Off Dat

Curren$y

I'm high and my home girl tryna kick it
Like two ninjas getting new slippers on Christmas
In a craddle of wrapping paper I was born gifted
A grounded person though a nigga all kind lifted
I'm on the road I done seen all kinda bitches, when I come home
My girl acting all kinda suspicious, but won't leave me 'lone
All she want is a little attention, is that so wrong?
So I said I be back in a minute but she know I won't
I'm partially caught up in the game
My name constantly being brought up, they throwin slangs
These hoes putting me under the scope, that's aim
I know I reverse that, she going in her purse church mane
I'm throwback I take it where it was at first mane
That live nigga rap, Wings on that B
I'm sitting in the back, I got your bitch mine
Her head in my lap, I'm twisting up that lime

My chain way heavy, my weed way smelly
Wood wheels in my Chevy, ain't shit that you can tell me
I'm counting up my fetti, I'm ignoring my celly
Them hoes all on me, but I'm off that already now

We can take it back to Air Max 95, if you wan start acting like
 you live
Jive asses was never outside, I seen it first hand
Minimal dirt on my fingers was the game plan
Now it's ten thousand dollar bank bands, Jet Life it pays man
Underground rap, put a big house on top that land
They said I wouldn't do it now they understand that I had alrea
dy done it
Coulda been a super radio smash, but I didn't want it
I rather play the cut stay 100, papered up in a opera house
Sneaking bong hits until they put us out

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