

## Curren\$y "The Anti-club"

Visit "[The Anti-club](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1 - Curren\$y]

Sober flow, I ain't smokin five days  
but i'ma burn this beat and leave it in a ashtray  
Yo Joey, give me a light, so I can see where I'm goin  
These niggas actin like hoes and these hoes is actin  
like niggas I'm like "Whyyy?"  
Figured I could go without a answer, like Philadelphia  
76ers without Ive  
Spitta spittin, he from the city of killers  
but don't got a mean bone in his body  
Pussy-ass niggas keep on tryin to bring it out me  
so I'ma have to call my guys in  
That's a bigger network, never risin, all of em kamikaze  
Homie you don't believe me, you can try me  
Crash and burn, long as they take you with them, now  
is a completed mission  
And I could give a fuck about who on television if it ain't  
my team  
Give a fuck how much you spendin if it ain't my green  
Give a fuck about you bitchin, you treated like a queen,  
y'all niggas is obscene  
Night life, New Orleans is my scene, even if I'm not  
seen, motherfucka  
Spitta, I write a rhyme and that man not be, what you  
call gangsta, but it's my life  
You niggas is livin lives, Santa Claus (?) in your stock in  
Hearin that shit that you droppin, but it was not that  
nice  
Both hands is broken, you can't write, better hire a  
ghost  
Spitta got money to burn, turn bread to toast  
Chemical flow, I turn crack back to coke  
Melly, yo, give me a light  
Who's givin them niggas fashion advice?  
These niggas dressin like bitches, these bitches  
dressin like niggas  
Don't know the homie a homie or he a dyke  
Look twice, shorty might be a guy, hail day for real  
But the same intensity that a dog chasin a mailman,  
that's how i'm a chase this mill

Don't like paper so I won't take that deal

Spitta nigga, I write a rhyme  
Yeah

[Verse 2 - Trademark the Skydiver]  
The plane is emotion, fly FS-1 is approachin  
Movin in the speed of Jet proportion  
Top Gun's la costra nostra, we so focused, nigga,  
Testarossas, new roadsters  
House on the beach, wake up see the ocean  
Kush keep me chokin, Trade for the roaches  
(?) with a cars, (?) of the fortress  
Sky dive, I glide over the surface  
Fly by in the sky, quicker than Silver Surfer  
Only land when lambs is being purchased  
a cane man, you tell from the Porsches  
Swang is so ferocious, you can hear it in verses  
Whip game torture, pimp game horse em  
I ain't jumped from the porch, I kick-flipped of it  
Ollied over coffins, manual through corpses  
Tried to get abortion, turn rashes in the fortunes  
Chalked up losses, sway from the vultures  
Hooked up with bosses, that specialize at sources  
Hit em up on a (?), don't give a fuck what it's costin  
I'm good in any hood (?)  
I ain't the H, blowin trees, gettin the stress above me

Visit [Curren\\$y](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.