

Curren\$y "Skybourne"

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[Hook: Big Krit]

I'll take you farther than far
Somewhere near Mars
We'll get hiiiiiiiiigh in the skkkkkkkky
I'll take you where you can't be
Unless you with me
We'll get hiiiiiiiiigh in the skkkkkkkky

[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

Box Chevy, No Tint
Floatin inside... aquarium
Yeah that's him,
Compository sketches is all
They can't catch us... Jet Setta's
I joined the mile high club somewhere over texas
Plotted my climb since the homie played the black
lexus
I told em put it all on spitta
Guaranteed winner, then a go getta
Ain't gotta go no where, I already came here with it
Pull up at the picnic El Camino on 13's
Red nose pit bulls in the back, No leash
Mu'fuckas well-trained, on the low I be havin that high
grade
Talkin bout how a nigga smoke n maintain
That's word from a bird and a fuzzy herb tree
Fly tell that you ain't heard that from me

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Big K.R.I.R.T.]

True visionary impeccable timing
Shine sorta blindin don't look twice
My Fresh don't it look nice
Yo DNA ain't the same pimp so naw you don't look right
Fuck it, I fast forward past yours...
You wanted something to look up to so ask for it
Mississippi country bumpkin with nothin to lose

I BB a king so let me sing you the blues
Let me lay down the rules,
Get money by all means,

Survive at all costs put god 'bove all things
I fall Short... pimpin women with small shorts
Reachin out for a smile like children and small folk
Always above the rim like what do you ball for?
If you ain't spending money then what did u call for
I look good for the fuck, but baby it's all spoke
The game is a bitch and shawty she all choke

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Smoke DZA]

Came through to conquer
Been killin this since contra
Low sponsor and I'm smokin on a mini launcher
8 grams nigga fuck with me
Gotta have 8 lungs to come puff with me
I don't blow reggie bush, neva would
This heavy kush, oh you got some too?... very good
With a grinder... we grinders, top rhymers
Definers, drop gems so timeless
Burn like a CD, get topped like ZZ
Flow like agua and I'm cold like a ski beat
Lawd... got them hood niggas quotin my bars
And them bloggers like oh my gawd...
Smokee robinson, earl james, and george kush
Round table eatin pasta like mobsta's
Make a killin off sour D
They lied money really do grow off trees... yes

[Hook]

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