

Boulders

Curren\$y

Drove 'bout five, four different cars in the same night, keep switching up
Show my other niggas they can get it too, no giving up
Safe house a couple hundred thousand now, keep picking up
Gasoline can't get no louder that kicking your ear drums
Got some slappers from 808 Mafia, you should go get you some
Depend on how your budget run, how fast your money come
Life in New Orleans, my nigga I gotta stunt
We tryna run up on some type of shit that my niggas be waiting on
Organization is taking for 'em
Bitches be bringing the paper for 'em
Rolling their weed and paper for 'em
Journal entries I read aloud
Them record labels keep paying for 'em
Thirty minutes got a plane to board
To the airport in a racing car
Charge it to the nigga playing card
Momma praying for me, oh Lord I could move a boulder through a Boost Mobile
You could get it do if you do it how I showed you
In presence of pressure, keep your composure
Stand tall soldier, you'll ball before it's all over
(Fuck waiting baby, get your paper
Fuck bitches, won't stack your riches
If they don't see you, make 'em hear about you
And when you see 'em, make those fuckers feel you) Need no permission to start a war
What's in the paper can start a car
They caught the vapors from chasing stars
Drop top, park chevy's off
Sauce dog 'em out, like they fucking golf carts
Burn they mouth on the basketball court
What it's all for, what it's all for
From a fan nigga 'cause I'm all heart
On the top floor at the Waldorf
Nigga dumb fresh but I'm too smart
To slip up with niggas and get caught
What you looking at is a real boss
Got a line of niggas that'll kill for him
But it's all good 'cause I'm too high
Tryna come up with another five million
Build a building me so we can hide in it

To the ceiling, money piling in it
No miles on it, windows now tinted
Hot Spitta in a 560 Benz, high vintage shit, fly isn't it
I could show you how I done it, start a company and run it
Hustle that you put in to, you can pulls more than double from itI could move a boulder through a Boost Mobile
You could get it do if you do it how I showed you
In presence of pressure, keep your composure
Stand tall soldier, you'll ball before it's all over
(Fuck waiting baby, get your paper
Fuck bitches, won't stack your riches
If they don't see you, make 'em hear about you
And when you see 'em, make those fuckers feel you)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>