

Curren\$y

"WOH"

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[Intro]

They ain't high as us
Niggas lying to ya
They ain't high as us

There's more money to get, cars to park
Bitches to break, wars to start
I'm still living my life
There are no stars
Way out here, it's only us, dog

Niggas ain't high as us
Lying to ya

[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

Uh, undetected by radar
Close circuit track, endurance laps, race cars
You niggas just say y'all
Doing that shit, I been into it nigga, play ball
Junior varsity don't want no parts of me, triple O
I just drive like that to protect my rims, I ain't slow
Tell me it's 'bout a check, you'll see how fast it go
That drug dealer flow, George Gervin, ice cold
Finger roll with that pen, I turn that paper into gold
Axl Rose through the bowls in my Rolls
Through the concrete you see a rose still rose
Counted up a million dollars 'fore that sun rose
Spitting game for the Range, dropping tracks for the
racks
In the booth of the crib with the boat docks in the back
With them automated gates, remote control's in my lap
'84 riding, I did that for my lifers

[Hook]

Yea, uh
It's more money to get, cars to park
Bitches to break, wars to start
I'm still living my life
There are no stars
Way out here, it's only us, dog

(Way out here)

[Verse 2: Styles P]

Way out here, you can feel the ambiance
Hundred thousand dollar, these bottles of Dom
PÃ©rignon
Keep the? you popped your cherry on
White CL Benz, ? I throw my cherries on
I think about money yea a lot of money
I'm speaking lotto money, Abu Dhabi money
Same old stoner, yea I'm blowing loud
You can grow weed but I can exhale and grow a cloud
You ain't real high, you mid-level
Smoking on that shit we let the kids peddle
I made a couple M's off what them kids peddle
Speak on my name wrong, bet you see them kids'
metal
Blast for me, is a blasphemy
Say the realest nigga alive, I think you asked for me
I'm jet-setting with my nigga Spitta
We like to speak paper and it's getting thicker

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