

There It Is

Curren\$y

Yeah
Ugh
Yeah, yeah
Uh, uh
Back to back Cadillacs, black on black
Action Jackson, these niggas think they can-
Huh
Yeah

Back to back Cadillacs, black on black
Action Jackson, these niggas think they can rap
Pedal to the floor, '97 Polo Sport boat shoes
Smoking gorilla glue on a golf course
Never had verse of the month in The Source
But I'm the owner of a sought after Ferrari horse
Therefore underground rap star of some sort
Musical drug lord smoking out his sports cars
Been through it all, not bitter
But I'm quite thankful for the experience, I'm richer for it
Clearly the bigger person seen the bigger picture
We send hits before them niggas could hit us
Bitch you dealing with one of the top rhyme spitters
I'm hella high everywhere I am
Hustle paid the rent and it bought the Bent'
Put up a picket fence, bought the crib
My feet kicked up, the incense lit
There it is (There it is, yep)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yes, I slid off the grid, big ass kid
Twenty pack of Kool-Aid Jammers in the fridge
Macaroni and barbecue ribs, straight diggin' in
Bad bitch in the kitchen made the pot flip
Full as a tick
Grinding up a nugget then I twist
Back in the mix
Niggas tellin' their big brother Spitta back on his shit
Rich uncle, big numbers
Low riders stuntin'
Winter to summer, cousin is nothing
I wasn't bluffin' when I said I was coming back with somethin'
To leave them motherfuckers with their noses runnin'
Dozing off on each other
Gettin' high, standin' in huddles, fighting over dosages
Pushin' and shovin', graphic depiction
Put you bitches right in the middle of it
Food for thought, not for niggas with weak stomachs

Help
(There it is)
Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da
There it is
Jet Life nigga, yeah