

On G's

Curren\$y

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Niggas ain't fucking with my team, at all
Fall back dog
If it ain't about no loot I can't get at y'all

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Niggas ain't fucking with my team, at all
Fall back dog
If it ain't about no cheese I can't get at y'all

At ease, as I move with my jet set feeling the breeze
I'm in yo ear like a death threat
Got you wonderin' if I played my best hand yet
You ain't seen nothin'
I'm in yo house like plumbin'
In and out of yo woman
And I'm up gettin' high cuz my crew up and comin'
Different chapters of my establishment
Posted up where it's cold, refrigerator magnets
Then it's back to the N-O, lab life, stacking rapper chips
Rhyme a few bars to buy my homies some cars
Then I say a few poems and buy my moms a new home
Spitta kush king, bong next to my throne
Scribble in my notepad 'bout my city's wrongs
And I try to make it right through these songs
It's niggas tryna make it through the night, let alone make a million
Get it on nigga and show off when you get it

And on the set, shit get live, it's all action
But where I'm from, shit get real, it's no acting
In the 12th grade with 20 grand in my khakis
Life under the scope, them bitches keep looking at me
But picture living where these niggas don't feel a thing
This wicked world got a nigga numb, free from pain
And all that dirt I did, I still remain without a stain
So I twist it, smoke it by myself, clear my brain
Them sober nights drove a nigga damn near insane
I saw it all but never will I tell a thing
Can't think of one thing to lose, and 'bout a million things to gain
So I charge this to the game
But soon as I got my change, they say I changed maine
They told me state my name, I'm Roddy from the planes maine
These unfamiliar faces lookin' at me strange maine
But I'm no lame, these niggas know what I claim
I keep it trill to the jet, I put that shit there on the JETS

Through the lights, cameras, and flashes bong snappin' and action, I'm
Focused on this paper, money transactions is what I'm after playa
Was taught as a youngin' to move smart and get my weight up
Federal reserves papers by the layers, and weed by the acres
Bitches by the dozen, just watch me come up from nothin' hata
Greater things await for those who remain patient
Yea that's real talk, matter fact a true statement
But still I grind cuz in the end I want more than Nathan
Smokin' kush, tryna ease them thought with vapors
But my mind stuck on gettin' big faces
Racin' toward the guap, these niggas still chasin'

Runnin' in place, tryna catch up with they replacements
Made it to the majors, live from the basement
Straight to the rooftop with spacious living spaces
With cases of the Clicquot, trees in different flavors
Runnin' the game the OGs gave us

[Hook]