

## Spit Vicious

Curren\$y

Got a lot of thing to drop  
New Orleans, steady making cheese  
Niggas wanna try to hem my own jeans  
Spit vicious, [?] bitch nigga please  
Many men are not my synonym, they are not nothing like me  
Grammar lesson, read something nigga  
Boss the fuck up, we something nigga  
How I'm an example of what can happen when you quit being afraid to gamble  
The God I believe in would never give you more than you could handle  
He know I can deal with the crib and the Lambo  
Material shit ain't all that I stand for  
But I admit I dig the way that my hand glow  
I'm high off the life  
They say the best [?] make it impossible to second guess  
My last move some think was the best  
But a better one will surely be my next

I spit, nigga V-I-C-I-O-U-S  
You just lay down slow  
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I change the game like the number four J's  
Bugging out, had 'em on on do the right thing  
White [?] gray  
I rock like it's ADA  
I travel from state to state  
Open my wallet to close on estates  
Just claimed one off in LA  
Post up with my bitches, burn grapes all day  
I'm a man who enjoys a comfortable seat  
With kicked up feet on the terrace  
With my hella bad bitch half-naked  
With a wife beater and Gucci sneakers cooking me breakfast  
Telephone convos with my incarcerated homies, they holding it down for me  
Every nigga on [?] wanna see me get the money  
When they get out they'll be down to kill a nigga for me  
Never claimed thug gut I got street love  
Street cred, these other niggas is Raisin Bran  
FS Jets, motherfucker, you know

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FS Jet set, where haven't we been yet?  
Bitches know the planes got it  
FS Jets in the house

Motherfuck anybody else who in the house  
We gon' burn an ounce to this  
G's up, hoes down while you motherfuckers bounce to this  
Motherfucker, you know