

Curren\$y "Lemon Kush"

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Weed my shorty roll em while I'm still...
Yea jets
Fool
?, ?, Run your nigga right back
Bitches just fell thru with the ? pack
No cigars in my session, my crew don't allow that,
Yea

Wake up in the morning wash my face and then I brush
my teeth
Ain't gotta roll no weed, my shorty roll em while I'm still
asleep
I'm caught up in that thang, mary jane got a hold of
me,
environmentalist I'd handcuff myself to a purple tree,
Snooty Trudy lyin to me sayin she ain't heard of me,
Groupy who you foolin you know you be youtube
searchin me,
I'm startin to believe these freaks is passin by us
purposely
Hoping that we off on sofa seats and we palm drinks,
Iz you trippin ain't no niggah sippin nowhere close to
me,
Keep it pimpin Jets up over bitches, how its pose to be,
Fire red thighs with the ice so cold feet,
Shot out to bangaladesh that's what it do we tryna cop
a beat,

You know where we at if you need um,
Somewhere in the scraper with the beats up
Something pretty wit me rollin weed up
She dog you cuz you treat her like you need her
Make sure you see my shoes I kick my feet up
I made it cuz I always stay g'd up,
If I said it then you know you could believe me brah
We keep it way to smokin aint have no seats up

Bitches flirtin sex appeal cuz we got that corvette
appeal
Did it independent for the record, fuck a record deal.
Did it for my niggahs on the sets still at it
I asked um wats good in the hood and they sayin shit

happen
Wild niggah still clappin, cheese eatahs still rattin,
I seen it all before like a rerun of family matters
I'm laughin at my partner, lost 5000 in that madden,
my younger homie beat him, he 13 yrs old stackin,
I'm watchin action jackson in the palace smokin
cabbage,
just relaxin mixin hashes till I feel like I know magic,
I'm travelin an seein the mad jets, cashin the mint
checks,
We got now you got next, and I know you mad stressed
How I made it thru the stress: stamina, long wind
Who you think you fuckin with the Jets, come on man
Better clean your lenses, fool you lookin at the wrong
man
Stong scented weed, old cars new bitches in the seats

Yea
Jets, fool.

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