

Curren\$y "Chilled Coughphee"

Visit "[Chilled Coughphee](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Devin The Dude:]

I'm Puffin

I never get enough in

I never cook coke up on the stovetop

But I'm stuffin these nuts up in the guts of a slut no
doubt

But it's trapped inside a rubber

Should I flush that hoe out?

To use again? Well it depends do I have another one
I cuss for fun

Too cool to have to buss a gun

I don't have to duck and run

I could fuck a bum up quick

But that's some tenth grade shit

And it's all about chillin smilin laughin

So you know I'm willin hollin and I'm grabbin

At a freak before I leave best believe I'm weeded

You rollin that billie jean bitch BEAT IT

And you see that we the niggaz who smoke the most

Niggaz propose a toast from coast to coast

But it don't even matter whose the highest

Cause if it ain't dope

Their ain't no hope

They ain't gone buy it

[Curren\$y:]

Yeeeeaaa

Quarter tank of gas in my seven one double S

Quarter bag mostly shake but this ol have to due I
guess

GPS loaded with the coordinates

Of this bitch crib to receive love and nourishment

In the form of joints rolled, Drinks poured

Her in nothing but a robe, playin her roll

I saw the mack when I was only 11 years old

And I swore to never be a simp for a hoe

Approach the closed do'

It crack open before my eyes

Shorty with a doubie of her own I am not surprised

Cause I don't kick it on the low

With no bitches that don't get high

Serve me a to go plate and ask if I want her to drive

Cause I got far too much on my mind
Industrial size gears I'm caught in a grind
At your grandma's house
Plastic cover the couch
Before I sit down
She question me for smellin like a pound

Visit [Curren\\$y](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.