

# Money Machine (Prod. by Dirk Pate, Monsta Beatz)

## Curren\$y

Jet life jet life  
Roll one up for the haters  
I'm just counting my paper Tony said Frank wouldn't last  
Now Frank warmin' upstairs packin' bags  
Survival of the fittest  
A sponsor no longer living  
Plight of these kept ass bitches  
When the dreams all ended and the bars slam  
Cast your clothes  
Welcome to the school of hard knocks  
You ain't know you was enrolled?  
Cold I know  
What's colder is these streets when your name no longer hot  
You feel me Seen niggas and bitches go through a dope game  
And the music lifestyle hard to attain  
But it's easy to get used to it  
Try to maintain  
Under pressure only few do it  
And that's what inspires you to try  
The gleam in your eye  
Manifested in your mind  
Then you start your climb  
Rememberin' whoever you step onto to come up  
You may meet them another time  
Fuck 'em, no If the foot was in the other shoe  
Them niggas would stand on you  
To get a better view, tellin' you the truth  
While takin' them to school  
Fools don't think how I think  
Can't see these lines  
Like I'm scribblin' invisible ink in these tablets  
Jet life commandments  
Though shall not rest until I make my whole fam rich  
Fuck you take me for?  
One of them sucker niggas  
Who forget to set when he blow Never that  
JLR we'll have this whole world changed by tomorrow  
Lighters and opium in my cars  
And no way am I playin' with y'all

When I say I'm so high if I was to trip and fall  
I'd land on Mars  
But don't mistake my highness for blindness  
Giving me them fake smiles  
I know what's behind them  
I swim with the sharks everyday  
You backstroking with the guppies  
Supposedly big dawgs get chopped down to puppy size  
Utterly euthanized by these flows I been craftin'  
Secretly in my labyrinth  
Sleepin' on a charred mattress  
Night so hot  
Get that girl to the pool before she pass out  
Livin' in a lambo  
New Ferrari underneath the car put my land show  
If I'm into your part of reserve me some weather park  
I'm not sure what you thought  
Fuck pullin' off onto my lot  
Got twenty minutes free  
How bout a fast brunch  
Pitch me whatever proposals you want  
No promises though  
I got a lot on my plate  
No ham omelets I'm on my conglomerate  
Word to the kid willing to fly  
Always on top of shit really  
Jet life jet life  
Write my way to a million looking out the planes windows  
Roll one up for them haters, I'm just counting my paper  
Talking captivating the digits  
When my skydiving the cut

Songwriters

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