

Curren\$y

"Audio Dope"

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Yeah [x5]
(uh) (you nervous, now?)

Awh nah, here your man go with his same old songs
'bout Chevys and getting stoned
meeting bitches in clubs and bringing 'em home
cutting to the chase, don't even turn my flat screen on
all around the world the same song
Cali bud strong, this that love fiends on
so high, that my neighbors thought I moved out
because your boy stay gone
now tell me that I ain't got it, and then keep a straight
face punk
create that, elevator music and stay true to it
while you still tryna get your soul out the pawn shop,
stupid
you lost your legs to that cookie cutter
the suits ain't letting you walk, how do that deal,
muhfucka?
Potato chip, Lay'ed up, Frito
got a couple bitches coming through to blaze up,
they know where I'm at, they know what I do,
they know I'm real rap and I'm completely Un-You
Hold on foo', Uh
And everything bad for a nigga nowadays so I drink
alotta water
Disgruntled Rapper Disorder, got a lot of MCs sneak-
dissin'
yeah, wooty threw them slings but I caught 'em
be careful, talking hella trash
I'll get that compacted to a handful
and pitch it back at you
take that monkey shit off, you embarassing us Cous'
put the game back in perspective
niggas disrespecting it
suckas ain't protectin' it
just complaining about the state, and under the
pressure they break
turning into the very thing that they hate
rollin' up, let it burn slow,
getting high, plotting on downing these turncoats

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And we could make crack like this
Practice? We talking 'bout practice?
For what? I could do it in my sleep, homeboy
I ain't been out my bed since '93

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(un) (yeah yeah) JETS (yeah yeah yeah)

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