

Mary

Curren\$y

First thing when I wake up
I say my prayers, then I blaze up
A plate of breakfast that my girl chef'd up
Morning pretty with no make up, yup
Now that I'm woken I'm smoking, layered my body in clothing
Chevrolet doors open, Forgiato's rolling
On the interstate like niggas was shooting at your homie
Zooming in and out of lanes, booming under U.G.K.
Got both my phones with me, hit me if it's 'bout some cake
Soldier about face, I'm colder than ice age
I'm polar, I'm frozen, I'm golden, my name say
That I'm all about my money, put some racks up everyday
In the studio get Pluto high, we lay tracks everyday
Mucho loot though, if you grind for it mane'
Get some shine for ya' mane', but that money just ain't gonna wait around for ya' mane'
Tell your bitch to roll up something if she ride for ya' mane
Otherwise you gotta kick that ho off the side of ya' mane
Outside of your mane', tell them niggas that you with
Ain't no more crying 'bout it mane, planning, never taking action
Pocket full of lint, wondering why this shit ain't happen
Homie that don't make no sense
Niggas on this side be stacking, every tape a brick
And we treat this shit just like it's trapping
And I'm getting rich, you can tell from the strength
Of the scent, of what I just lit but I would never pass it
First thing when I wake up
I say my prayers, then I blaze up
Get dressed sharp as a razor
And then it's back to getting cake bruh'

Oh mary, mary, mary