

## Smoke Break

Curren\$y

You should be rolling up by now  
Locate your lighters

Prime time  
It's mister go left on the bitch who can't find her right mind  
I'm squeaking past a yellow light, doin 65  
Hope that wasn't one of them camera joints  
Traffic eyes in the sky

I'm kind of high  
What you done twisted?  
I'm used to that killer shit  
So I maintain my pimpin  
While you over highed and slizzered  
And I'm laughin at you slippin  
And yo bitch feeling disgusted and miserable  
She like why is she even here with you  
I'm puttin air in my inner tubes  
Black mags on my haro hanging from the wall  
The allure of my home decor  
Got these girls tripping  
And frequently speaking of return visits

A time machine, my lyrics and the same thing for my garage door  
You see what I just put in it?  
We tryna compete with them Nascars  
You noticing that the styling got switched up  
Cause the last one got bit up?  
Yeah lil homie y'all can get down, but I bet y'all can't keep u  
p!

This Jet Life ain't for everybody,  
This shit is reserved for us  
Yeah lil homie y'all can get down, but I bet y'all can't keep u  
p!

The stylin got switched up  
Cause the last one got bit up  
Yeah lil homie y'all can get down, but I bet y'all can't keep u  
p!