

2Much

Curren\$y

Bitch cold, I swear Dairy Queen rolled up
Very clean, Spur flew over
She got caught up in them wings, we gon' turn a couple corners
Talk about of couple things, preliminaries went great
I'm a let you hit this weed, once we on that interstate
I don't be smoking on them streets
Them traffic lights will have you in a jam with the man
I ain't spending n'an minute
In the can of sky mall, tryna spend a hunnit grand
I know how to show you how we can get it spend it again
Gone in the wind, gone with the ones who win
Them boys is grown men, boss shit is what I'm spitting
So boss shit is what you getting when you make a decision to li
sten
I see them niggas figging, cause I'm high I'm slipping
They gon' knock me off position, but why
Cause a nigga be riding nice cars, fancy clothes
Naked hoes, and mansion homes
Got a lot but still we want more
Cause one thing you can never have is
Too much money, too much money, too much money
You can never have too much money, too much money, too much