

Currency "Reagan Era"

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Can't play the backfield no more
I just don't...belong...oh

Member of a fly society
Styles I got several varieties
As a childless god memorizin
Scarface in its... Motherfucka you knoww

For all of the bitches I
Might take home
Spray my shirt down
Dolce & Gabbana cologne
Comin down like my homeboys
From Houston
Got my celly on silent
I'm ignorin my phone
Diamonds, Diamonds on my band
Cause that's right where they belong
Like a trumpet or some symbols
Or a set of trombones
Your bitch chose to roam
In a Spitta zone
Now your drunk watchin E.T.
Wishing she phone home
But deep in your heart
You know what she wants
Cause I'm a different type of nigga
And that's just what she wants
Groundbreaking, Dr. Jay's first dunk
Stealing bases Willy Mayes I'm gone
Can't play the backfield no more
I just don't think that's where I belong
I do better on my own
Swag crucial, Honestly
It gotta be cause niggas that
You listenin to probably
Stole his style from me
Betta, neva, I come up with
Something betta, have to catch
An elevator all the way up to my level
Playin Metal Gear Solid
On the playstation 3 for 6 hours

My girl in the bedroom sleeping
I'm not tired, I would call over
A couple of my pilots
But them niggas live, they dont
Know how to be quiet
Shorty gonna wake up and come up
In here wildin, hollerin like Keisha did
Tommy, If you aint see Belly
You dont nothin about it
What else can you tell me
But my flow so (?)
Cook it up a notch with the rhymin
Tryna bury spitta in the grave
At the bottom, climed up out it
Knock you in the same hole
Stand on top it
Consistent flow, Currensy the hot-spitta
So on topic
Other niggas lost they need to see
The golden compass
Brother I'm a boss like Ross
Spitta nigga hot like sauce
At the And One game breakin
Motherfuckas off
I had a good job I thought
But I couldnt get along with the
People in charge I grab my timecard
Punched out, I'm off
Soft-spoken but a nigga not soft
Not at all real niggas stand tall
For something
Make sure I don't fall for nothing
In this game, it's pain for
The up and coming
No handouts cause
Niggas don't owe you nothing
Gotta do it for dolo
Flashbacks to the conversation
Took place between Faith and Monolo
The world chico and everything in it
I said it, I meant it
I get it, I spend it
Comfortable living till a motherfucker finished
If I'm in it then you know it's not kidding
If I'm in it know it got a nice engine
You could be a mile away
And still hear it
That's classic american muscle
Stole my bitches numbers and a ipod shuffle
I call her over to cut her
You call her over to cuddle

Knock yourself out boy
You can't knock my hustle
I'm fresh, dressed like a million bucks
Labels offering checks
For a million bucks
Ask Roddie if he thought
A million was enough
He said yes cause he can
Hit the streets and triple it up
I'm a member of a fly society
Styles I got several varieties
As childless God memorizin
Scarface in it's entirety
'80s drug era inspired me
That's why I dress how I dress
Walk how I walk
That's why I rep what I rep
Talk how I talk
Two rope chains both of them gold
I got a swagga like I just came home woah
I'm a member of a fly society
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That's why I dress how I dress
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That's why I rep what I rep
Talk how I talk
Two rope chains both of them gold
I got a swagga like I just came home woah
Where haven't we been yet (Where haven't we been
yet)
Motherfucka You Know
You see them airplanes...

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