

# 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' persona  
I 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