

# Bbs

## Curren\$y

This that gold BBS flow.  
Plastic Nike air tags on your original IV's  
Niggas is z'ed on your mans, and i'm rollin an Oh  
Leave em sleep, I don't need them suckas listening to me  
Pack a bong for everything except the kitchen sink  
Underneath witch I keep a set of Andy's Clippers  
I could fix my line in before we go over by them bitches  
A quick little something can't get the back  
I don't know where I left my hand mirror, type of dilemmas will never hinder my jet living  
We just chilling so don't come around here, fake toughin'  
Runnin' after woman

Bossed up, all us, outside the club waiting to tip drivers who pull our cars up.  
The fuck you thought this was dawg, imma trill mother fucker after all.  
Haters is dressed in safety nets encouraging my fall  
Won't catch me there, but you can catch me on air when my new shit premier  
At whatever media outlet decide to play it fair  
Fuck playin' dead pimpin' imma play the bear, grizzle  
Seriously fish burn turn flip styles, furiously, this that 70's soul green Alchemy, amen been a G since but he  
leaves lames big cuffin their jeans and their bitches I be cookin these bird assholes, running circles around em,  
they rotisserie chickens  
Love got a shovel in her hand I see you digging strike gold build your own coffin with it, dead ass, flick ashes  
on the girls in my past tense  
They tell us for the ones I was just fuckin  
The crib for the one I was gonna get right back with  
It's easy to get tangled in the stars, spangled, mangled in the night life, livin out my bars, dangerous.

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