

Roasted

Curren\$y

It's been a minute let me get with it, as I roll up
Niggas been waiting on trade like whats the hold up
My only mission in life was to blow up
They ask what I throw up, you know what I rep and I'm one of the best
Supervillian in the building I'm clearly a threat
Been doing this here for a minute considered a vet
A lot of niggas want me to fail cause they know that I'm next
That's damn near impossible this game ain't got rid of me yet
I fell of and I crawled and regaining my steps
This time around I'mma give all till im gaspin for breath
I stay silent on a lotta shit quiet is kept
But I dont know too many niggas with silent success
So I write it all down to get it off my chest
The weed we break it all down to get off the stress
Niggas hate, fuck 'em, cause they know that we the best
It ain't my fault I do this shit breakin a sweat

I'm just laid back chilling posted, living like a villian mostly
High off this purple shit, no lie I'm flyin I'm so roasted
Money, bitches, Testarossas, Veuve-Clicquot, few mimosas
Bring them thru my ups and downs life is like a roller coaster

The more I smoke the smaller the doobie get
They takin shots at the jets on some John Woo movie shit
All blanks I'm unscaved untouched on my way to the bank, what the fuck?
For tryna play Spitta you shall forever remain
Without a name, lames know what I claim
Upset they all throw up my set from the sunroof of my car
Seats butter baguettes
Bitches cumbling nuggets I'm feeling lovely and blessed
Tribeca at Bubby's I'm enjoying a lemon press not that Minute Maid crap
They squeeze these lemons they selves
The hearts of women melt when Trilla lyrics are felt
Olympic swimming in bitches Micheal slash leon phelps
High bread weed money tree slang for dummies
Get it crackin like lobsters ice vodka and the bong's bubblin'

Me with a record deal yea they said I couldn't get it
My homie Ferris told me you couldn't hustle for a living but
That Richard Porter money had a nigga driven
And word to my nigga Stan I was bugging for a minute but
Look how the tables turned, they still spinning
The homie flew me from Kenner to N-Y city yea
My uncle told me let the sky be your limit
I was cool with a kid in the kitchen who was a chemist yea
And far as bread, mama told me make plenty
So it's money in my bank account and money in my denims yea
In high school them girls used to blow me kisses
But it's money over bitches, Roddy all about his Benjies
Shout out to Spitta, they wear us out like Fendi
Let's hit the Chi where the weather much windy but
But me I'm from the dirty, the dingy, the south
Where everywhere we at we smoke it out