

The Explanation

Curren\$y

Spitta nigga you know me or either you know of me
Witnessed traces of my swagger
But it was being presented to you by other rappers
These niggas is actors, consumed by their roles
Thinking that they are really that nigga they created in their
fictitious lyrics
Perfect example given, of life imitating art
These niggas is lost in the sauce
I'm partying in a downtown loft
Thanking God that I'm finally getting on
And praying for the talented rappers who still off
What a nigga gotta do to get through?
Do I gotta record a verse in auto-tune too? Shit
Let me stay away from that
Before niggas misconstrue it and label this a diss track
These are just facts, spitta snap like a slim jim
You just realizing that I'm that nigga homeboy I been him
Could keep the mixtapes up month to month continuously
But I figured that my words would lose their validity
To the ingrates who don't appreciate my mixtapes
Taking for granted my rhymes
Because they hearing new ones all the time
I'm about to take a sabbatical dog
And let these late bloomers get hip to spitta's catalog
Real niggas I'm not turning my back on ya'll
Real bitches I ain't giving up on rap for ya'll
I'm just pausing for the people who slow
And let them learn the shit you already know

Muthafucka you know
Bitches know the planes got it
Jets nigga, where haven't we been yet?
My name is in the streets, my name is my name