

# Your Direction

Curren\$y

Yeah  
This is music you can fly to  
Brought to you Courtesy to good weed and bad bitches and I mean that in the best way possible  
In there like swimwear  
That is my answer if you asking if I will be where it is poppin tonight  
Home boy fa sho, ain't I always  
Well not always but when I get my off days  
I'm known to step out  
Pull my best out  
Super freash you know I dress out  
The life I am living got me stressed out  
And that is why I am in the club tonight  
Shades over my eyes  
I spy to the left of me  
A vision so heavanly  
I figure this is how it feels when you rolling on ecstacy  
She takes away the breath of me  
I wanna approach but not sure if she know the rep I got attached to me  
I want hearts I commit an assult of battery  
I'm a dog but for you I can change drastically  
Damn I gotta gain my composure, attack my mission, handle buisness like a soldier told her  
Ayyee Ayyee... Ayee  
Ayeee I don't really hit the club but tonight I'll make an exception  
For some reason I can't seem to keep my eyes off your direction  
Tell your friends, you won't be leavin with them  
U met the man of your dreams, ya'll are gettin in the wind  
If they ask who, point to me and say him  
Curren\$y, the high spitta, he's  
You can be the co-pilot in my fly ass benz  
You will tell them all about me sometime in the mornin  
But until then you're havin the night, of a lifetime  
Sittin on my balcony, takin in the sky-line  
Heaven sent us some fine wine, puffin on some good line  
From the pages of the high times magazine  
Poppin in some dvd's  
You wanna watch The Wire? Or the Sopranoes season 3?...  
It's all good with me  
We ain't even gotta rush to freak, we can chill on this sofa  
Hold on  
Lemme gain my composure, attack my mission handle business like a soldier  
Momma, you are one of the most beautiful things that I have ever seen  
Although my days on God's green earth, said I've been all over the world  
With my team  
I promise  
Good God miss, you have me astonished  
When I look at what your parents have accomplished  
With some help from the Lord of course  
Heaven must be minus an angel I'm quite sure  
We can make the wedding arraangements cause I'm yours  
If you'll have me, only thing I'm asking  
Is that you hold me down like gravity  
Oh what a tragedy  
When a player retires from the game  
And baby I dun took my jersey off and untied my shoe strangs  
My horoscope say prepare for chaaangee mayyyynee

Damn, I gotta gain my composure, attack my mission handle business like a soldier