

Reflections

Curren\$y

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Trauma Tone)
Chevys on switches
Bitch, we smoking weed in it
Don't post me in you
Yeah, yeah, uh

Shit, my music reflect on these fucked up times
Or do you fools just want to smoke and ride?
Mami, you want me to empower you and boss you up
Or just occasionally fuck on you and just buy you stuff?
I'ma roll another one 'cause I ain't high enough
I'ma go home and switch up cars 'cause I ain't drive enough
Survivor's remorse for some homies, I feel I ain't cry enough
Truth is there ain't no true homie, they all lying to us

You trying to hear my views on the war
You just trying to hear me talk about my car
Crumbling herb from the medicine jar (Yeah)
Playing the stock market from afar
Digital fund deposit schemes, who's got the money?
Properties bulletproof
I snuck Holy Ghost in the church at the Metaverse
I believe in something
More than stunting 'cause this life is all we wanted
Shaping the minds of youngsters just as we once learned from it

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I'ma roll another one 'cause I ain't high enough
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Hidden agendas
Industry plants, crash dummies
This up-and-coming
Intelligence, they switch it to that dumb shit
Tempted by the chance of millions
Now your rhyming senseless
You once had lyrics and integrity
But you ain't have no bitches
You could have it all without switching
It's just gon' take a minute
Must instill some patience in these lil' niggas
Real bitches waiting for a real nigga

Shit, my music reflect on these fucked up times
Or do you fools just want to smoke and ride?
Mami, you want me to empower you and boss you up
Or just occasionally fuck on you and just buy you stuff?
I'ma roll another one 'cause I ain't high enough (I don't think I'm high enough)

I'ma go home and switch up cars 'cause I ain't drive enough
Survivor's remorse for some homies, I feel I ain't cry enough
Truth is there ain't no true homie, they all lying to us

Yeah, yeah
Keeping weed in it
Chevys on switches
We smoking weed in it, don't post me in your pictures
If you can keep a secret, we can always
Rule number one, don't talk about it, mane
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Jet Life, Jet Life
Aight, nigga
One more, nigga

Shit, my music reflect on these fucked up times
Or do you fools just want to smoke and ride?
Mami, you want me to empower you and boss you up
Or just occasionally fuck on you and just buy you stuff?
I'ma roll another one 'cause I ain't high enough
I'ma go home and switch up cars 'cause I ain't drive enough (Skrrt)
Survivor's remorse for some homies, I feel I ain't cry enough
Truth is there ain't no true homie, they all lying to us