

## Fiend "O.G"

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Curren\$y:

yeaaaah, race car driver, in my own fuckin' mind, Spitta  
Andretti, yes i'm  
anticipatin these niggas hatin' yeah they waitin' that's  
fine.

Maco snap through the fishin' line.

watch for the hook, Spitta bring it to just on time.

On trees, like an ornament at Christmas time, on G's.

But don't nothing move, til the money transfer, word to  
my crew.

The green done coloured my dreams blue,

skeen, to slice that lead cake up, fuck them other  
niggas pay us.

It's like im in it but not really in that Matrix,

Ocean's 14, plot out new capers.

Plant these money tree seeds, dollar bill leaves, leave  
me to rake it up,

Wonderin' who they reserve first place fuck,

those niggas, no pictures, babygirl roll those joints  
bigger

Chorus(x2)

Fuzzy dice, velvet seats, mahogany upholstery,

A/C, sunroof cracked, this that, OG shit, you smell that?

Fiend:

All my Crooks got Castles,

wonderwoman have lassels, hotboy crack tab of  
Tabasco.

Nas international, cash flow, smokin out the volcano,  
kush natural.

Used to have indo in my afro, one man band conquer  
west ?

Shawty i could hit it out the park satchel page./

Damn Im paid, thinkin' of all that money I made,

since lookin' at the hip like i just got paged.

Every summer, new car, new paint,

girl i know you ain't frown with yo' pussy, you BAITCH!

I work too hard for " I can't", stay burnin that " Man that  
shit stank!"

I'm in ya city girl, you a thick lil somethin' I need  
one more for the Spitta girl

Chorus(x2)

Fuzzy dice, velvet seats, mahogany upholstery,  
A/C, sunroof cracked, this that, OG shit, you smell that?

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