

Not A Crumb

Curren\$y

Hey, yeah
Hey, yeah

Sorry for the Wraith I pulled up laced
Dressed really fresh I don't do release dates
If I want it right now nigga I don't wait
Money to the sky, hoe I don't play
And I couldn't see it going any other way, let us pray
That we continue touchin' money put enough away
53 to the menu so much shit in my right way
Ballin' like a so loud but I did it my way
Broke it down like a brick, what I did for sure
Split it up amongst the fam now we all spending dough
Bitch I'm the score, served and spent a stack on the gold [?] f
rom solid gold to kilo

Celebrate every night the money come
You see we party every night we always hustlin'
My nigga you were sleepin' when we turn the oven on
So when we cut the cake don't you be expectin' nothin' not a cr
umb

Pink diamonds and the Rolex
Rosé Champagne on my [?]
[?] if I gang bang I'm a new to the coupes in the fast lane
[?] until you be the man
Stay in the house ruth in the ceiling fan
I had it all Mac calls, Mac calls
Process of the come up, had a few drawbacks
Small thing to a giant
My whole crew [?] we ain't even gotta tell you where we show th
e body
Little boy we making bumper cars out them Maseratis
My new machine making 'em nervous
They don't know what to do around me
Them bitches flirtin', them niggas watchin'

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