

## Step Outside

Curren\$y

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Smoke something in my ride

In the Bape coat, in a grey ghost  
To the condo so we can change clothes  
She has a six series beemer four door  
Say she 'set, go' and I was one of those  
Suppose, I should be glad she chose  
Over these girls, man you never know  
Hide up, still on my toes  
Also don't come with that fuck shit  
Shooters and [?] go 'round with this hoe, gotta let know who run shit  
Get 'em up off that dumb shit  
I'm on some stacking my funds shit  
I'm tryna see all my dawgs rich  
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I'm a follow me to where the cars is  
I'm finna show you who the boss is

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Nigga spark one in my Chevy, if you really ready  
This Andretti game selling, my chain heavy  
Self made, me and my rollers just took a selfie  
Broke niggas on mute, it ain't shit they can tell me  
[?] my wins is just consecutive  
Too high too see my competitors  
Too high too keep up with my schedule  
But I stay on my commas and decimals, at all time  
Don't sleep, girl I'm never that high  
Roll another one underneath the street lights  
Light that bitch off for the whole eastside  
She can't hide it, I see it in her eyes  
She tryna come see what a G like

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