

Pot Jar

Curren\$y

Parlayed the Caymans
Flew to vegas just in time for the weigh-in
Fight night, MGM, vaporizer blazing
Valet for the classics, trucks with armored glasses
Franchise players on a momentous occasion
Announce the fact we made it, tip a c-note to the waiters
Send a bottle to your table, it's a celebration
Rolling presidential, inauguration stones clearer than an HD station
And you hating
If you'd have had one that's nice I'd have told you congratulations
I stole home base while you was tying your laces
Your bitch gave out the dugout
Smoked out the clubhouse
Welcome to the majors

Niggas hoping I get knocked off
In the studio making them drop offs
Ducking them hip-hop cop cars
Sometimes I find answers in the bottom of my pot jar
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Certified dope on three coasts
Bread healthy, wheat toast
Tryna see the fam wealthy, the fam help me
Held me down when I needed it
Held me up when I couldn't reach it
Flashlight when I couldn't see shit
Saying my prayers, smoking my weed
Listening to Roy Ayers
With more pull in my city than the mayor
Smart not scared
Highed up but aware and prepared
If them fools from over there ever came round here
But we'll cross that bridge when we get to it
(Audio drug lord with this music)

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Don't nothing move but the decimal
Everyday above ground is a chest move
Don't let the little things stress you
If you can go without killing a nigga, you successful
Low key, like I'm riding with a whole key
But I'm just chasing these cookies with this OG
I don't do first halves, I need the whole fee
You want Jada, Kiss, or you want the whole me? (which one)
And I don't be popping bubbles
If I ain't house shopping I'm at the dealer copping doubles
Ain't where I wanna be, but I'm not far
Answers at the bottom of my pot jar (light one)

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