

Money

Curren\$y

Put your money where your mouth is
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Check this
Money money green paper
Get it by the duffle bags
And spend it loosely
Treat the lucci like loose leaf
Your thot, I treat her like a droid
Get it, one minute, next minute
Spend it on tennis, I'm a menace
Dial back my Chevy right
Rims is like [?]
Sound knocking beat probably break my seats (boom)
Yeesh just east red flag to the right
With a pocket full of money
I am cash on sight bitch

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Fly society
Let me talk to them
Joey

Big shoes, paint sweeter than an apple custard
Chevelle the color of a chocolate cluster
Peanut butter leather interior
Seats match the rims
I dig the inside but love the exterior
So street pockets
Obese kapisch
Speed through the lane with a dunk like Kobe
Y'all softer than a [?] fur
You're soft
Me I ride around chaffeured
In other words

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Yah
Young money cash money
Curren\$y the hot spitta
Fly society member

Mirror mirror on the wall
Who is the flyest of them all
The '84 was a speeding bullet
The '54 was a basketball
It bounces like one ounces
Got some colored cigarillos
Fill it up with my lighter son
Nigga tip-toed out the studio with my shit
I ain't tripping
That's a small thing to a giant
I'm fly on my own
I never had a stylist
Bitch you should see my closet
I don't own one pair of Pradas
But I'm rocking a pair of Guccis
That cost fifteen hundred dollars holla

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Arrroooo
Talk is cheap
You know
Raps, cars, and show biz my nigga
What's up Joey [?]

I said bitch I'm Mack Maine
Young money cash money
Kush Entertainment yah
Yah I own my own label yeah
Hundred stack when I'm sitting at the round table yeah
Still fuck hoes in the [?]
With the boot leg cable yah
See uptown, Hollygrove
That's where you'll find me slick
Bitch I touch my first 25 stacks in '96
Y'all hustling like midgets
Cause you came up short
I'm smoking Jamaica
And you ain't got a passport

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