

# Still (feat. Trademark da Skydiver & Young Roddy)

## Curren\$y

About to land chances on suckers houses  
Homey come about it that side shit  
You call your girl crib in the bed while she bumping my shit  
You mad I'm at the crib cutting open vacuum bags  
Pouring some of that potent for the true smoking shit my homey head  
Last time I was in Cali told him he had to send me that  
Ship it to the city, so I could mess some ? with them mama  
Tell them hit some of this sticky with me Just being rhymey make her slippery, sexy pajamas when she visit me  
Her friends fall through, with louder that, over talking, baller stalking  
Search for eye contact so they could double back and ass G  
When I have some time free, but honestly  
Building this empire taking a lot of me  
It will be worth it though, she good right now you found my lighter  
And my grinding had to be perfect yo  
And it's still, and it's still jets central motherfucker And I stand here, get up from the feet up  
Paper on my mind, my chick scrolling that weed up  
Baby smoke it up, I ain't tripping I just read up  
She thought real niggers was dead I made her a believer  
Now she us, we a different breed  
Come planning from a different species, young ? to keep it  
My life is like a movie but I'm living out the scenes  
I'm pulling x for the Rex I'm all about the cream  
By any means a hustling scheme will fulfill my dreams A better living fatter pockets, prettier women  
Super sticky weed I'm puffing late up in the villa  
South east suite metro post smoking and chilling  
Waiting on my bitch to come through with some more killer  
Hit her with the Deals she in love with the villain  
But my mind focus on writing raps and chopping spittas  
Can I get a witness to this G shit that I'm spitting  
Will, it's still, it's still, jet central motherfucking OK, girl, where shall I begin?  
I told her about my lifestyle she said I'm all in  
She say most niggers change you ain't nothing like them  
So I got her high as hill, I'm talking the butter rim  
But I never cared, mama blow it in the wind  
Ain't too much changed since back then  
But now I got a couple different ways to make my ends  
They wouldn't last a minute if they'd live what I live They couldn't walk a mile in these Jordan's number ten  
I got that shit off like think you come again  
Such a scary risk but that risk got me rich

So, where my cash for that's worth  
That's why I'm buying the bridge at bay when I get it in  
Haters know the set that I rub to the end  
It's crazy I keep in my ear, telling me to get paid, my reply bet I will  
And it's still, and it's still central motherfucking, yeah

Songwriters

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