

## 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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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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