

The Count

Curren\$y

Gang, checks
More money than these lames get
More weed on the plane
More diamonds on the chain
La Música de Harry Fraud

Um, backwards joints get rolled up
Learned that in Amsterdam
Learned as a young man
Get cash fast as you can
But don't blow it too fast
Always save some for the roll, make the smoke last
Never ask permission, we just blow past
Momma twistin' up joints, I'm just scribblin' in this notepad
Hopin' that, the hotel got good room service that I could throw back
Put on a movie that's a throwback
Or just some beats, Harry Fraud just sent the whole pack
Maybe hit the pool swim a couple laps
Do my best when I'm relaxed
Back in the day, the way they used to send the message all facts
Beef without a scratch, used to doubt us
Now the game wouldn't be the same without us
Smoke the loudest

Ha
My weed good, my bitch bad
My joints burn slow all my cars go fast
Sweatpants, pockets is bulgin' with cash, hella stacks
Dippin' that playa shit they never put on the racks
Members only shit, private showroom out back
Fashion bloggers have to ask you, "where you got it at?"
Spitta just a real nigga who can rap
Only deliver facts about my life but it's tight 'cause my life is all that
Famous enough to get in there for free but not so famous that people keep botherin' me
While I'm choppin' the tree, smokin' one this a selfie, a muhfuckin' personal sum'n
It's enough gas in the world for all of you
So I ain't 'bout to pass my fuckin' joints over to you
We could get high, count to these high tunes
Baby I got hella playa grooves
In the Chevy as we cruise
I can't wait until New Orleans make the news
Completely legalize recreational that's like a dream come true
At the marina gettin' stoned to some Nina Simone
Shorty never heard them vibes until I put her on
Smoke two more sticks while I drove her home
Shorty poutin' lookin' like something wrong
But she don't wanna be alone
Talkin' 'bout how well we get along but my money really got her mind blown
She think I'm dumb, baby girl I'm not the one
Money machine count while I twiddle my thumbs
Money machine count while I lace up my Banned 1's
Money machine count you delivered that ransom
Money machine countin' that stash for my grandson
Money machine copped the island to land on
Money machine my own, hustlin' feet I stand on

East side, parked the Medina at the Marina
They was amazed when they seen it
Millionaires
Two of us it was like 50 M's between us
Arguing who Rolex the cleanest