

Legal Crack

Curren\$y

OG Dayton's not them Eagle wires
Can't be compared to them Fisher-Price riders
Blowing Indo smoke in the face of outsiders
I remember being broke, I did not like it
Now we all on top, this shit lopsided
In the presence of G's, baby can't hide it
She finna cheat, it's already been decided
Before even our eyes met she was familiar with my concepts
We were each other's conquest, or so I guessed
I get dressed and back on my business
Discussing Jets on those, in my chilling clothes
But in my grind mode, really though

Making my rounds, riding my 'Lac
Checking my traps, counting my cheese
Ducking these rats, watching my back
Fuck the police, after my scratch
Got it from rap, would you believe this legal crack?

We ain't never gon' die, holmes
Too mothafuckin' live for 'em
Rap task force, got eyes on 'em
Only thing catching cases is my iPhone
See my eyes low, it's safe to say I'm stoned
Reefer through your speakers any song that I'm on
Riding Caddy Biarritz, my bitch know daddy the shit
I get it, stash it, and spin it, light up and do it again

Yeah, legal doses of cooked up coke up out my notebook
Before that chronic tree you slung that dope or you made that c
oke cook
Soft or hard, white or tan, smoke the green
Cornbread right out the pan, Jet Life stamp so you know you're
paying
It's 22 thou, gotta count it again?
From the city where they yelling like (Fuck police!)
No man's safe on no-man's-street
Them boys been crazy they don't smoke no geeks
It's Jones baby better get your freaks
Five hundred horses, mind drifting on Porsche shit
Pound your Z, five hundred-thousand, that's gorgeous
Married to the game so why would I ever divorce it?
Hoops and in-n-out combos, contraband to my clientfolk
Ladies catch feelings and you know the rest of the motto
Aqua flow so underwater, Loius Vouitton goggles
I drop it up and drive, time to thug light my hydro