

Motion

Curren\$y

"Alright you seen the dice, now let me see your money"

Smelling like weed and Versace
Whips on blades like hockey skates
I already know them hoes watching
Niggas on side them they gon' hate
I ain't really worrying about them
This our time now, little homie gotta wait
Try to control your face
Hide your emotions, don't let everybody know it
Watch the Godfather, gangsta pictures in motion
Motion, picture my nigga, picture us rolling
(Watch the Godfather, gangsta pictures in motion)
Motion, picture my nigga, picture us rolling
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Michael Corleone, presidential Rollie on
Closet full of Jordan, Foams, Penny Ones
What they want, type of shit they on
We sling dope 'around here, dope tracks ma
Dope boy rides I buy, five outside
Three at mom's crib, she start 'em every now and then
Underground, though the word is I'm getting kinda big
Me, Roddy, and Trade smoke hella J's with Puff n'em
Come out with, grew up with, blew up with these niggas
I was standing in the front black 6's
Taking pictures with our best bitches
Bottom mama, that money pirahna
Go deep in that water, before I eat another bitch whole body
I promise that I can tell you all about it
How the boy made a million, by spitting about chilling with his partners
Find me a lighter

We study long, study wrong
And shit, I got fast stocks to make sure my money long
Got paper, I'm getting to and got dollars I'm waiting on
They say life's a trip, but I don't see 'em on flights I'm on
Might see me in your city with bitches you're dying to fuck
I'm hopping out the kind of cars you wish you had keys for
Mother of pearl dial, double raw begetted up
Buy it, re-paint it, rim it up, you already know it's us
Who else riding this clean, or burning weed this strong
Making bitches leave home with their wedding rings off
Nigga JLR, from these hoes to these Raws
Know the life was just, only revolves around dough
And when they sense you getting rich, everybody plays you close
And I'm buying the same shit, tell me that I'm doing the most
{But I love the hard top, kinda like it when it's dry?}
They gon' hit me anyway, fuck 'em, thinking why not nigga, what

The flight was two and a half hours
From New Orleans to NYC

Car service brung me to the Trump Tower
Got this one cougar thing lounging - luxury housing
Divorce settlement, bitch came out big
Nice couches, love, condo had columns
Ain't have to say shit, body language spoke volumes
Did what we wanted, disappear before the morning
Text message when she rose
Let me know I got the best of her and she woke up horny
And at my earliest convenience she would want more
If only, I didn't have another flight to catch, it'd be fa sho
My clock froze on check out time
That means I always gotta go