

Currency, She's On My Mind

[Verse 1:]

Bottles pop, joints roll
With my folks, in the whip
Section of the club with my eyes on this model chick
I dont know who she came with
She look like someone famous
She knew every word to my song when the dj played it
I asked her what her name is
She smiled when she said it
Right now i dont remember but it sounded like somethin spanish
I offered her champagne and she told me she dont drank it
I told her i wanna see her naked
She said lil boy who u playin wit
My next thought was ok then
Im obviously dealin wit a lady
I apologized for my statement
And we kept on conversatin
She noticed we was blazin
She took a couple puffs of the haze and
She rollin up a [?]
And after that she vanished

[Chorus:]

Now, she on my mind
Cant get this bitch off my mind
She on my mind cant get this bitch off my mind
The shit affectin my rhymes
Im havin trouble memorizin my lines
Cuz this bitch on my mind
Gotta get this bitch off my mind

[Verse 2:]

Now im outside of the club
Me and my homies all fucked up
Tipped valet, hopped back in the truck
Whole ride home i was thinkin bout her
Thought bout callin her but i didnt
I didnt wanna call round all my niggas
Cuz they drunk asses will be laughin an gigglin
And i aint in the mood for all that ribbon
I just waited till i made it to the crib and
Attempted to call while watchin television
Wack ass cellphone trippin
Only get the strong signal when im in the kitchen
Walked in and dialed them digits
While the phone ringin
Im thinkin bout her in different positions
Answer machine, voice sound different
Thank you for callin popeyes chicken?
Bitch get off my mind
Gotta get that bitch off my mind
Bitch Get off my mind
Gotta get this bitch off my mind
This bitch wasnt even that fine
I only seen this bitch one time
Why I got this bitch on my mine
Imma get this bitch off my mind