

# One More Time

## Curren\$y

No sweaters in better, bitch bring it on  
Stacked enough cheddar to change the weather love, where we goin?  
Landin to them coupes with the fine leather, six figure gas pedals  
I got these broads under pressure, cause they be gnawin'  
See that nigga there, year after year, he top scorin'  
How you want it? them legs or them 787 bonds, what you doin?  
Them roadsters touring editions, with the tops on em'  
One things for sure, them JLR boys be quick to drop on em  
No hot soup fo em', without warning  
Either a nigga hella high touchin the clouds, or the sky fallin'  
I do this for my league money niggas, and my homeboys who not ballin'  
Trill bitches know that I keep me a fifty tucked in my sock fo em  
Roll up, hot boxed the caprice side make the block fo em  
Let em out, get back on my paper route, stack house  
Keep that shit bumpin like a drive thru crack house  
Rap hustlin, she wait for em, to come inside, so i can smash out  
Roll the weed up, let you hair down, shut the blinds  
Cut the music up, wait, turn around one more time

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