

## What Means The World To Me

Curren\$y

What mean the world to me  
Other than my God, my family and my music, would probably be my cars  
My kicks and my louie scarves  
I'm sick, when I rap I cough, call me mr good bars  
I be with cali ovar and we rip that cali O hard, but me I'm from the east  
I parked a bunch o fancy cars on these misused streets  
I ain't done a lot yet but my momma so proud of me  
I'm a break my back to see her sittin on a pile o cheese  
Walkin around pettin my pockets for my impala keys  
Found em in a sofa cushion with a pack o easy widers  
And two bags o purple kush  
I even found a zippo lighter, I'm excited homie  
I can't hide it, I can't wait to light it  
Your girl in the cock cause she tryna meet the pilot  
My stock is steady risin, my top drop when I'm ridin  
My volume at the highest  
That's the only that I can way I can hear the music  
Cause this motor ain't quiet  
Don't ask if its for sale homie, cause you can't buy it  
Damn nigga let me get a chance to drive it  
My goal when I rap is to make listeners rewind it  
And play it for their partners and say spitta got some nice shit