

Ventilation

Curren\$y

(Jet life)

White carpet in my star face house
No one to gon dis on my scar faced spouse
My IV the twisted reefer and delivering that dough
To the front door like a piece of carrying her own
Always financially she don't need me
She is just in love with a real nigger continuously weedin
At my under closed location my grow space is reading up on vint
age V12 engines
and the greatest strains this season
and I grind for that very reason
the toxic air that I'm breathin a leave an average man weakened

watermarks still on the houses as I drive by
crack the soundproofs let a cloud out it
trill shit
Next time I vacate I'm bringing all my cars on a plane with me
Lor' see the same we gonna make it an' show our folks how to ma
ke them millions
Grapplin' hooks scaleing the building rap with no hooks I'm hig
h hows you feelin'
Captin hook wild'n in the ceiling though no stealin that shit h
eard I know the feeling
these niggas a borrowin yo style like you wasn't about to go do
nuttin with it
That's why I only kick it with real niggas like Dom Kennedy
and people I ain't got to name cuz they was probly here gettin
high wit me
If you don't know where to put it at than I'll ride wit it
There I try to lose you in the system for some weed in my city
In the heart ain't no love or no pity
Looking for charity that dog don't hunt don't come in the woods
with it

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