

# Chilled Coughphee

## Curren\$y

[Devin The Dude:]I'm Puffin  
I never get enough in  
I never cook coke up on the stovetop  
But I'm stuffin these nuts up in the guts of a slut no doubt  
But it's trapped inside a rubber  
Should I flush that hoe out?  
To use again? Well it depends do I have another one  
I cuss for fun  
Too cool to have to buss a gun  
I don't have to duck and run  
I could fuck a bum up quick  
But that's some tenth grade shit  
And it's all about chillin smilin laughin  
So you know I'm willin hollin and I'm grabbin  
At a freak before I leave best believe I'm weeded  
You rollin that billie jean bitch BEAT IT  
And you see that we the niggaz who smoke the most  
People propose a toast from coast to coast  
But it don't even matter whose the highest  
Cause if it ain't dope  
Their ain't no hope  
They ain't gone buy it

[Curren\$y:]Yeeeeaaa  
Quarter tank of gas in my seven one double S  
Quarter bag mostly shake but this ol have to due I guess  
GPS loaded with the coordinates  
Of this bitch crib to receive love and nourishment  
In the form of joints rolled, Drinks poured  
Her in nothing but a robe, playin her roll  
I saw the mack when I was only 11 years old  
And I swore to never be a simp for a hoe  
Approach the closed do'  
It crack open before my eyes  
Shorty with a doobie of her own I am not surprised  
Cause I don't kick it on the low  
With no bitches that don't get high  
Wrap me a to go plate and ask if I want her to drive  
Cause I got far too much on my mind

Industrial size gears I'm caught in a grind  
At your grandma's house  
Plastic cover the couch  
Before I sit down  
She question me for smellin like a pound

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