

J.O.B.

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
That's what it's 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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