

Makin Plays

Curren\$y

Super Villain, I been that nigga
I'm gettin money with ya, then let's get richer
Join the clique, you gotta be enlisted
Whole team persistent when it come to gettin it
Beat the pack out, Sonny Liston
Cool nigga, but don't get it twisted
Plotting on us, I wouldn't risk it
Hit speed dial to call up the hittas (the hittas)
I be gettin to this money shipe
I ain't slept in a hundred nights
On the grind gettin this bag right
I'll catch some Z's in my next life
Left Tokyo on a late flight
Kush got my eyes red like brake lights
You ain't livin like that, you got stage fright
Keep a bad bitch that give me head right
Back to the rappin and trappin
Still bout that action, who askin?
SV, I grind with a passion
Smoking grams straight out the package
My feet up in the cut relaxin
You want the gas pack, boy I'm taxin
You want the strong pack, boy I'm taxin
No shorts or losses, straight stacking (uh)

Runnin it up like I'm Emmitt (Emmitt)
Makin plays like Pippen (Pippen)
In the kitchen straight whippin (whippin)
No apron, I'm drippin (drippin)
Real talk, no gimmick (no gimmick)
Master P, no limit (no limit)
No L's, we winnin
Can't back out the game, I'm too deep in it

(Uh) trap phone jumpin like JR
I'm like Steph Curry with the play calls (plays calls)
Graveyard shift, no days off
Only big money on the radar (radar)
Niggas can't see me like Ray Charles (uh)
Hatin niggas, they can feel the AR (uh)
Paint the whip red like crayon (yeah)
Made a money pile just to lay on (yeah)
Got a red bone, she give good head dog (uh)
She bad, but the bitch talk my head off (ha)
Get lost, you ain't talkin no bread dog
Made a few plays then I peeled off
Mad bricks like my jump shot been off
Rich nigga shit what I been on
Fuck a bitch then I tell her get gone (get gone)
Drew Brees flow in the end zone (yeah)
No drop top, but I got the hard top
Bag full of money at the car lot
No sleep, I been trappin a whole lot (whole lot)
Paranoid, make sure the door locked (door locked)
Got the crib smelling like a grow house
Hope I don't roll in when they roll out (uh)
Time to re-up when it's sold out (uh)

Trap, dog, til they kick the door down (what)

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Thurman Thomas, Roger Craig
Barry Sander with a bag of bread
Tucked under my arm, when Spitta fled
Touch down, beat the point spread
I'm runnin it up unsportsmanlike
Ron Artest, I ball and fight
Short in stature, stand tall for mine
I want all of mine like right on time
But early fine, lay that out
Don't wait for no balance, just pay that out
You throwing your ones in the strip club
I'm throwing out racks in the car lot
I pulled up, stepped in
With the gas lit, we chillin
Thirty bottles, couple hittas
Couple gold diggers worth millions
So I don't talk to just anyone
You better have your hands into some
Come up, put the money away
Make another play and then you stunt
Everything a go when it's all about dough (when it's all about dough)
Us niggas ain't slow (us niggas ain't slow)
In the bank we well known

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