Combination

Curren$y

They fine, and they uh, they demand attention
This is flight 8/30, directly to the money, non-stop
(Turn me up, Kino)
Huh

They disguised as real ones, dollar signs'll reveal 'em
Full-time job not to kill 'em, somebody else'll get 'em
I tried to help some niggas, but I'ma be selfish with it
That's more healthier, nigga, that's self-care, my nigga
Generational wealth, not creating welfare recipients
Bitch, we some go-getters, money makin' stealers
Paper stack dope dealers, pitbulls, gorillas
Crocodiles, eagle eyes, gold diggers all around
Calm down, I know the feelin', plus I know how to deal with it
Micheal Corleone, cut that fishing trip short
You rock the boat, we push you off, and leave you for the sharks
Conversation with a boss, I remember every loss in detail
Still I prevail, I adapted and evolved
Hip hop ain't got no rules, this muhfuckin' martial law
You can be chill as fuck, and niggas'll still try you, dog
Stay focused, stay ready, they bogus, they petty
My jewelry box heavy, I paid steady
Jet Life store a landmark in my city
My Pelle Pelle leather and theses JLR sweats goin' perfectly together
This bitch bad, she got a beach body, we need some surfboard weather
Head turners in a Testerosa, shit don't get no better
She got legal ones and burners, she gon' leave you of if I tell her
She gon' talk your bitch into my lowrider if I let her l
She back of my tour bus foldin' my Polo sweater

The combination of countin' money and smokin' weed
It's takin' over me, sometimes I feel that's all I need
I pray to God to keep them enemies away from me
And if they creepin', keep my vision clear so I can see 'em

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah

The combination of countin' money and smokin' weed
It's takin' over me, sometimes I feel that's all I need
I pray to God to keep them suckas far away from me
And if they creepin', keep my vision clear so I can see 'em

Keep the E in it, Chevy's on switches
Smokin' weed in it, don't post me in no pictures
If you can keep a secret, we—