

# Family First

Curren\$y

[Intro]

[Chorus: Curren\$y]

Family first, get the dough nigga, fuck them hoes  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck them hoes  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck them hoes  
Get your scrilla dog, them bitches still gon' be there bro  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck them hoes  
You get on, yeah them bitches still gon' be there though

[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

Made a couple million in the sprint of the winter before the pandemic hit us  
Quarantine didn't make my wallet no slimmer  
Just diversified, I came up with iller styles  
Monetize my pass times, open a [...] shop up in my city  
Niggas can't stop me, I'm in overtime with it  
Stacking dollar signs stand tall as a NBA center  
Never said I was him  
They told you that when I entered the building  
With a joint lit, sat in my section, had the owners with us  
[...] phone ringing crazy, them promoters keep hittin' 'em  
Most shows the world open prices went up and they sold down for it  
We [...] the third of their run  
I bought some more colder shit when the tour's done

[Chorus: Curren\$y]

Family first, get your dough bro, fuck these hoes  
Family first, you know the code dog, fuck these hoes  
Family first, get your dough bro, fuck these hoes  
When you get on, bet them bitches still gn' be there bro  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck them hoes  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck them hoes  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck them hoes  
Stack your paper, catch up with them bitches later bro

[Verse 2]

Big dogs only, my circle's tight, do you need change son?  
I'm sliding BMWs [...]  
Quarter million three months later, these niggas stay so lame hun  
This here a [...]  
[...] with some [...]  
These [...] nigga, yeah I'm speaking [...]  
[...] twenty in the past  
Old fake ass nigga in my mix, stop tryna count my [...]  
It's my weight, nigga

[Chorus: Curren\$y]

Family first, get your dough dog, fuck these hoes  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck these hoes  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck these hoes  
Stack your paper, catch up with them bitches later bro

[Verse 3]

Money conversations, moving bags across the nation  
Phone steady ringing, I made 30 from [...]  
[...] Monte Carlo got the ground shaking  
Exotic flower in my breath taste like some Now-A-Laters

Fam I get the paper [?]  
[?] so we get 'em later, swear my hustle can't be  
[?]  
I'm on my grind like a skater, do my shit  
Make 'em mad, I left that bullshit in the past  
I don't see no niggas fucking with my squad  
Parking lot pimp, motherfuck the club  
I'm the one who put that Monte Carlo on them dubs  
I'm the one who never showed them duck hoes love  
(Run that shit)

[Chorus: Curren\$y]

Family first, get your dough dog, fuck these hoes  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck these hoes  
Family first, get your dough dog, fuck these hoes  
Stack your paper, catch up with them bitches later bro  
Out