

## Curren\$y

### "Who Styled Ya"

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Thou shall not front on real shit  
Aww hell  
Face a thousand deaths  
From Mr. Spit Vicious  
I go hard like concrete floors  
Make bitches legs open like lambo doors  
Up, Out  
Nigga rock the first season DBC to Mr. Chow  
My ghetto chick orderin food she cant pronounce  
Eat mama  
Let it stick to your ribs  
But no pics  
Tell your friends bout the shit that we did  
Cuz I cant have no evidence  
Of me hangin with other chicks  
Floatin round  
Wifey tryna fight me on some Springer shit  
It's Curren\$y  
Or you can call me Mr. Clean Kicks  
My day job consists of business first  
And video games  
Bong hits and pullin skirts  
Vacationing month long trips  
Scamp of the Earth  
I'm tryna find what any  
All do was in search of  
Was it love  
Not sho  
But I know  
That ya man Hot Spitta aint  
One of these niggas who  
Don't know how to dress  
So they swagga jack Jigga  
Wait to see him on stage wit it  
Then they internet shop until they get it  
I saw they same thing happen to me  
Niggas laughed at my Steez  
Now they wearin DC's  
Fashion misfits  
I'm fashion gifted  
You niggas Boo Boo

Find Yogi  
Crash a picnic  
Spitta, yea

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