Fashionably Late

Curren$y

intro:
L L L L L L L L Jet life Jet life jet life
where havnt we been.....and you can tell...from bitches tryna... boy im still..... and you could tell.... spitta in em
spitta in em spitta in em yeeeeeuhVerse 1
aint nutn change but the weather in a temp tag sequence of number and letters
on my chevelle you can ride but hey man watch my leather
cause bitches get evicted in traffic from disrespecting the classic..
rozze in the glasses get the weed out the plastic,
spitta and the monster beats radioactive...i dont kick it with no rappers they be hustlin backwards
like the jeans on criss cross who you mac daddy or daddy mackin..
pennin lyrics on back of these napkins...zoned out in the first class cabin with noise cancellation head phones...
two hash brownies for breakfast this morning staring down the ocean inspire..
scribbling fire on the street car name desire...
straggling the fence you only get caught in the barb wire..
im independent fuck yo system i get paid with out it....
got a new pocket..bitch you new writin as a blogger..
that rapper weed she smoke that spitta strong..she wrote about it
you can deny it i am a rider word to pac ambition
houdini yo man squigi dissapear shes a magician..
you cant blame....
in the midst of the fame planes get change
i sent to the waffle house with my order from the car maneChorus:
And im looking famous
and you can tell by the reactions of them strangers
from bitches tryna figure if it is or if aint him
the real say im on it the hater say i aint shit but im..still looking famous
and you can tell by the reactions of them strangers
from bitches tryna figure if it is or if aint him
the real say im on it the hater say i aint shit but im..stillIm high again waiting on the sun dozed off in my 57 at the drive in
this is a scary movie im in but i do it for my folk who genuinely they want me to win
i do alot of smoking to stay over this bogus shit
my money is not on these bitches my focus is LA
niggas claimin to be jet planes but they not
pay homage the founder in the house kid
a milf hunter ask yo momma she can vouch bitch
if she cool to fuckin down rollin the bony up
race day money on the startin gate
pony up i hope your hungry

i got a plate of dust for ya homie (look up)
early morning execise doin kush ups
i aint stingy with it got a couple pounds foot up
bitches used to over look us
now in my presents they shook up
see where this rap shit done took us..(im still...still.....)

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