

## **Curren\$y "Pinifarina"**

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[Verse 1:]

Bitch, you ain't got nothing on the rich  
Every other day my whole dress code switch  
Cause it keep getting bit  
I had to lay low like they was looking for the kid  
All points bulletin, bathing ape hoodies in  
My sports car internet star  
Killing niggas digitally like they SOCOM  
I'm so calm in the mist of the storm  
Nonchalant, but I'm very aware what's going on  
Fuck mowing the grass for the snakes, I set fire to the lawn  
Baked Spitta kill beats, send flowers to the wake  
Couple hoes deliver some roses and the cake  
What you want, stop the jets fool you must be on  
More than one, no shots I'm just making it known  
I got a gun, got a walk smoking on, pop  
Shit wicked in the city trying to survive, then you should stick with me  
Ya'll don't want to be the duck to get stuck, when the situation turns sticky  
Do your research, homework, history  
Iceberg, denim jackets opened up a fresh package of hanes t-shirts  
Wifebeaters, white as my next door neighbors  
White as my bottom bitch Mercedes  
White as squares on the checkered flag when it's waving  
We winning, needless to say it  
Throw some away and some to the cleaners  
Champagne stain shit, Spitta get lifted like sanctions  
Vocabulary gangster, my ink pen has shanked me  
Jet life til the  
Coffins dropped in the grave, get filled up  
But for now, I'mma live my life lit up  
That coupe got some get up  
Foreign supermodel pent up  
Inside of it she doing chin ups  
I'm riding home boy, you should come get up  
[Hook:]  
Pandemonium, four black SUV's on the road for him  
When he landing, pandemonium

Bitches run up, not sure which one he rolling in  
Yeah man, pandemonium  
Throwback flow, Deloreans petroleum  
King Jahphi Joe had his women throw roses on the flo'  
for him  
Pandemonium (yeah)  
[Verse 2:]  
Side betting at the street races  
10, 000, my wager on that Camaro with the craters  
My eyes completely asian, but open the scoping for  
haters  
They hoping I'm off on my basis  
Swear this weed so elegant, we should grow the shit in  
vases  
Niggas you scared of, see me in clubs in St. Casius  
They in the streets, I'm in the rap game similar risks we  
both taken  
Parking dope boy rides outside my enterprise  
celebrating  
Cause both of our sides made it  
Continuous elevation, I exhibited faith and  
Patience, at the same time I went and got mine  
I wasn't waiting, it's a thin line might wanna count your  
paces  
Before you cross it, this game a come up and losses  
That's trill bawse shit, what you know about it  
Pandemonium, feel like when a bad bitch come roll for  
him  
(Yeah)

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