

Speed

Curren\$y

B boats float from the coast
Binoculars watch the bales float to shore
Tryna find ways to tax this dope
Slanging bars like soap
Bitches high off of these lines like coke
Listening with they eyes closed, with no clothes
She want fuck because of my flow
It's like I got X pills inside my quotes
Smoke, keep me on a high note
Oldies playing in my Chevrolet
Game make them ladies want stay
Plot all night, bust moves all day
It's just the jet way
No time to sleep 'cause that won't get me paid
Don't make sense if it don't make dollars
Excuses won't start my Impala
If it ain't about my paper then "I'll holla" Came through, killed niggas
Satellite coupe with the new stickers
Never running with no new niggas
Just my OG's and some cool bitches
Bad ones, I know what to do with them
I don't buy them no bags, I just get them high
All she really wanted to do was ride
I'm a let her, won't sweat her, no pressure
Let her decide, she smart
She gon definitely choose what's better
Autumn weather, in a vintage ice berg sweater
Fly beyond measure
That's your girl you better check her Cherry beamer, drop Saab
Sipping pass Ace Boogie
He mad at his bullshit job
Mentality I had as a younger
Grinding hard to provide a yard for my big dogs
Rest in peace to the Jacker, may you mob
No love in the streets my nigga
They don't give a fuck about you or me my nigga
Just an era where a nigga is killing these niggas
And these bitches just mirroring the television
Fake hair, fake ass looking for a real one

Just tryna fuck a nigga with a million
And do anything to get one

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>