

Curren\$y "Roasted"

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(feat. Trademark, Young Roddy)

[Trademark]

It's been a minute let me get with it as I roll up
Niggas been waiting on trade like whats the hold up
My only mission in life was to blow up they ask what I
throw up
You know what I rep and I'm one of the best
Supervillian in the building I'm clearly a threat
Been doing this here for a minute considered a vet
A lot of niggas want me to fail cause they know that I'm
next
That's damn near I'm possible this game ain't got rid of
me yet
I fell of and I crawled and regaining my steps
This time around I'm ma give all till I'm gaspin for
breath
I stay silent on a lot of shit quiet is kept
But I don't know too many niggas with silent success
So I write it all down to get it off my chest
The weed we break it all down to get off the stress
Niggas hate (fuck em) cause they know that we the
best
It ain't my fault I do this shit breakin a sweat

[Chorus]

Im just laid back chillin posted
living like a villian mostly
High off this purple shit
No lie im flyin im so roasted
Money bitches
Testerosis viva click a few mamosis
Bring them through my ups and downs life is like a
roller coaster

Im just laid back chillin posted
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coaster

[Curren\$y]

The more I smoke the smaller the doobie get
They takin shots at the jets on some john woo movie
shit
All blanks I'm unscaved untouched on my way to the
bank wtf
For tryna play spitta you shall forever remain with out a
name
Lames know what I claim
Upset they all throw up my set from the sunroof of my
car
Seats butter boogets
Bitches crumbling nuggets I'm feeling lovely and
blessed
Tribeca and bubbies I'm enjoying a lemon press not
that many made crap
They squeeze these lemons they selves
The hearts of women melt
When trilla lyrics are felt
Olympic swimming in bitches Micheal slash leon phelps
High bread weed money tree slang for dummies
Get it crackin like lobsters ice vodka in the bong
bubblin

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[Young Roddy]

Me with a record deal (yeah)
They said i couldnt get it
My homie pharis told me you couldnt hustle for a living,
But

That rich O' porter money had a nigga driven
And word to my nigga stan i was buggin for a minute
But the card of tables turned, they still spinnin
Now homie flew me from kenny to NY city
My uncle told me let the sky be ya limit
I was cool with a kid in the kitchen who was a chemist,
(yup)
As far as bread, my momma told me to make plenty
So its money in my bank account and money in my
denims, (yup)
In high school them girls use to blow me kisses
But its money over bitches
(Ridin yall up bout his bitches)
Shout out to spitter they wear us out like fen DR
Lets hit the shower to where the mush wendy
But me im from the dirty, the dingy, the south
From everywhere we at we smoke it out

[Chorus]

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[x2]

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