

Curren\$y "Max Julien"

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I see something in you, I could use you mama
Keep up sweetheart, don't let me loose you mama
This that new shit, you gotta get used to mama
I'm on my Max Julien, who's cooler than
Broke bitches don't waste time pursuing them
Yeah I'm on my Max Julien, who's cooler than
Broke bitches don't waste time pursuing them, yeah

I'm not a star, but I'm sky high
Got a gangsta bitch in my car, she come to ride
My mob wide, word to live right in America muscle
But I'm banging for a feature, that's my own
masseur Michael Rocks
I'ma let my speakers knock, double back make the
block
So I complete the scenery
See if it's worth getting out, doing the lame mingling
Shit's a fucking circus sometimes, I swear it's
ringling

Brothers, where's my brothers bitch
Bring em in, round table meeting shit
Distinguished gentlemen
We so fire, you should come with an extinguisher
Steady fueling my engine, more chemship shipping
Never was a henchman, just an underboss attendant
kingpin
I don't need my bones, nah I'm playstation
marathon, in the row
Running my bizness from my cellphone

I ain't never gonna die homie, yeah

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Where you get that bag from, I can spot a fake shit

They made genuine louis vuitons, your lil brother
paying it
Don't know who you fooling up, who you think you
playing with
Looking at my club couch, you better stay away from
here
You gonn stand up all night if you waiting on me to see
you bitch
These seats reserved for boss ladies, my rodeo babies
Bush of sex fit, brought mama with me to shot town
Michigan street
We hit the polo mansion
Before I brought my git, she swiped that car and head
them box and bag it,
Ah, ah, ah, ah,

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2

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