Still (ft. Trademark & Young Roddy)

Curren$y

Homie come up outta this
Ask yo girl who she rep she say 'yeah'About to land jets on some suckers houses
Homie come up outta that side shit
You call your girl crib
In the background she bumping my shit
You mad I'm at the crib cutting open vacuum bags
Pouring some of that potent
For the true smoking shit my homie had
Last time I was in Cali told him he had to send me that
Ship it to the city, so I could bend some corners
With lil mama, tell her hit
Some of this sticky with me
Just being around me make her slippery
Sexy pajamas when she visit me
Her friends fall through, with all of that
Over talking, baller stalking, searchin for eye contact
So they could double back and ask G
When I have some time free, but honestly
Building this empire taking a lot of me
It will be worth it though, shit good right now you find my lighter
And my grinder it'll be perfect ho
And it's still, and it's still jets at yo motherfuckin
As I stand here, g'd up from the feet up
Paper on my mind, my chick scrolling that weed up
Baby smoke it up, I ain't tripping I just reupped
She thought real niggas was dead I made her a believer
Now see us, we a different breed
Come planted from a different seed
Since young bred to keep it M.O.B
My life is like a movie but I'm living out the scenes
I'm pulling acts for the racks I'm all about the cream
By any means I hustle and scheme to fulfill my dreams
Of better living, fatter pockets, prettier women
Super sticky weed I'm puffing layed up in the villa
South beach suite metropole smoking and chilling
Waiting on my bitch to come through with some more killer
Hit her with the D now she in love with the villain
But my mind focus on writing raps and chopping spinach
Can I get a witness to this g shit that I'm spitting

At will, it's still, it's still, jets at yo motherfuckin
Already
Ok, girl, where shall I begin?
I told her about my lifestyle she said I'm all in
She say most niggas change you ain't nothing like them
So I got her high as hell, I'm talking above the rim
But I never cared, mama blow it in the wind
Ain't too much changed since back then
But now I got a couple different ways to make my ends
They wouldn't last a minute if they'd live where I live
They couldn't walk a mile in these jordans number 10's
And I got that shit off like thank you come again
Such a scary risk but that risk got me rich
So need what my cash for that's word to money mitch
I swear im bound to break that bed when I get it in
Haters know the set that I rep to the end
It's crazy I keep hearing voices in my ear, telling me to get paid
My reply bet I will and it's still, it's still
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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