

## Curren\$y "Record Deals"

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They be on tables like poker chips  
Dangled in front you by suits who assume you to be a  
two-bit hustler  
Hasty moves  
From the cradle to the grave might be a short walk, real  
talk  
It's just a matter of ink  
So many people in your ear you can't hear yourself  
think  
Your homies like do that shit  
Your old heads say you need to let somebody read  
through that shit  
Call up a lawyer, but an arm and a leg it cost ya just to  
walk through the office  
Consultation charges, end up taking bigger bites than  
your portion  
And you was just online looking at Porsches  
Now you're feeling tight hot garbage, cus your check  
being garnished  
No cool gray area about it, executives is black hearted  
They could care less about repossessions,  
disconnected cell phones, or evictions from  
apartments  
It's no country for artists  
Trap floor under the carpet, figured you'll fall for it  
Cus you're struggling and you're starving, that don't  
mean you're stupid  
Reverse the game, pull the rug from them losers, carve  
your own lane  
Stay true to your music  
I'm watching myself do it  
I saw somebody else get close to it  
But you know how it is, the good die young mostly over  
bullshit  
Record deals  
Record deals, record deals

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