

# Smoke Something

Curren\$y

One for the money, yes sir, two for the show  
But I ain't steppin on the stage until they count up all my cash flow  
Oh man, then your man's going Twilight Zone  
Want to be left along, again at home, listenin' to Soulja Slim  
I spread that dough out, rolling pins slice it up  
With my closest friends as the grimey globe spins, I'm grinding  
Trying to keep dirt off my rims and my name  
Out c'here stay poppin up at the red carpet  
In my green Tahoe, with my Las Vegas bitch and one of your hoes  
"Hi there!" I like what she working with, that's why we hired her  
We pull up on the set, tattoo calligaphy letter Jets love  
And respect, we passing you the fuck up  
And passing you none of my bud that's why you standing round us bruh!  
Oh you accounted for, who brung you? You don't speak the code bro  
You slick tone and hung you  
You walking down the aisle with the same bitches we run through  
I'm in the bank line, empire, I build this for us to eat  
Inside is the lunch room, outside is looking wild hungry fool  
Shut the door so they don't see us, light a joint or two...

Got stopped in the mall the other day  
I heard a call from the other way  
Where I just came from, some nigga was saying som'n  
Talking about smoking some'n

Stopped in the mall the other day  
I heard a call from the other way  
Where I just came from, some bitches was saying something  
Talking about smoking something...

Let me go like me wanted for all my trouble  
I'm chillin with this bitch who think we make the perfect couple  
But she trippin, I'm sippin on some bubbly with no bubbles  
It's me that's who? I put this shit together like puzzles  
I'm puzzled: is it me or niggas is lame?  
You're coward-hearted, yellow, lemon merengue  
I'm about to change my name from "Dwayne" to "Deranged"  
To be a billionaire I got a shot like Danny Ainge  
My gang wear red, your bitch an air head  
But I still break her off like a fuckin chair leg  
It's Tunechi, ya heard me?  
You don't deserve me. Swag so sick  
So injury reserve me.  
I'm the God, I should be rapping in a turban  
But knowing me, I'll prolly ollie up the curb  
Then grind down the rail only with my tail  
Pause...

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Bitch, you ain't putting on  
Smoke somthing?  
I remember when you couldn't even smoke shit  
Couldn't stay focused  
But don't forget it bitch