

Curry Chicken

Joey Bada\$\$

Like "Oh he's broke! I told you he was broke! I told you he ain't got no money", or you know this and that or whatever whatever. Then you'll see some of her people, you'll put that you're here in this house, "Oh Joey done made it! He bought a crib! He this, he that". So it's all a story. It's a perception that people make for you, along the way. So it's not really what it necessarily is at any point or given at time, and that's the thing that concerns me

Break it down
We break it down like
Joey Bad he break it down like
My nigga Fly he break it down like
My nigga Statik break it down like
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
1-2 Alright Uh

First things first is I been rehearsing these verses
In hopes that I hit the surface and keep myself afloat
But I know one day I'm earning me some platinum and some gold
And all them labels could just reimburse this dick in they throat
And tell my mama "Oh no," your purses will never run low
No more cause back when I was four, and we was poor
You would purchase the store
So here I go, your little man has got to grow
I'm walking out the door
My mama just be smiling, cause she know
I got my back and got her worried
Only thing she ask is that I hurry
Home in time for Christmas for some dinner
Seen you on TV again, boy you lookin' thinner
But you lookin' like a winner, aye

You got to give to get and then you give back
You got to give to get and then you give back
You got to give to get and then you give back
Then you give back, then you, then you give back

Worst thing worse, I could've been stealing your purse
Or just been, putting in work and leaving niggas in the dirt
But ever since birth I knew I would be something on this Earth
So now I spit that dope, that shit be hittin' ya nerve
And to my Papa my word is my bond
When you held me in your arms
Did you know along that a star was born?
Then you named me Jo-Vaughn, now that name ring alarms
Nearly 20 years later we on a plane to The Palms

I gotcha back and got her worried
Only thing I ask is for some Curry
Chicken when we land we eatin' dinner
Mama seen me on TV again lookin' thinner
But I'm lookin' like a winner, aye

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord, my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take

Break it down