

## Curren\$y "Smoke Sum'n"

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[Verse 1 - Curren\$y]

One for the money, yes sir, two for the show  
But I ain't steppin on the stage until they  
Count up all my cash flow  
Oh man, then your man's going Twilight Zone  
Wantin' to be left alone, again at home, listen to Soulja  
Slim  
I spread that dough out, rolling pin, slice it up  
With my closest friends as the grimey globe spins, I'm  
riding  
Trying to keep dirt off my rims and my name  
Out'chea stay poppin up at the red carpet  
My green Tahoe, with my Las Vegas bitch and one of  
your hoes  
Highed up, I like what she working with, that's why we  
hired her  
We put her on the set, tattoo calligaphy love the Jets  
Love and respect, we passing you the fuck up  
Ain't passing you none of my bud  
That's why you standing 'round us bruh!  
Are you accounted for?  
Who brung you? You don't speak the code bro  
Yo slick tongue done hung you  
You walking down the aisle with the same bitches we  
run through  
I'm in the bank line, empire, I build this for us to eat  
Inside is the lunch room, outside is looking wild and  
hungry fool  
Shut the door so they don't see us light a joint or two.

[Hook]

Got stopped in the mall the other day  
I heard a call from the other way  
Where I just came from, some nigga was saying  
something  
Talking about smoking something.  
Got stopped in the mall the other day  
I heard a call from the other way  
Where I just came from, some bitches was saying  
something  
Talking about smoking something.

[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]

Let me gon' light me one up for all my trouble

I'm chillin with this bitch who think we make the perfect couple  
But she trippin, I'm sippin on some bubbly with no bubbles  
It's me, that's who, I put this shit together like puzzles  
I'm puzzled: is it me or niggas is lame?  
You're coward-hearted, yellow, lemon merengue  
I'm about to change my name from "Dwayne" to "Deranged"  
To be a billionaire I got a shot like Danny Ainge  
My gang wear red, your bitch a air head  
But I still break her off like a fuckin chair leg  
And Tunechi, ya heard me, you don't deserve me  
Swag so sick so injury reserve me  
I'm the God, I should be rapping in a turban  
But knowing me, I'll prolly ollie up the curb  
Then grind down the rail only with my tail  
Pause.  
[Hook]

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