

Still (feat. Trademark & 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

Franklin, Shante / Brisco, Roderick / Fitch, John A / Harleaux, Daryl Anthony / Washington, AlexPublished by
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>