

Curren\$y "Biscayne Bay"

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[Intro: Curren\$y]

Yea... Life

Type shit...

You need to have a driver for this

Type shit you ride home too

[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

Niggas too talkative

? ass simps, I'm on this bossin' shit

My homie just came home, he got a corner office in this

Empire, I constructed brick by brick, this rap hustling

Tennis shoes, t-shirts, lunchboxes, fuck it

If it could be sold then lets do it, if it could be sold we

gon' move it

I got the driveway to prove it, crazy high, but I'm not

stupid

Blood hound know where the loot is, bring my homies

straight to it

[Verse 2: Curren\$y]

My bitches gettin' high to the music

My gangsta bros before me show me exactly how to do

it

You only gon' get out it, whatever you put into it

So I go extra to make sure my shit come with the

leather

The sunroof, the carbon fiber, ? whatever

Navigation, blue tooth, all kind of shit I never use

Sittin' in that Skyline, the style of a stockbroker

Storytellin' weed slanging pot smoker

Revolutionary, rollin Chevy till I fall over

Told em, bury me a G and let my momma have the

cheese

Though I'll never die cause the music livin' in the

streets

That's all that matter to me

Cause this other shit ain't real, them hoes just fuckin'

because of that deal

These niggas livin' life with you until they just get

jealous and you get killed

I'm just ridin', smokin', prayin'

That the lord keep them away, and we keep gettin' this

money
Cause we legends in the makin', I'm sayin'
... life

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