

Curren\$y **"Blow Sweat And Gears"**

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[**feat. Fiend**]

Take this opportunity to roll up

Locate your lighters

[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

Laced, David Robinson's wally moccasins

Matte black paint, polished rims

Da 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 err 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 repellent my
new plane

Maintain the smoke

Let ya take a couple grams home if you my folk

Eyeball you with a lil something

I ain't the weed man though

But if you give me 15 minutes I'll call my folk, he'll be at
the door

Connecting four, marine batteries on one side of the
trunk

To go with them other four batteries that powering 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 trade 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 movie later on, you'll be acting in
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
Louie scarf, diamond-wear 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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