

Cash Out "The Curb"

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(Hook)

There's some niggers on the curb
That would bust your head
There's some niggers on the curb
Really bout that bread
There's some niggers on the curb
Really sold that blow
There's some niggers on the curb
Really rode them hoes
The curb (x4)
There's some niggers on the curb
That would bust your head
There's some niggers on the curb
Really bout that bread

(Verse 1)

Ha, I'm back
But I ain't love shit
In the stash house I left bricks
In the stash house I left cash
And on that track shit I left ass
Nigga get your bandz up
'Cause them bandz will make her dance
And the bandz is in my pants
And I fuck with a bitch from France
She got an air guitar
I got an argon wall
Got them bricks, holks
ATL baby, I'm a player baby
And you know your hair gotta longer than mine
And you know that you gotta be super fine
Do your dance on that dick
I strike a pose take a pic

(Hook)

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Really rode them hoes
The curb (x4)
There's some niggers on the curb
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I'm about that bread, I'm about that bread
Woke up in the morning with your bitch in my bed
I ain't scared but fuck the feds
Walk around the city with a brick in my pants
Ferrari horses talking bad
Them noobies this ain't Mr. Edd
If I had long hair I shake my shivs
So many ways that a bitch could get scared
A million yoga underwear
To bust a couple I cop a pair
Necklace full of VVS's
Damn that subject, first impression
I'm so cool but I got 3 rules
First no fair hoes in my shit
See when I fuck I use protection
You don't like it get the stove
Many on the curb y'all nigga know the work
Put the pressure purp and the pound of purple
Put you a better boss so your man's a worker
Hating I'm a kid don't make it worse
Put a bunch of holes in a brand new vert
Bitch you know that I was swerving
Cell lights in the top of my dunk
Don't let that bitch look like a turd

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