

Armoire (ft. Young Roddy & Trademark)

Curren\$y

For Cuban linx

Yellow gold, January cold, my mink

I'm from the the school of old, check out my ring

I won a super bowl of hash, I saw the Mona Lisa blink

Not falling off my ass

Cause I lean like the Tower of Pisa on stained glass

At the church, funeral services for this beat

Niggas tryna steal my style, I can hear 'em in my sleep

Like young thieves outside tryna break in your Z

28 or your Double S, they hit your Trans-Am

For your big nose hood and you know them fools man

And I swear that ain't no good, but I'm not surprised

Cause it's all fair in the game

Of fucking these bitches due to your street fame

This shit's wicked, deserves a documentary

Dead stocks on my feet, I'm walking ancient history

Niggas is beast hype, tryna be like what we write

Ain't nothing but that Jet Life I'm talking stacks in the walls, floors, ceilings

A house made of money, feel what I'm building

(Cause this rap shit just my hustle baby, we paper chasing)

(Cause this rap shit just my hustle baby, we paper chasing) I'm talking pounds in the fridge, hundred stack in the armoire

Constant reminders of what the fuck we grind for

(Cause this rap shit just my hustle baby, we paper chasing)

(Cause this rap shit just my hustle baby, we paper chasing) Still at it, Jet Set mathematics

I'm, from the city of choppers clappers and levee crackage

All levels completed, bitch I'm All-Madden

Smoking out the E-Class wagon

It's just that "to the airport" action, I am more Mr. 2 Door

Still running triple O game on my new hoes

More than one time was I told that I was too cold

Gucci Mane, tryna be grizzly burr on these hoes

Foundation laid, and from that, a mansion rose

When my driver bring yo bitches home, ask her how that Caddy roll

You can tell that she was with daddy, just smell her clothes

Money and smoke, that's all I know I'm talking stacks in the walls, floors, ceilings

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Songwriters

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