

# Skybourne (feat. Smoke DZA & Big K.R.I.T.)

## Curren\$y

Box Chevy, no tint  
Floatin' inside, aquarium  
Yeah that's him,  
Compository sketches is all  
They can't catch us, Jet Setta's  
I jointed the mile high club somewhere over Texas  
Plotted my climb since the homie played the black Lexus  
I told em put it all on spitta  
Guaranteed winner, then a go getta  
Ain't gotta go no where, I already came here with it  
Pull up at the picnic El Camino on 13's  
Red nose pit bulls in the back, No leash  
Mu'fuckas well-trained, on the low I be havin' that high grade  
Talkin' bout how a nigga smoke n maintain  
That's word from a bird and a fuzzy herb tree  
Fly tell that you ain't heard that from me True vision and the impeccable timing  
Shine so the blinded don't look twice  
My Fresh don't it look nice  
Yo D.N.A. ain't the same pimp so naw you don't look right  
Fuck it, I fast forward past yours,  
You wanted something to look up to so ask for it  
Mississippi country bumpkin with nothin' to loose  
I BB a king so let me sing you the blues  
Let me lay down the rules,  
Get money by all means,  
Survive at all costs put god 'bove all things  
I fall Short, pimpin' women with small shorts  
Reachin' out for a smile like children and small folk  
Always above the rim like what do you ball for?  
If you ain't spending money then what did u call for  
I look good for the fuck, but baby it's all spoke  
The game is a bitch and shawty she all choke Came through to conquer  
We killin' this since contra  
No sponser and I'm smokin' on a mini launcher  
Eight grams nigga fuck with me  
Gotta have 8 lungs to come puff with me  
I don't blow Reggie Bush, neva' would  
This heavy kush, oh you got some too? Very good  
With a grinder, we grinders, top rhymers

Definers, drop gems so timeless  
Burn like a C.D., get topped like Z.Z.  
Flow like agua and I'm cold like a ski beat  
Lord, got them hood niggas quotin my bars  
And them bloggers like oh my gawd...  
Smoke Robinson, earl james, and George Kush  
Round table eatin' pasta like mobsta's  
Make a killin' off sour D  
They lied money really do grow off trees, yes

Songwriters

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