

# Job

## Curren\$y

At this point in my life  
I'm looking at it like a hustle  
Super Fly's last number  
Come out of the game on top, before they pull me under  
Thats what its about  
Range rover the winters  
In the summer I do the drop with the right shoes on  
And the top gone, soft porn  
Watch out for 'em, OG  
Your old heads'll vouch for 'em  
They know me  
And the shit that I'm on  
Cause I've seen it all  
Like I bought the boxed set, whole season dog  
Them bitches is running out of tricks pimpin'  
Barely catching my attention  
I'm dealing with them  
But simply for the physical  
She falling deep in love  
But im really not that into you, sorry girl  
But at least I kept it trill with you  
Evils that this game'll do  
Have me concentrating on that pay  
And playing you  
This hustle is a bitch, so is this ho  
They trying to make a player choose  
Jets up over bitches nigga  
Stick to the script  
Jets up over bitches nigga  
  
Stick to the script  
Jets up over bitches nigga  
Counting my grip  
Jets up over bitches nigga  
Stick to the script  
Jets up over bitches nigga  
Stick to the script  
Jets up over bitches nigga  
Smoke one to this

Sosa had it all figured out  
I think that's who they should've made a movie 'bout  
Cause pimping had a helicopter at his crib  
Just in case his homeboy smelled a snitch  
Type of shit had spitta inspired  
Type of shit had me all night writing  
Type of shit had me out all night driving in my new whip  
I been waiting since a little boy to buy this shit  
I ain't hiding from no haters  
so I ride with no tint  
Feast your eyes mother fucker  
I beep my horn at your woman  
She keep her phone in her lap  
I call and she coming  
And for that, she always coming back  
But I'm running to them stacks  
I'm trying to put a million in the wall  
Couple million in the yard  
Couple million in the ceiling  
Over where them hoes laying at

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>