

## Curren\$y "High Tunes"

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Up getting high round 7 am  
And my girl start bitching about my friends  
Because last niggas was going to fuck in  
I stumbled through the door cloud 9, cloud 10  
Yeah that was round 4, say 3 hours ago  
Now iâ€™m smoking out the crib  
picking out clothes  
What iâ€™m most comfortable in  
My khaki cargos,  
monte carlo  
When I think of somewhere to go  
I scan barcodes trying to see what its hitting for  
Slamming my car door too hard you canâ€™t ride with  
me no more  
I donâ€™t need a chain or a whip to get with these  
hoes  
Word to the homie whacko, ain't fucking with me  
natural  
Factual, studies show your bitches go, hannibal  
Trying to eat a nigga alive, thatâ€™s what this rap shit  
do  
Them police is after you, niggas getting mad at you  
Jet life from this high canâ€™t see shit unless that  
matter to you  
You trying to be the boy they wonder what had  
happened to  
I try to be the man I did more then I plan to do  
I did my thing I snatched it before they could hand it to  
Earthquake motor the road iâ€™m doing damage to  
The pain, the murder, the doors is suicide fool  
You may die no lie, and this is very true  
iâ€™m online like a dot com  
Constructing these bars like iâ€™m building a prison  
Locked in though I gotta be out of my mind  
Im parked, im sparked, im chillin u can burn with me  
But them niggas gotta stay outside  
Diamond in the back, sunroof  
Counting up a stack in the drive thru  
Bass slapping, what the gâ€™s ride to  
Wonder what this is, itâ€™s high tunes  
Diamond in the back, sunroof  
Countin up a stack... when I ride through

Got a fifty stack in my shoe

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