Record Deals

Curren$y

They be on tables like poker chips
Dangled in front you by suits who assume you to be a two-bit hustler
Hasty moves
From the cradle to the grave might be a short walk, real talk
It's just a matter of ink
So many people in your ear you can't hear yourself think
Your homies like do that shit
Your old heads say you need to let somebody read through that shit
Call up a lawyer, but an arm and a leg it cost ya just to walk through the office
Consultation charges, end up taking bigger bites than your portion
And you was just online looking at Porsches
Now you're feeling tight hot garbage, cus your check being garnished
No cool gray area about it, executives is black hearted
They could care less about repossessions, disconnected cell phones, or evictions from apartments
It's no country for artists
Trap floor under the carpet, figured you'll fall for it
Cus you're struggling and you're starving, that don't mean you're stupid
Reverse the game, pull the rug from them losers, carve your own lane
Stay true to your music
I'm watching myself do it
I saw somebody else get close to it
But you know how it is, the good die young mostly over bullshit
Record deals
Record deals, record deals

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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