

Smoke Sumthin

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
Wantin' to be left alone, again at home, listen to Soulja Slim
I spread that dough out, rolling pin, slice it up
With my closest friends as the grimey globe spins, I'm riding
Trying to keep dirt off my rims and my name
Out'chea stay poppin up at the red carpet
My green Tahoe, with my Las Vegas bitch and one of your hoes
Highed up, I like what she working with, that's why we hired her
We put her on the set, tattoo calligraphy love the Jets
Love and respect, we passing you the fuck up
Ain't passing you none of my bud
That's why you standing 'round us bruh!
Are you accounted for?
Who brung you? You don't speak the code bro
Yo slick tongue done 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 and hungry for
Shut the door so they don't see us light a joint or two...

I stopped in the mall the other day
I heard a call from the other way
Where I just came from, some nigga was saying something
Talking about smoke something...

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