

## Curren\$y

### "Soundtrack To Success"

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(feat. Trademark Da Skydiver)

[Trademark the Skydiver:]

Been on some other shit  
Fly clothes, expensive kicks  
They say my swag immaculate  
And I agree that's accurate  
Fuckin hoes and stackin chips  
Ice on my neck and wrists  
Blowin down a pound of piff  
Ridin round in foreign whips  
Flyin saucer Porsche  
Yea I call that bitch the aero ship  
Hatas hatin on my click  
And on the slick we loving it  
This rap shit we runnin it  
Niggas ain't fuckin with the planes  
What you think we in the game for the fun of it?  
Ehh  
Nah, this the takeover  
Burnin down your empire that's game over  
Not J-I-double G-A Hova  
But Skydiver the jet fighter  
I'm so focused  
28 bar inferno I'm flamethrowin  
Nigga been potent way before the game noticed  
And these rap niggas is bogus  
Talkin reckless over tracks  
But I fire back with pure perfection  
Steps above clever  
How I use my letters  
But em together and send em out  
Just like I'm textin a message  
Diamond in the rough  
Princess cuts on my neckless  
I'm eatin Franklin for lunch  
Purp blunts for breakfast  
Your lil tips is brunch crumbs  
I'm not impressed with  
Hold On  
Won't you give me a second to digest this

Then I shit on these niggas \$pitta tell em!

[Curren\$y:]

Y'all ain't got shit on my nigga

[Trademark the Skydiver:]

You should quit while you ahead with the bread

Just a suggestion

We scrape your whole plate

Then double back for seconds

If we getting cake is no longer a question

We still count loot up from last years investments

Ask your hoe

She know I'm one of the freshest out

I spit it out

Like my chest was congested

Let that bitch breathe!

[Curren\$y:]

Nah Sky Diver let the bitch leave

Ol' raggedy broad I ain't never need

Bitches is on speed

Fuckin like rabbits

They hungry

Followin my carrots

Housed in my ring

Lookin like 46 upside down Cristal bottles sittin in a basket

UFC these beats

Any track can get its ass whipped

I am on my cheddar

All about checks like solecollector.com

Some of y'all ain't on that

Yall behind

Sucka niggas get on whacks in startin line

Fairy tale once upon a time ass niggas

Goin out they minds tryna out rhyme Spitta

Let that bitch breathe

No

Sky Diver knocked them out

I came through with the elbow drop from the top rope

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