

Currency (feat. Lil Wayne and Rick Ross)

Trina

[Chorus]

They know what we want, give it to us
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Twenty, tens, n fives (carrots)

If you a balla than a hundred's gon' fly

That's what I'm talkin' bout

Stacks to the sky

We gon' twenty, tens, n' fives

We gon' twenty, tens, n' fives I'm not a five dolla nigga, I'm a billion dollar entity

All I chase is money only bad bitches interest me

Dade County nigga, diamonds come from Tiffany's

Bought the prototype n they hit the streets eventually

Toss my dolla bills, toss my dolla bills

All I ever wanna do, toss my dolla bills

All they talkin' cease, you could hear the breeze

When the bitches realizin' that I'm throwin' hun' beefs [Chorus] Twenty, fifty, hundreds on my bed I think I'll
pay but

Pillows made of thousand dollar bills can you wait

Million dollar carpet, then I'll fuck it, keep the change

I keep a lenin' closet of some fresh, she said what's his name

I got Mr. Willdrow Wilsons hit the stocket stange

And they know what I want, they sit the money for I came

Spend it on the chain blow it all at the bar

Weezy baby comin' deep, this is Trina rockstarr [Chorus] Man all I got is hundreds, I ain't even stuntin'

Stuck on the bendges like Benjamin Button

Trina what it do, I ain't seen ya in a minute

But I think about my life but thank God that you was in it

Hello Weezy Baby, a-k-a payday, twenty, tens, fives

I give that shit to nana, young money boss, cash money G

Weezy F Baby and the F is for free.

Songwriters

ROBERTS, WILLIAM / TAYLOR, KATRINA / CARTER, DWAYNE / SAUNDERS, REGINALD /

WASHINGTON, KNYESHA / BRYANT, ALANNA / FERREBEE JR., RONALD Published by

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