger Mariah  
And she was just takin' me higher, keepin' my pocket and mind right  
She even told me keep it P, and she never wanted the limelight  
She told me she watchin' TV, 'cause she know that's where she'll find Mike  
Damn right

When the kush clouds rain, that be champagne  
Windshield wipers on the gull wing  
Mercedes-Benz peace sign gang, maintain  
Preserve the lineage, experience this here, this is the life of kings  
Brabus W210, I'm gone in the wind

Keep the E in it, Chevy's on switches  
We smokin' weed in it, don't post me in your pictures  
You could keep a secret, we could always

Ladies and gentlemen, that was just Killer Mike delivering a fuckin' Grammy  
verse  
Because he won a Grammy, and he just wanted to upstage me on my own project  
But what are we gonna do, that's my Aries brother  
One time for Killer Mike, fuckin' legendary  
Fuckin' don't do that shit to me on my own records, bro, Eastside