Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, 10 Piece

Bottle cold, the game a decade old
I'm livin' like Ox, big-ass house, weed nuggets in the bowl
I don't watch soccer, but I like the jerseys
They look good with my jewelry on
And my butter brown skin tone
Bitches choosin', but none I bring home
I break 'em off on sight
Introduced 'em to the rest of the stage, done like a couple nights
If she's really down, soul on ice like my Rollie crown
We control the town from the couch, nigga, I'm smoked out
You really want that funk U.B. delivered to us in the trunk
Andretti OG, Khalifa Kush all stuffed in one joint
I proved my point when I parked that Rolls Royce, hopped out
Forgot my phone was in my lap, my mothafuckin' screen cracked
It's all good, I'll text your bitch and have her slide through Mac
That Apple Care kicked in, bring me a new phone and an iPad back
Hustlers on the map, in pursuit of the scratch
Never would we relax, money addicts relapsed (Yeah, yeah)

Two dopeboys in a Cadillac
Stayed real, struck it rich, how can you hate on that?
Two dopeboys in a Cadillac
Weed clouds in the air, diamonds in the back

Plenty bosses, pretty watches
Pull up, they ask what it cost us
Stayin' cautious, play your posture
Never takin' any losses
We declinin' offers
Too much sauce, can't get it off us
Shout out to Sauce Walka
Foreign cars and old Impalas
Million dollars, million problems
Gotta keep them millions on us
Hate 'em, dodgin', bake 'em, watch 'em
Money, tryna make it often
Now we fathers, know that God got us
They be tryna foul us
But we never die-ers, gang lifers, rap game survivors
Paid the prices
We make history and made it twice
Off of savin' Nikes and convincin' girls to stay the night
That's our way of life, dropped 2009 to say it twice
Every day's a flight
You just hatin', dawg, that ain't advice
Got my paper right, ain't just buyin' everything in sight
Now I'm the savin' type, so my son is straight for life
Always grindin', money on the mind, Rollie tellin' time
You out of line, sayin' this gang life is not the vibe

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