

## Curren\$y

### "Conference Call"

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[Curren\$:]

Hundred counting a hundred stacks with her titties out  
I smoke into this 9 foot window, plotting on locking  
these citys down

I am talking plural more than one town, I got one I need  
to get

3 more now I control the whole grid

Gotta to make it real somehow, full meal worth an  
automobiles

In front of my house bitches know a nigga, if I saying is  
going down

You can wait right here for it to fall from the clouds

You got no idea what I have been through, pay the cost  
to be this boss

Nigga you see bitch, so make room

Never mind I got walk in closest at my crib twice this  
size

With all kinda stacked jordans locked inside

Real music last forever, this is how we never die

[Trademark da Skydiver:]

The hardest nigger spittin we the trillest crew in it, jet  
set motha fucka

We been at it for a minute, no L's on the record a few  
W's pendin

Translation we are wining nigga dropping cash on  
whatever fast

I ain't trippin watch me make it back spit some bars on  
the track

In return I get some racks

Stacks on stacks on stacks, polo, slacks on slacks on  
slacks,

With the socks and the shirt that match cool cat with my  
bucket hat

Chill new Orleans nigga getting figures rich as fuck  
with that

I'm cooling out in harlem 911 where my hustlers at

Laying in a trap, rollin sour out the pack,

Posted right in front of 50 with the loud I know you hear  
me

Holla back some other time, not right now I'm on my  
grind

I want what's mine and that included what's I've been  
due I'm over due  
The dollar signs, diamond in the ruff, but fuck it  
Still I shine, draped in the finest threads, Ralph Lauren  
Design  
[?]  
[Young Roddy:]  
Hey I let my nigga smash, I don't save no bitch  
But now I'm like, light up and blaze that, yeah  
Momma say she want a nigga who stay on his shit  
Uh, and if that ain't true, then what you call that  
Them hood hoes swear to God I'm hood rich  
They tryin to count my cash girl fall back  
I'm killing them niggas go tell em to dig a ditch  
And it was all good when it was all bad  
Uh, my uncle done 22 flat, by the time he made it home  
His little nephew was grown  
With intentions to blow the fuck up, and put him on  
So I'm steady, write that I'll shit, trying to make my mill  
ticket  
Promethazine keep me tilting 650  
When the clock struck 7 I had 7 grams of sticky  
Uh, so when I'm in my zone please don't tempt me  
I'm close to the edge so don't push me... out

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