

Peso

Jay Critch

Ayy, I count cash all day though
Bad bitch look like J-Lo
I put the bitch on the payroll
Tell her to do what I say so
I know they hate, it's okay though
I want that face in the Range Rove'
She do the most for the pesos
Diamonds, they shootin' like dracos
Spin on your block and we lay low
Play with the racks, shit Play-Doh
I walked in the bank with a bankroll
She suckin' me up, had to change clothes
I want that head like a halo
My niggas shootin' like Halo
I fell asleep off the Faygo
She know whatever I say go
Tell her to fuck it up
She do the most and do more
I'ma go double up
Tryin' to get all of the blue notes
She be actin' like a lame ho
I cannot fuck with the same hoes
Why you acting like you ain't know?
I'm in the whip and it's paid for

I pour it up then sip
Stay with my niggas, I can't switch
She let me fuck in the whip
Whole lotta hoes like Saint Nick
Might put Chanel on the kicks
But that's only for my main bitch
When she throwing it back, it be dangerous
Talkin' money, she speaking my language
She hop on the dick, do tricks
Like it's somebody recording her
And I used to go hit me a lick
Back to the block like, "Order up"
Then I go and pull up to my show like thirty deep
But it really be more of us
Before I got me some dough, they all was sleep
'Member they was ignoring us
Get the money, that's really all we know
Young nigga but I'm going beast mode
And they sending shots, but we eat those
We gon' bang your block with a three-oh
Bang your block, turn you to meatloaf
Smoking Cali on the East Coast
She tell me to stop when I deep stroke
She do it all, and she deep throat
On the block, I'm with 40 and Rico
Like the mafia, takin' the peacoat
If you crossing the line like a free throw
Looking out for them cops and them people
She do what I say 'cause I said so
Bundles all in my pockets like eggrolls
Built it up from the ground like a Lego
Hit it once, she don't know how to let go

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I woke up in the studio
Bad bitch, big booty ho
Got her off the Don Julio
Take a sip and she do the most
Sippin' juice, pour a two in four
I'm a boss but you knew it though
I be flexin', what you do that for?
Niggas broke and they losing hope
Roll me a blunt of the good shit
I'm takin' off like a rocket
And I went and I got me a hood bitch
She not with none of the nonsense
And I told 'em to cut all the bullshit
That shit ain't makin' no profit
It was ramen noodles like every day
Now I pick up the bag like a chopstick
I was just going the wrong way
I made it right where the dough is
Count up the racks, been a long day
But I gotta stay focused
I know why they hatin' on Hood Fave
'Cause they new shit can't fuck with my old shit
All of mine, we came from LA
I ain't smokin' that shit 'less it's potent
She give me brain like a headband
I rock Amiris like sweatpants
Diamonds pitchin' like Mets fans
Keep hating, that's your best chance (Best chance)
Got some money in the safe
I got some more on the debit
Same team, no new faces
All of my niggas gon' get it

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