

## **Curren\$y** **"Smoke Break"**

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You should be rolling up by now  
Locate your lighters  
It's prime time  
It's mister go left from the bitch  
Who can't find her right mind  
I'm squeaking past a yellow light  
Doin 65, hope that wasn't one of them camera joints  
Traffic eyes in the sky  
I'm kind of high  
What you done twisted  
I'm used to that killer shit  
So I maintain my pimping  
While you're over high and slizzered  
And I'm laughin at you slipping  
And your bitch feeling disgusted and miserable  
She is like why is she even here with you  
I'm puttin air in my inner tubes  
Black mags on my Haro hanging from the wall  
The allure of my home decor

Got these girls tripping  
And frequently speaking of return visits  
A time machine my lyrics  
The same things for my garage dawg  
You see what I just put in it  
We try'n to compete with them Nascars  
You noticing that the stylin got switched up  
Cause the last one got bit up  
Yeah lil homie y'all can get down  
But I bet y'all can't keep up  
This Jet Life ain't for everybody  
This shit is reserved for us  
Yeah lil homie y'all can get down  
But I bet y'all can't keep up  
The stylin got switched up  
Cause the last one got bit up  
Yeah lil homie y'all can get down  
But I bet y'all can't keep up  
Yeah lil homie y'all can get down  
But I bet y'all can't keep up

