

Curren\$y **"One More Time"**

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No sweaters in better, bitch bring it on
Stacked enough cheddar to change the weather love,
where we goin?
Landin to them coupes with the fine leather, six figure
gas pedals
I got these broads under pressure, cause they be
gnawin'
See that nigga there, year after year, he top scorin'
How you want it? them legs or them 787 bonds, what
you doin?
Them roadsters touring editions, with the tops on em'
One things for sure, them JLR boys be quick to drop on
em
No hot soup fo em', without warning
Either a nigga hella high touchin the clouds, or the sky
fallin'
I do this for my league money niggas, and my
homeboys who not ballin'
Trill bitches know that I keep me a fifty tucked in my
sock fo em
Roll up, hot boxed the caprice side make the block fo
em
Let em out, get back on my paper route, stack house
Keep that shit bumpin like a drive thru crack house
Rap hustlin, she wait for em, to come inside, so i can
smash out
Roll the weed up, let you hair down, shut the blinds
Cut the music up, wait, turn around one more time

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