

Full Metal

Curren\$y

Huuuh

I call my brother Sun cause he shine like..noon time
my last on the turnpike, maneuvering minds GT5 My nerves is ice
And I wouldn't change none of it at hind sight, believe this
cause if I wouldn't have been that then I wouldn't be this
inspiration for niggas who out there chasing that paper
walkin the walk, and running over them haters
outlining the chalk, the conversation is deaded
cause I'm living for the loot n you wasn't talkin no bread biii
tch
cake all layerish, playa all himalayerish, got the 420 vision
rollin doobies up, rollin doobies up, up in the incision
my rocket furnishes, projection screens built in my ceilings
I spit the picture so vivid because I'm really livin
this jet life, tennis shoes n tuxedos
them other fools ain't fly, they fuckin mosquitoes
Don't work, they just cryin, whinin, fuckin pinot grigio
you need to get on your grind
stack a stack of dead people, that concussive presidential time
for that cash I brung a clean tag, this is mine
fuck you doin with that..dough
Az holdin the baby, peepin the whole scene, I'm bout to blow
you know...