

Curren\$y "Blood, Sweat & Gears"

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Take this opportunity to roll up
Locate your lighters

[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

Laced, David Robinson's ? moccasins
Matt black paint polished rims
Fuck you said I ain't hear it clear
Too much money talking in my ear
The end result of two albums in one year
Blood sweat and gears
Life in between the racing stripes
We break day and night
Alternative lifestyle
I ain't looking for her pussy boy
This trill jet shit, just enjoy
That's yo wifey but she still a jet miss
Give her direction to the tele and a check list
Arriving shortly with the items I requested
Reinforce the frame with that Jive nigga repellin my
new plane
Maintain the smoke
Let ya take a couple grams home if you my folk
Eyeball you a little something
I ain't the the weed man though
But if you give me 15 minutes I'll call my folks he be at
the door
Connecting four, marine batteries on the side of my
trunk
To go with them other four batteries that piling the
pumps
It's the juice and them cylinders that make the chevy
jump
You already know ain't gotta tell ya bout it partner
Yo bitch stay talkin and you steady eavesdropping

[Verse 2: Fiend]

Rolling trees can do something for you

No matter what you be goin through
Execution flow
Ten thousand grams of potassium
Streets I roam, Mama praying like the Vatican

My life feels like treading water in the ocean
Who's standing in
I'm dopes up moving drug trafficking
Tell her get dough I'm getting fat again
What I do to get my love warm, laugh again
Say love don't give me your mouth again
Got to move it, later on you'll be acting them
Life is like free throws
Some things ya gone miss
Some things ya make
Don't rush, don't wait
I call pape time travel machine
It can get ya there faster but it can't wake a permanent
sleep
I never compromise my fresh
Smoke kush not cess
Why cry I'm blessed
Aw lend me the bail out
The ones I call my ten dogs in a jail house
Jets smoking in the club on tour
Born in New Orleans all new friends bonjour
I'm general building, international jones
And Louie scarfs down there smoking one with the
homies
Walls full of vinyl
All bars are final
Leather is your wrists first name, not Lionel
International jones
Curren\$y the spitta
Alchemist my nigga
Tell them ladies go figure

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