

## Curren\$y "Montreux"

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Yea, and this is what I do  
yea, lames catch feelings we catch flights  
â€¦ seen him till you seen him, jet life  
yea lames catch feelings we catch flights  
..you aint' seen him till ya'â€¦yea, fool  
you aint' never seen the man until you seen the man

uh, kush smoke  
money clothes hoes  
hurry up before that elevator door close  
this that 1980 Marvin Gaye live at the Montreux  
stars in the audience  
Al Jarreau in the third row  
parent guardian to this art for its my baby  
lazy eye though watchful  
try to play me I spot you  
points I prove with my every move  
right from the beginning  
I was right and that was very true  
this is what I knew  
make a fool out of you if we were to duel  
in a hall playa playin' pool  
renegade bitches choose  
word to Max Jeux

drop jewels  
diamonds different hues  
type of shit I like to do  
orange leather in my coupe  
carrot soup  
my women ball word to Sheryl Swoops  
minus the hoop she fell through  
fell in love with the blue dreamin'  
of things she can't have  
now she's looking down like she's tryin' to use her ipad  
pro tools confiscated as evidence by the crime lab  
but I aint' even have to do it like that  
knife work on the track  
many will cut and slash  
at the neck like a sash  
blood on my hands  
me and my killer band

raw shit killa-gram  
eyes spinning ceiling fan  
you aint' never seen the man until you seen the man  
raw shit killa-gram  
high spinning ceiling fan  
you aint' seen the man until you seen the man  
fool  
yea

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