

# On G's (feat. Young Roddy & Trademark)

## Curren\$y

On G's

Niggas ain't fucking with my team, at all

Fall back dog

If it ain't about no loot I can't get at y'all

Niggas ain't fucking with my team, at all

Fall back dog

If it ain't about no cheese I can't get at y'all

At ease, as I move with my jet set feeling the breeze

I'm in yo ear like a death threat

Got you wonderin' if I played my best hand yet

You ain't seen nothin'

I'm in yo house like plumbin'

In and out of yo woman

And I'm up gettin' high 'cause my crew up and comin'

Different chapters of my establishment

Posted up where it's cold, refrigerator magnets

Then it's back to the N-O, lab life, stacking rapper chips

Rhyme a few bars to buy my homies some cars

Then I say a few poems and buy my moms a new home

Spitta kush king, bong next to my throne

Scribble in my notepad 'bout my city's wrongs

And I try to make it right through these songs

It's niggas tryna make it through the night, let alone make a million

Get it on nigga and show off when you get it

And on the set, shit get live, it's all action

But where I'm from, shit get real, it's no acting

In the 12th grade with 20 grand in my khakis

Life under the scope, them bitches keep looking at me

But picture living where these niggas don't feel a thing

This wicked world got a nigga numb, free from pain

And all that dirt I did, I still remain without a stain

So I twist it, smoke it by myself, clear my brain

Them sober nights drove a nigga damn near insane

I saw it all but never will I tell a thing

Can't think of one thing to lose, and 'bout a million things to gain

So I charge this to the game

But soon as I got my change, they say I changed maine

They told me state my name, I'm Roddy from the planes maine

These unfamiliar faces lookin' at me strange maine

But I'm no lame, these niggas know what I claim

I keep it trill to the jet, I put that shit there on the Jets

Through the lights, cameras, and flashes bong snappin' and

action, I'm

Focused on this paper, money transactions is what I'm after playa

Was taught as a youngin' to move smart and get my weight up  
Federal reserves papers by the layers, and weed by the acres  
Bitches by the dozen, just watch me come up from nothin' hata  
Greater things await for those who remain patient  
Yeah that's real talk, matter fact a true statement  
But still I grind 'cause in the end I want more than NathanSmokin' kush, tryna ease them thought with vapors  
But my mind stuck on gettin' big faces  
Racin' toward the guap, these niggas still chasin'  
Runnin' in place, tryna catch up with they replacements  
Made it to the majors, live from the basement  
Straight to the rooftop with spacious living spaces  
With cases of the Clicquot, trees in different flavors  
Runnin' the game the OGs gave us

Songwriters

Franklin, Shante / Brisco, Roderick / Fitch, John A / Harleaux, Daryl Anthony / Washington, Alex  
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