Car Talk

Curren$y

And I'm a Nike Head My car entice the Feds
My bitches Porno-Bred
you countin corny bread
I slice a G-loaf can cop a speedboat
Can't sing but they know Spitta holding C-notes
Critics say that he flow only bout weed
They don't know about me They just judging from my Tweet Quotes
Since they don't understand him they figure that it ain't dope
Fuck 'em tho
I'm with my niggas and my bitches
Everywhere we going my older he homie flicking pictures
He tripping cuz he just came home locked up all that time
Ain't know that I became a Don
The same way Ace Boogie put Money Mitch back on
Welcomed him with open arms
JetLife niggas wishin they was in the fold
They ain't they in the fuckin cold
I'm in the paint dunking on niggas
Expanding my crib my garage getting bigger
Call Rozay tell him "sell a donk to a nigga"
Or point me to expert builder
I want purple ghost flames on the hood and the fenders
Have it covered, trailered, delivered to the cirle of winners
I'm a be in there chillin where I parked my other race cars
Clearing out a space for my newest edition
It's Spitta The master of the Car Talk
No engine
My shit powered by the all-spark
Straight sickening

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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