

# Currency, Money, Drugs, Bitches, Liquor

[Verse 1: Currency]

These niggas are not like me  
I been playin bapes since niggas thought they was bootleg nikes  
This hoe put my name in a lot of bullshit, tryin to spite me  
Guess she upset, cause she know I gotta wifey  
Million dollar niggas still pushin Dodge Magnums  
It holds 10 bodies, dependin on how ya stack em  
Young boy never been attracted to madness  
I'm inside watchin re-runs on "What's Happenin";  
Lu been stackin, boy been concert since Wayne had my silver g wagon  
Hot Spitta got a flow so proper  
All these girls watchin me like soap operas

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

Money, drugs, bitches, liquor  
Money, drugs, bitches, liquor  
Money, drugs, bitches, liquor  
Let's have ourselves a party!

[Verse 2: Currency]

Ye  
And ya know I'm not playin man  
You want a concert, well ya gotta pay the man  
Look at my shirts and socks, call it the gator man  
My cross over good, that's how I shake dem haters man

Ye

I got girls all over  
Tell me what cha like and I'll call em over  
I'm a high roller  
And I ain't got no dogs in my yard, but I own a couple rovers  
And you know how I get down there  
Call before ya come, don't pop around here  
Because it ain't be tellin who be found here  
Either cookin cocoa cheese griss around here

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

Money, drugs, bitches, liquor  
Money, drugs, bitches, liquor  
Money, drugs, bitches, liquor  
Let's have ourselves a party!

[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]

Ballin with shawty, she all over me  
Um me how could a bitch say no to me  
And I don't fuck with them niggas  
I want money, drugs, bitches, liquor

[Verse 4: Currency]

You know when I first got my deal, I got two porsches  
And a hundred pairs of all white Air Forces  
Never seen me with a bitch that ain't gorgeous  
The boy flow hotter than papa pan's porridge  
Pull out the garage in a Lotus  
No it ain't the newest model out but it's hard to notice  
I got more ice than a super-sized drink  
And I know I'm the shit, I don't care what you think  
You niggas ain't livin by the gun  
I have you in a hospital bed being visited by nuns  
Y'all pussy and I smell it  
Make me stretch cheese on your head like a interval helmet

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

Money, drugs, bitches, liquor  
Money, drugs, bitches, liquor  
Money, drugs, bitches, liquor  
Let's have ourselves a party!