

Curren\$y

"For Seasons"

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Higher than ever, great leather
Hair as two letters
Double S's, I love them Chevy's to death
The niggas fakin, ain't ready, forgetting they lines on set
Don't know how to play they role, they more inclined to play themselves
I just live amongst them trees
Baking goodies, ki pull the ounce
Smoking with them bitches got them smoking in the kitchen
Pots whippin, I'm chillin
Me and my nigga grub like kings and then we dippin
Interstate, lane change up
Rover Ranger '96, light is flickin like them blankers
I motivate, I'm stoned, I'm mind blown
But I be thinking, matching Benzes in 10 days
Kids live to talk about it like Ace did

We just worry bout the money but them bitches gonna come
We just worry bout the money but them bitches gonna come
We just worry bout the money but them bitches gonna come
Nigga pay that up front like a Ferrari truck

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Fool pay that up front like a Ferrari truck

Yeah my nigga be in this bitch, smoking strong
That's the long, got some shit that get you gone
Wyatt cell, dyone oh, I'ma do this whole verse without no punchlines
King Chip really living, fuck it one time
Spit it, hit me up, and I was in Vegas

Like you need some weed, I say hell yeah
Must have read my mind, red beat, 12 thousand dollar
outfit
And that tech G, I don't own nobody shit, King Chip
debt free
Matter fact, couple Cleveland killers owe me
I can tell them keep it, have them run upon you no P
Like inside my head, hella weed, hella dick cop
Me and spitta smoke too much to not have dreadlocks
Stalking haters on my Twitter, sniping them with head
shots
Bitch ass 8th grade, a fucking hater, dead now
Damn that nigga Chip is crazy, maybe it's the weed
spitting
Erybody know there ain't nobody cold as these niggas

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