

# Curren\$y "Rollin Up"

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[Chorus x2]

And I'mma keep rolling up  
Put the weed low when the police is rolling up  
Fool all I know is go and try to let them haters slow me  
up  
Stashing for my (insert)?  
They balling when they old enough

[Curren\$y]

Yeah, jets nigga  
As if I had to say it, spitta  
In the middle of every bad Bitches playlist  
I tunes banging from my hotel room  
Nothing but beats bitch  
Fuck it when I die I could sleep Bitch  
My momma need a bigger crib so I need this money g  
King kong aint got shit on me  
My face is a coupon  
I don't know them but they know me  
Bitches pitch it, like pitchers  
But I'm smart not a wild swinger careful at what I'm  
hitting  
Burners in the sofa cushion careful where you sitting  
Aint in to nothing crazy keep it for them crazy niggas  
G fizz(?) fly holla at wiz, catch the steelers  
Smelling like high time at the 50 yard line  
Ushers bugging wanna check our tickets

[Chorus]

[Wiz Khalifa]

And um, my niggas the planes back  
Getting full off of dinner but save scraps  
Never know when a rainy day may hap-  
Pen pictures out of my life and Bitches I Taylor gang  
that  
Me and spitta, spend a grand at the bar  
Buying drinks for my niggas  
Hoes selling they souls just to be with us  
On the road with winners, champions  
Ride smoking weed to myself the only reason they  
stress

Because I'm on the level you can't be in  
And I flick the middle finger to fake friends  
We live like when the loyalty is strong you can't bend  
We the planes and all of my niggas stamped in  
Billionaire clothes out in Vegas fucking Millionaire hoes  
I'm in the air solo  
You know where near close  
Went and took the road this youngin here chose  
Smoking it by the "O"

[Chorus]

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