

## Curren\$y "On G's"

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Hey, hey  
Hey, hey  
Hey

Hey, hey on G's  
Niggas ain't fuckin' with my team at all  
Fall back, dawg  
If it ain't about no loot we can't get at y'all

Hey, hey, hey on G's  
Niggas ain't fuckin' with my team at all  
Fall back, dawg  
If it ain't about no cheese I can't get at y'all

At ease as I move with my jet set feelin' the breeze  
I'm in yo' ear like a death threat  
Got you wonderin' if I played my best hand yet  
You ain't seen nothin'

I'm in yo' house like plumbin', in and out of yo' woman  
And I'm up gettin' high 'cause my crew up and comin'  
Different chapters of my establishment  
Posted up where it's cold, refrigerator magnets

Then it's back to the N-O, lab life, stackin' rapper chips  
Rhyme a few bars to buy my homies some cars  
Then I say a few poems and buy my moms a new home  
Spitta kush king, bong next to my throne

Scribble in my notepad 'bout my city's wrongs  
And I try to make it right through these songs  
It's niggas tryin' to make it through the night  
Let alone make a million  
Get it on, my nigga and show off when you get it

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And on the set, shit get live, it's all action  
But where I'm from shit get real, it's no actin'  
In the 12th grade with 20 grand in my khakis  
Life under the scope, them bitches keep lookin' at me

But picture livin' where these niggas don't fear a thing  
This wicked world got a nigga numb, free from pain  
And all that dirt I did I still remain without a stain  
So I twist it, smoke it by myself, clear my brain

Them sober nights drove a nigga damn near insane  
I saw it all but never will I tell a thing  
Can't think of one thing to lose  
And about a million things to gain  
So I charge this to the game

But soon as I got my change they say I changed, man  
They told me state my name, I'm Rodney from the  
planes, man  
These unfamiliar faces lookin' at me strange, man  
But I'm no lame, these niggas know what I claim  
I keep it trill to the jet, I put that shit there on the Jets  
and

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Through the lights, cameras and flashes, bong  
snappin' and action  
I'm focused on this paper, money transactions  
Is what I'm after, player  
Was taught as a youngin' to move smart and get my  
weight up

Federal Reserve papers by the layers and weed by the  
acres  
Bitches by the dozen, just watch me come up from  
nothin', hater  
Greater things await for those who remain patient  
Yeah, that's real talk, matter 'fact, a true statement

But still I grind 'cause in the end I want more than  
Nathan  
Smokin' kush, tryin' to ease them thoughts with vapors  
But my mind stuck on gettin' big faces  
Racin' toward the guap, these niggas still chasin'

Runnin' in place, tryin' to catch up with their  
replacements  
Made it to the majors, live from the basement  
Straight to the rooftop with spacious livin' spaces  
With cases of the Clicquot, trees in different flavors  
Runnin' the game the OGs gave us

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