

Curren\$y "Light Snax"

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A lime to a lemon my Jetset Women
Say she only feel alive when she wit em
Jet Life tryna show she ride or die even if it kill her
I guess that's why I dig her
She throwin up the set in all her pictures
I come get her
Smoke dilla through the cracked window
Heavy conversation light dinner
Destination and into the navigation
A gps we here in an out of state rental
Underneath the moon and stars riding to that krizzle
You like that sound
That's my nigga he from Mississippi
I be on tour with him you should come along with us
Champagne flutes cheese crepes and fruit
Fuck you know
Four seasons brunch
Rolling a joint hitting buffet tables the fuck up
Get you back to your man before he knows what's what
Your friends hating on you saying you lucked up
A lime to a lemon my jetset women
They allow me to get in where ever I fit in
I stop by we be chillin' I get high wit em
She caught three nuts but she never catch feelings
And bitch with that disposition we can count millions
I see that in ya got that 420 vision
'98 livin' these iceberg sweats got 20 racks in em
Light Snacks

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