

Sixty-Seven Turbo Jet

Curren\$y

Money in the floor case they kick in the door
Saran wrapped in the wall case they bring them dogs

The fuck you thought?
That ain't the super sport package, the fuck you bought?
I don't plan on bein' in a police chase
But if I do holmes I doubt that I get caught
I had some gear work done, headers, cam, exhaust
Parked outside of my fort
That's my getaway car, easy access, top off
With the push button start, you know me dawg

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And we can make crack like this
As long as we slang raps like this
Make that paper stack like..

Fruits of my labor
The grind major, player, investigators agitated
But this is legal paper that we makin'
Sure is dope bein' sold, and yeah we the ones sellin'
Audio ki's, the price go down if you cop heavy
Them other fools rushin' they cook up they shit not ready
We waitin' 'til its perfect
Mix it down and then we serve it
The ones who sleepin' on it don't deserve it

Life...