

Speculation

Curren\$y

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Double R headrest
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Bad bitch sleeping on a Crooks and Castles bed set
Got keys to her pad but I didn't smash yet
More concerned with her cash skills then how her ass is

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I got keys to her pad but I haven't smash yet
More concerned with her cash skills then how her ass feel
Money make her, yea baby girl that's what your ass is
Selling dreams to them suckers she be making mad chips
She share it with me cause them simps don't compare to me
When she get turned on she look at me like she scared of me
Money in the race, pulled up on the homie Killer Mike at the black owned bank
Dropped a hundred thousand dollars in the safe, we been eating on the road
Bitch stacking up to go play, all a nigga know
Living the fast way, weed burning slow
In a Versace ash tray, Gucci butter dishes
Air Max in colorways, that you could never get
If you robbed a factory, I got it right now
You could try it out after me

Lot of speculation on the money I've made
Ounces I've weighed
Audio dope keep us paid
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Uh, jumped in the game when I boarded the plane
Yea, parked the Wraith just to hop in the Mulanne
Yea, all these colors in my damn chain
It'll make yo bitch do some real strange things
Straight to the freaky shit, then I delete the bitch
I get stoned on some real Cheech & Chong shit
I know you liked every song but what's your favorite
We can get loaded while I play that shit
Live in color, me and my niggas like no other
Word to my mother, daddy, uncle and lil brother
We ain't gon suffer, cause I'm one grinding motherfucker
Yea, always, nigga we get paid
The cars you see us drive, we whip em like slaves
Day to day, she bring that paper, one of my ways

Fuck bitches get paid

Roll up when I roll up

Leave the valet a tip plus the roaches

Stoned up in this man but I'm focused

Shades too dark to notice

I represent survivors, soldiers, who had soft white or rocked up Cola

I used to press cash in the sofa

I ain't even asked her to come over

Money machine Fiend, couldn't have seen this in my dreams

20s 50s 100s with the bling

All this gold is just a lil something to a king

Bullets to a bulletproof truck is but a thing

Small oversight mix up, led to drop offs and pick ups

Penitentiary chances, to glit up, my wrist up

Ship pills sometimes the answer won't pick up

But living in gold eyes buck and get the hiccups You could count my chips up

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