

Currency

OG Maco

Pesos, euros, francs, yen
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All about the guap, all about the guap
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I never been a fuck nigga, and I'll never take shit from a fuck nigga
Nigga talking bout he gone take my set, go Madden on him, straight truck a n
igga
Bout the guap, bout the cash, bout the pounds, bout the bands
Niggas know I got it, they ain't even got to ask
Take a cool thou just to wash my hands

Pockets on deck, eyes like a morgue
Cop Benzes cause I'm bored, all this designer like I hoard
Stay clean like a new ward, got a new Rolex just to flex
Timepiece cost a vet, got two bitches, that's a duet
I'm paid, I ball, no Brooklyn Nets
All about a check, guap I don't neglect
Now I'm on top like an exec, fuck first class fire up this jet
School of fly, I am the dean
Better cuff your ho, I'll intervene
Next thing you know I'm in between
Now she running through the team
Staying broke, I have some [?]
Tru religion obsessed
My hoes go crazy, Ron Artest
Like I keep sneezing, truly blessed
Racks, not talking cleavage
Blunt strong like cologne
Constantly in Niemanns
Thousands I have blown

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Plenty of pesos, for yen or the euro, I majored with zeros
Get to my destination
Hope there's more paper than legislation
Money on mind and my hands in my pockets
I'm still counting these hundreds suspending this loot
Get low and recoup
I pray to the lawyers I open my eyes, they brought me rebuke
You can go get it, the ghost in the line for the kitchen is soup
On the road to success there's potholes
True story, no plot holes
Type of money give a chick high hopes
Play with drugs, [?] dick in a high dose
Could've seen 20 through a steel door

Never said a word, I kept my mouth closed
Keep it moving like it's [?]
Trapping one trap for my FO
Mac hit the map for the new dough
Plotting on the [?] door coupe though
Young rich nigga with an old soul
No days off, it's your grind state
Got to get the guala, guap, cheese
Imma eat everything that I see on my plate
Sheesh!

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