

Curry Chicken

Joey Bada\$\$

1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2. 1

Alright, alright, alright, alright

First thing first

Is I been rehearsing these verses

And as I hit the surface

And keep myself afloat

But I know one day

Yeah, I'm learning me some platinums

Make some gold

And all them neighbors could just reimburse the things they threw into my momma

Oh no, your purses will never run out no more

Goes back when I was small

We was poor

You would purchase the store

So here I go

Your little man has got to go

I'm walking out the door

My momma just be smiling

'Cause she know I got my back

Ain't got to worry

Only thing she ask is that I hurry

Home in time for Christmas for some dinner

See you on TV

You gamble, you looking thinner

But you looking like a winner

Ay, you got to give to get

And then you give back

You got to give to get

And then you give back

You got to give to get

And then you give back

Then you give back

Then you, then you give back

Worse thing worse

I coulda be stealing your purse so just then

Put in a work and these images in the dirt

But ever since birth
I know I will be something honest person
Now I spit that dope that shit
Be hating
Into my poppa, my worth
Is my ball when you held me in your arms
Did you you know, oh lord
That a star was born
Then you name me

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