

# 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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