

Smokin Potnas

Curren\$y

Watch me turn this sheet of paper into a million dollars

Spell my team's name in diamonds, it's how I feel about it
Niggas won't get down 'cause these bitches won't be around it
Jet Life, write that in the clouds with' my smokin' potna
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Stones transparent at the Ferrari Challenge
Stoned in the bleachers, it's like slow mo' when the cars passin'
You never been where I'm at, don't speak on them actions
He don't know know shit about it, huh, you just be in there rappin'
Come through in the spot, I mean it, you gon' see what's happenin'
We bring out foreigners with' us, make ourselves at home when we travelin'
Stunt on any coast, shinin' gold rope
Chain holdin' lucky charms, ice cold holy water froze
Stained glass in my condo, church ho, work ho
Show me what you were ho
Been spendin' that dope since the chirp phones
And some kicks you'll die before you find so nobody searchin' for 'em

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Money counters on the kitchen counter
I used to have to hide it from my momma
Now it's packs in the mail
My dog doing 10, FaceTimes from the cell
Sunroof on the Benz, blowin' smoke all in the wind
I'm fly as hell in this, I'ma put it on again
Supercharged, swiping cards, goin' forward
Put it all on the line, goin' bald
This my nigga, he got switches, that's 106s
But no tint on both the Bentleys
Gon' need two pounds at least
One gold to him, one gold to me
Swing all through the east
Counted a million with' my smoking potna

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