

Curren\$y "Music To Ride To"

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Ft. Young Roddy, Trademark Da Skydiver
Dressed like I got somewhere to go
But I'm just smoking my trees,
Proly sweep the padio
Dump through a few magazines, complex rap report
Surf the internet reserve sum time at a Dubai resort
I'm on the grind fool, I ain't a child no more
But I play the fcuk out of thirsty hoe
It ain't a game, it's the planes brushin of my clothes
But ain't nothing on my back except wings, pardon me
bro
As I make my way to the change, carve my place out in
history
Get rich and stay the same,
All ... palm tree shade, half kid, half ...
...burning through my ...
Yeah, mind on my money, money on my mind
I'm double time on my hustle and all your bitches mine
It's that ridn smoking music for you to smoke and ride
To all the niggas trying to do ...
Yeah, mind on my money, money on my mind
I'm double time on my hustle and all your bitches mine
It's that ridn smoking music for you to smoke and ride
To all the niggas trying to do ...
Ain't nobody fucking with my team and I put that shit on
g's
She loves me. cursing when I leave
shit she acting like a ... girl it cost to be the boss
around this piece can I breathe
Cause all I do is rhyme write rhymes and smoke weed
You don't burn down a tree,
Time of I burned down the street
Take heat when that money speak ain't life for free
... from low class to living comfortably
all from bein a beast on these beats, smoking that loud
pack
as i trip them plain haters ain't talkin about shit them
lame niggas aint nuthin like me
Tryin get a bite to eat, a plate for free
nigga please i know cash be grindin ll week.
Why sleep when that money on yo street
i was told to get cheddar

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Same old shit just a different day,
New weed I'm twisting up, I break it down and lift me
up
Jet life nigga what?
I'm high as fuck in the cut, just chilling, count this
paper up
You know the life of a villain sport cars and women
popping that polo collars partner, all well denims
Over them Guccis no stunt thats how a nigga living, on
g's
Bitch please, my paper peeling,
Look I'm addicted to this shit and I can't fight the
feeling
Still tryna to stack my dollars up from the floor to
ceiling
Niggas hating on us, we ain't tripping off your feelings
365 24/7 we making the killing
Spitting the shit that we living
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