

Envy Me

Denzel Curry

I'mma keep balling, 'til they envy me
21 guns, for my enemies
Niggas got some, ho ass tendencies
Cash out, I'm ballin', til they envy me
My enemies, motherfuck my enemies
Cause I'ma keep ballin', til they envy me
My enemies, motherfuck my enemies
Cause, I'ma keep ballin', til they envy me

Up in Carol City, me and Lotto in the charger, when we slide to deep
(Too deep)
Can't fuck with the south with a AK-forty-seven bumping T Double-
D (Double D, nigga!)
First forty-eight, gotta say it one time, R.I.P. my nigga Bizzle (Biz-
zle!...bizzle)
Kick, drill, ravish of a nigga think he savage, turn him to a popsicle
That's "Ice...COLD!", and my last name ain't three-thousand (3000)
Bad ass bitch on my t.i.p. (Tip Harris), she wet, like an everlasting
fountain
Still a Hot Boy, 'bout whatever like, Turk or Wayne, like a motherfuc-
kin' Carter
Niggas water whipping, in the hot damn kitchen, like a nigga Avatar,
or Katara
Remember that it's still fuck the other side, lurking all black, like
that boy Plies
Snapping, like a fat ho at the Popeye's when she don't get the thigh,
the chicken, or the fries
So nigga what it be? I can turn my shirt to a ski, fuck feds, not even
ice T
Wanna come and ice me, like it's New Jack City, shit looking grim - no
Mandy, Billy
Cross the chopper line bitch, you better bow down to a nigga greater
than yourself...trick
Flow is immortal, so therefore I gorde, you do something of it for your-
self...trick
From the 'Tre deuce, got to keep a deuce deuce, like a nigga lurking
in South Cen-TRU (South Central)
Bruh, if you bout that pressure cross that line, fuck nigga state your
issue...
My nigga

Behold these verses, the stars to the churches will all metamorph into
seven
I'm rocking about four types of polo, you peep that my style it must
be Armageddon
Apocalypse stop, pop the clip, better bow down now it's all about power
Fantasy darker than Swishers, the wicked demented, get hit with the mys-
tical shower
Now that's dan-ger grab, on the ban-ger, take down the empire bruh
In the hood just robbin', like Williams, let's hope that they'll never

doubt fire
Niggas be knocking no cabbage, no UPS person, so tell me what's up with the S?
Slithery snakes, with they slithery tongues, salivating salvations with shit on your head
Yes, Curry gone mash on these cowards[?]
Put shells to they back like they bowser, spit fire - no flower
Get smoke, like the OG and sour then head up to Broward
You know when the bass turn up louder, 'bout loud as the dro, get to the door
I'm shroomed out my mental, like Mario Bros
I'm seeing the walls start to kaleidoscope, so I'm guessing that already means that I'm gone
It's quiet striking that, haters won't tell the truth in front of your face
Not the same time, not the same place, so they hate from a greater distance far away
You see them in person look 'em in the eye, and they say that wasn't the case
Y'all can suck a dick in advance, like Rich Homie Quan, get the fuck out my face...bitch