

Yacht Master

Curren\$y

Lost track of days on the grind
The sun done went down, came back again
I'm riding in my Chevy getting high
A hundred thousand miles away from all that sucker shit
They hated on my plans, they were too scared to try
Niggas ain't want see me with it, I know this hurting their eyes

I wear my yacht master when I'm on a boat
The presidential for meetings and dealings with these business folks
I got a 41 millimeter, I swear it's ice cold
Evening wear, arm pieces [?] attracting hoes
But I'm not after those
I'm more classical
She got her masters and doctorate, got her own cash and all
She a fashion killa, she don't wear much fashion nova
I might invite her over make sure I got bottles cold
After a session I get dressed and wrap my neck in gold
I left her at my home, make sure I locked a couple doors
In my absence she might play dress up and try to put on my clothes
Taking pictures in her release pieces in her camera roll
That big jacket was a sample, that's controversial
I know I'm fly like private, fly like commercial
Weed and good music is universal

Lost track of days on the grind
The sun done went down, came back again
I'm riding in my Chevy getting high
A hundred thousand miles away from all that sucker shit
They hated on my plans, they were too scared to try
Niggas ain't want see me with it, I know this hurting their eyes

Throw the money up in it
Throw the weed and liquor
Keep your head on a swivel
My nigga keep living
Make sure you did the time
And remain a real one
Forever telling, I'm so effortless with it
[?]
Got the message delivered
Walk the steps with my niggas