

# O.G...(The Jar) [Explicit]

## Curren\$y

Yeaah, race car driver, in my own fuckin' mind, Spitta Andretti, yes I'm  
Anticipatin' these niggas hatin' yeah they waitin' that's fine.  
Maco snap through the fishin' line. watch for the hook, Spitta bring it to just on time.  
On trees, like an ornament at Christmas time, on G's.  
But don't nothing move, til the money transfer, word to my crew.  
The green done colored my dreams blue, skeen, to slice that lead cake up,  
Fuck them other niggas pay us.  
It's like I'm in it but not really in that Matrix, Ocean's 14, plot out new capers.  
Plant these money tree seeds, dollar bill leaves, leave me to rake it up,  
Wonderin' who they reserve first place fuck, those niggas, no pictures,  
Babygirl roll those joints bigger[Chorus:Repeat x2]  
Fuzzy dice, velvet seats, mahogany upholstery,  
A/C, sunroof cracked, this that, OG shit, you smell that?All my Crooks got Castles, wonderwoman have lassels,  
hotboy crack tab of Tabasco.  
Nas international, cash flow, smokin out the volcano, kush natural.  
Used to have indo in my afro, one man band conquer west?  
Shawty I could hit it out the park satchel page.  
Damn I'm paid, thinkin' of all that money I made, since lookin' at the hip like I just got paged.  
Every summer, new car, new paint, girl I know you ain't frown with yo' pussy, you BAITCH!  
I work too hard for " I can't", stay burnin that " Man that shit stank! "  
I'm in ya city girl, you a thick lil somethin' I need one more for the Spitta girl[Chorus:Repeat x2]

Songwriters

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