

# Curren\$y "J.L.R."

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[Featuring: Young Roddy & Smoke DZA]

'Fore I lift up my house  
I kill it while I'm on it  
Ehm, life  
Fuck are you takin' me for?  
One of you sucker niggas don't forget to set when you  
be out  
Down shit nervous until I meet my whole family

Uh, my shift on the flow  
My type in the trunk homie, my phone in the dunk  
Finishin' up a journey, headed almost roll  
'Fore I left out my house, I chug it while I'm on the road  
On the way to your girl house, you don't know that's  
mine  
Smashed out at my homie crib, as far as it goes  
Snatch the shower, change clothes, back to the same  
old  
Triple OG Gang, the furrricane goes  
Keep it everything to fay, work it with her drove  
Double S Impala bubble on the stock chromes  
Opportunity came knockin' but I wasn't home  
I was at opportunity house, takin' the valuables on  
Like fuck that, we wanna know  
This is jet life, my niggas is bad socks  
Like fuck that, we wanna know  
This is jet life, my dog sons roll drops

The fuck you thought this was dawg?  
We them endless motherfuckers after all  
We'll have this whole world changed by tomorrow  
J.L.R.

Like the fuck you thought this was dawg?  
We them endless motherfuckers after all  
We'll have this whole world changed by tomorrow  
J.L.R.

J.L.R.  
Aye what they thought this was dawg?  
We them endless motherfuckers after all

We'll have this whole world changed by tomorrow  
Nigga I'm 'bout to make it  
I told 'em hoes I was gonna be ballin'  
Like the shot off that glass, uh I caused it  
They talkin' 'bout all my camp, nigga beg your pardon  
I ain't never had no fun in whip but I had a foreign bitch  
Chasin' juvenile like in the trip  
And we all don't get no chance like this  
So I'm goin' in, I'll try my best to dodge them pigs  
Tried my best to dodge that pig  
If I could I'd do it again  
Money racks they spend, I do it big  
Check my fowl friends, got the skills to pay my rent  
Got enough game to take your bitch, girl be fuckin' me  
big  
My jersey not buyin' my main bitch  
Be a team, that's some playa shit  
But worthy for only the strong ram  
This rap shit your love  
Yea yea yea

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Why, the fuck you thought this was dawg  
We them endless motherfuckers after all  
Have this whole world changed by tomorrow  
I'll be the young high fellow, fly mellow  
Straight from the ghetto, illest nigga on the tribe arrow  
And I'm the newest member of the jet life team  
And I will bring my nigga Phelps mammal cream  
Blow the law, kill these niggas looks fo' sha  
Out to take 'em back with us, we took 'em before  
Ah, cush guard, here my scrip keys  
No, you see me in the Mag holes and light tires in my  
picture  
Rugby's on the bed, rugby's on the wall, rugby's on the  
floor  
Mirror, mirror, still the freshest of them all  
I feel you bro, now them bitches think I'm ballin'  
So they be actin' differently when I be up in Harlem

The fuck you thought this was dawg?  
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