

Supply & Demand

Curren\$y

Four walls just starin' at a nigga
Plottin' out a mission while I'm smokin' on this killa
Lookouts on the corner, plus my brother in the window
I done made gold out this weed and instrumentals I'm down, all ten toes
Eastside, my zip code
See, you just gettin' here, realizin' I been cold
Zip up your North Face
My Daytons is cross-laced
Seventy-two spokes, OG shit, that's all I know
From the car I drove, right to the joints I smoke
And that's fo' sho'
Hopped out in country-club attire, rockin' all my gold
Like I might drink an Arnold Palmer and golf eighteen holes
Pick up a tennis racket, my bitch got the bracelet to match it
See, we forever mashin' when the cash is involved
We grab it and stash it, let it stack up in them vaults
Built a safe, but you see that safe ain't really safe at all, 'cause
Niggas is dogs, they'll break in your house and steal the walls
Dig up your floors, really do it to you raw
It's only room for one of us, somebody gonna get took off
Say it's only room for one of us, somebody gonna get took off
Four walls just starin' at a nigga
Plottin' out a mission while I'm smokin' on this killa
Lookouts on the corner, plus my brother in the window
I done made gold out this weed and instrumentals I could take ten, make twenty more
Gas out my low-rider in front the store
I'm throwin' it up out the sun-roof
Yeah, I keep the E in it to let 'em know
We up in the studio cookin' dope
Two bricks, we got six more to go
Eight-piece, you can get your pack and go
'Cause the fiends ain't waitin' for it no more
They gettin' impatient, baby
And they say they can't take the pain
I just dropped a batch last month
They want me to come back again
See, it's called supply and demand
Underground, I am the man
Mainstream, they not like me
But I catch big stunts on them

Aw, man

Songwriters

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