Techmo Flo

Curren$y

Yeah
You know
Jets nigga
Month after month after month after month after month
Uh

I'm an outlaw
I'm right-handed but I drive southpaw
I'm outlandish, ghost ride the Vanquish
Who's driving my car?
Hot Spitta nigga flow fresh, Lysol
You out in South Beach in a rented Chrystler
Scraping up your money to get in the night club
I walk up, get in it, club lines I don't see them
They invisible like the line of scrimmage
Spitta is chilling in Levi denim
Bitches like us 'cause they say we different
From all them other niggas, say they just not with it
Jet niggas live like modern day hippies
Smoke weed and make music
My boo says wear black mags
Shout out to The Cool Kids
Girls used to say who you think you is
Now they tapping their friends like there he go bitch
Spitta nigga retro flow
Old school game, that Super Tecmo Bowl
Renaissance artist
Bitches blow him like a malfunctioning Nintendo cartridge
Laid back, hit them with the calmness
They hate that, they can't take that
Broke niggas got their money tied up in a wave cap
I get paid, smoke joints on stage
Point bitches out, bring them back to the cave
Like Batman and Vicki Vale
The difference is that my batmobile is a Chevelle
And my cause is a condo laid out
Got the private balcony
Baby we can smoke and fuck our brains out
Have sex casually
Name in the streets, buzz growing gradually
I kick it into overdrive and drastically
Shit change, I'm in these offices stomping couches, I'm Rick James
Spitta nigga flow insane
It was inside of an insane asylum that I found it
The nigga is astounding
Bitches and bitch ass niggas look to the ground when around him
The nigga is astounding
Bitches and bitch ass niggas look to the ground when around him

Month after month after month after month after month
For real
Month five, and I'm not tired
Jets nigga

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