

Conference Call

Curren\$y

[Curren\$y:]Hundred counting a hundred stacks with her titties out
I smoke into this 9 foot window, plotting on locking these citys down
I am talking plural more than one town, I got one I need to get
3 more now I control the whole grid
Gotta to make it real somehow, full meal worth an automobiles
In front of my house bitches know a nigga, if I saying is going down
You can wait right here for it to fall from the clouds
You got no idea what I have been through, pay the cost to be this boss
Nigga you see bitch, so make room
Never mind I got walk in closet at my crib twice this size
With all kinda stacked jordans locked inside
Real music last forever, this is how we never die

[Trademark da Skydiver:]The hardest nigger spittin we the trillest crew in it, jet set motha fucka
We been at it for a minute, no L's on the record a few W's pendin
Translation we are wining nigga dropping cash on whatever fast
I ain't trippin watch me make it back spit some bars on the track
In return I get some racks
Stacks on stacks on stacks, polo, slacks on slacks on slacks,
With the socks and the shirt that match cool cat with my bucket hat
Chill new Orleans nigga getting figures rich as fuck with that
I'm cooling out in harlem 911 where my hustlers at

Laying in a trap, rollin sour out the pack,
Posted right in front of 50 with the loud I know you hear me
Holla back some other time, not right now I'm on my grind
I want what's mine and that included what's I've been due I'm over due
The dollar signs, diamond in the ruff, but fuck it
Still I shine, drapped in the finest threads, Ralph Lauren Design
[?][Young Roddy:]Hey I let my nigga smash, I don't save no bitch
But now I'm like, light up and blaze that, yeah
Momma say she want a nigga who stay on his shit
Uh, and if that ain't true, then what you call that
Them hood hoes swear to God I'm hood rich
They tryin to count my cash girl fall back
I'm killing them niggas go tell em to dig a ditch
And it was all good when it was all bad
Uh, my uncle done 22 flat, by the time he made it home
His little nephew was grown
With intentions to blow the fuck up, and put him on

So I'm steady, write that I'll shit, trying to make my mill ticket
Promethazine keep me tilting 650
When the clock struck 7 I had 7 grams of sticky
Uh, so when I'm in my zone please don't tempt me
I'm close to the edge so don't push me... out

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