

Armoire (feat. 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
A house made of money, feel what I'm building
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Songwriters

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