

# Breakfast

## Curren\$y

I'm....  
So cold with it,  
The potency of the beat is consistent with the fact that Mos did it,  
Prolific, not shakin' nor stirred in the presence of those niggas--herbs  
They only after your bread, them fuckin' birds;  
You think they like your haircut fair enough,  
Live your life partner,  
Guess I can keep them two cents in my pocket,  
Add that to these underground rap dollars,  
Refused the majors and stayed real, I kept my promise,  
Roll Bambus in the Bahamas, mama,  
It's either that or them strawberry coladas,  
XBOX web browser, download an updated NBA roster,  
Play an 82 game season, condo full of snacks Spitta not leavin',  
Off brand muhfuckas, odd number--you are not even,  
On my level, write that sickness, my ink pen sneezin',  
Yancy Thigpen can't catch me sleepin',  
You ear hustlin' muhfucka and I'm eatin',  
Creepin' with my side bitch, hope I don't get caught cheatin'  
New Orleans this morning, New York in this evening,  
Squintin' they eyes and shit they can't see him,  
Fly in the house, buzzin', them bugs can't be him,  
Illegible letters in my leger, they can't read 'em,  
Smilin', money pilin', I'm cheesin',  
Odometer broken I ain't know that I was speedin',  
Fast livin', slow gin for these bitches  
I got that game from my Pittsburg nigga,  
SV Diablo '96, wings lift,  
Daniel son, crane kick, WAAAAAAH!

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