

## The Type

Curren\$y

Let the little homie kick it in the auto shop with us  
Long as he can make store runs and keep his mouth shut  
Same way I came up  
All my triple o's was hood famous  
Nice guy surrounded by wolves, wild dangerous that's where I gained t  
his cool  
Walk this talk, you trying to duplicate and make tools  
All you do is make fools of yourselves  
Underground jewels testa copping pot, wallet in the wishing well  
Evidence, niggas can fail  
Tryna get close to the jet code  
But it will never get deciphered by a rookie pilot  
That's why I sit opposite to drive a 63 impala bad bitch  
Change steering wheel guidance  
I'm out the window sky watching, plotting as usual  
That's what I'm doing when I'm quite  
Can't remember shorty name but she had that loud pack  
The other night in tallahassee and I thank her for that  
Fine, freaky with her legs behind her back  
In the wee hours of the morning, picture mailin that she horny  
But love I'm tryna fuck with this money

We bust raps like d-  
boys bust gats, we the type of people that don't burry the axe  
We bust raps like d boys bust gats, we the type of people cutluss, mo  
nte carlo, regals  
We bust raps like d-  
boys bust gats, we the type of people that don't burry the axe  
We bust raps like d boys bust gats, we the type of people cutluss, mo  
nte carlo, regals

We bust raps like we bust these gats, we the type of people that don'  
t bury the hatch  
We bust raps like we bust these gats, we the type of people chevy's a  
nd gmc's to  
We bust raps like we bust these gats, we the type that don't bury the  
hatch  
We bust raps like we bust these gats, we the type of people chevy's a  
nd gmc's to

Fuck it, it's the life of the shooting star  
Gotta move smart  
Can't get caught slipping there all wanna see me fall  
Take my punches like a troop but take my loses like a man  
And come with the territory, take the good with the bad  
Throw the dice watch them tumble where they land so big  
Everything is not strategic, sometime we risk our life  
Sometime we risk our love, our money and our freedom  
Fuck that bullshit we feed it, to see if you gone eat it  
In new york we manipulate naive dummies  
We beat you on the head it's just game we be running  
Sometime, but most of the time we don't play

They can't figure us out, we like it that way  
The road to the riches so long I be catch blisters  
All these crabs in a bucket pull you down tryna get em  
Every man for them self, every women won't bags and shoes  
We the type of people that'll find you