

## New Devils

Curren\$y

The world's freshest, you bitch  
WEZP New Orleans, New Orleans  
Eastside  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Huh

We had Bottega Veneta shades back in 2005  
Me, Weezy, Mack Maine, we was in Hawaii  
Always high, always fly, my nigga that's I  
Hate on me, dawg, and why?  
I come through, I show love every time  
Take the neighborhood kids out cruising in the low-ride  
Andretti, keep a pound on my side  
Can't find the TV remote, fuck it bro, I'm going outside  
SL600 got them Carlsons on it  
Once they see me in it, everybody want it  
But they can't do it how I do it  
Copying Curren\$y, that's counterfeit and useless, and stupid

Posted at the crib, munching, eating on some teppanyaki  
Yo' bitch on my line, tryna give a young playa sloppy  
Thumbing through my hunnids while I'm playing Super Tecmo  
Rami needing that white-glove service wherever I go  
Swangin', bending these corners, concrete ocean I'm surfing  
Giving peewees the gospel, the game I'm giving's a sermon  
Chop the top off the '64, hit the switches and drop slow  
Cousin just touched a hunnid, working straight out from Hit Sto  
re

You know what I'm saying? Get you some money, mane