

## Curren\$y

### "Still"

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[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

About to land jets on some suckers houses  
Homie come about it that side sh\*t  
You call your girl crib in the background she bumping  
my sh\*t  
You mad I'm at the crib cutting open vacuum bags  
Pouring some of that potent for the true smoking sh\*t  
my homie had  
Last time I was in Cali told him he had to send me that  
Ship it to the city, so I could bend some corners  
With lil mama tell them hit some of this sticky with me  
Just being around me make her slippery, sexy pajamas  
when she visit me  
Her friends fall through, with louder that, over talking,  
baller stalking  
Search for eye contact so they could double back and  
ass g  
When I got some time free, but honestly  
Building this empire taking a lot of me  
It will be worth it though, sh\*t good right now you found  
my lighter  
And my grinder it be perfect ho  
And it's still, and it's still jets at yo motherf\*ckin

[Verse 2: Trademark]

And I stand here, g'd up from the feet up  
Paper on my mind, my chick scrolling that weed up  
Baby smoke it all, I ain't tripping I just reup  
She thought real niggers was dead I made her a  
believer  
Now she us, we a different breed  
Come planning from a different species  
Young bred to keep it  
My life is like a movie but I'm living out the scenes  
I'm pulling x for the rex I'm all about the cream  
By any means a hustling scheme will fulfill my dreams  
A better living fatter pockets, prettier women  
Super sticky weed I'm puffing late up in the villa  
South beach suite metropost smoking and chilling  
Waiting on my b\*tch to come through with some more  
killer

Hit her with the Deals she in love with the villain  
But my mind focus on writing raps and chopping  
spinach  
Can I get a witness to this g sh\*t that I'm spitting  
At will, it's still, it's still, jets at yo motherf\*ckin  
Already

[Verse 3: Young Roddy]

Ok, girl, where shall I begin?  
I told her about my lifestyle she said I'm all in  
She say most niggers change you ain't nothing like  
them  
So I got her high as hell, I'm talking about the rim  
But I never cared, mama blow it in the wind  
Ain't too much changed since back then  
But now I got a couple different ways to make my ends  
They wouldn't last a minute if they'd live where I live  
They couldn't walk a mile in these Jordans number 10's  
And I got that sh\*t off like think you come again  
Such a scary risk but that risk got me rich  
So need what my cash for that's word to money mitch  
I swear I'm bound to break that bed when I get it in  
Haters know the set that I rep to the end  
It's crazy I keep hearing voices in my ear, telling me to  
get paid  
My reply bet I will and it's still, it's still  
Jets at yo motherf\*ckin, yeah

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