

## Bonus Round

Curren\$y

Eastside on mine, just like every time  
Cardo Got Wings

I skipped on that Bent- truck, the Colonel was sicker  
I picked up a monogram duffel from my sprinter  
I sent the smoke signal of the marijuana scent up  
She cool with my other bitch, they call each other, "Sister"  
I got a wicker chair, like that Huey Newton picture  
Sittin' in it, smokin' killa in midst of a twister  
Paranoia surroundin' the vaccination center  
Come out feelin' worse than the day you first entered  
I just play the underground, but I'm no Master Splinter  
Donatello, Raphael, none of them other ninjas  
I'm just in the crib tucked away, countin' big bucks  
Dirty money, hand sanitizer on my fingers  
3M mask on, top down, 3 A.M  
Goin' fast, stand up in the motor, bust a fuckin' dance  
Second grade, yeah, when I wore them Jordan's to class  
My teacher sent a note home, too much attention I attract  
Students wasn't doin' they math  
Too busy lookin' at them shoes they couldn't have  
My mama bought me that  
And I ain't know that was breakin' her back  
She was cold, I didn't know that we was poor 'til I was old  
I grew up, I got on, I made myself a Don  
Got everything I want, got hella jewelry on  
I'm just waterin' my lawn  
A big boss garden, and dawg, ain't nothin' wrong  
Carrera Porsche outside the fort  
I put my all into it, so I stunt hard  
I can't afford to not record for y'all  
It would feel as if they cut the life-support off on your dawg