

Fast Cars Faster Women

Curren\$y

[Featuring: Daz Dillinger] Lately I've been, thinkin' bout GT 3's - chrome rims

South Beach in the middle of the street - not parked

They trippin' I'll accept them the penny tee's when I gett 'em

If the papers weren't so thick I'd probably roll a joint in the middle of em

Fool, letting no spitta just incline and go and get it

We all like the new benz, I just got mine a lil bit quicker

A glimpse into this jet living, that's fast cars, faster women

I woulda been mega pimpin' I ain't had the time to put in it

Though I still make official, minus the stripes and the whistle

That's cold-game delivered direct TV, Sunday tickets

Suckers can't be down so they just be mad with us

We don't drink or smoke our hash with them ass kissers

You gotta be your own man 'fore I ever call you miss, and

They gon' have to call me billionaire jet this year

Still on my hustle, bitches still love me

Big black chevy motor running you can hear em comin

Eh focus on money, keep the numbers doubling

If it ain't about amounts then it ain't about, ain't about

Still on my hustle, bitches still love me

Big black chevy motor running you can hear em comin

Eh focus on money, keep the numbers doubling

If it ain't about amounts then it ain't about nothing

I begin my day off with a half

Now collecting all the cash

Bust you in your damn now

Million paws of agitation

Show me all your registration

Bill niggas I'll be impatient

Clutching no hesitation

I rose up, I shake the crowd with my presence

Bitches ?cream my name, you tell your nigga yeah I said it

Run and tell the message, motherfuckers keep up gossip

You see more money, more power

You tell me how you nigga sorry

The second they call it, I stay on it, never fall in love

Still a woss, yeah you sink if your heart is stole

You played the cards, point seen, money lost,

Taken off in a jet like till you quit the CA in the next life

See your forever paid, roll the gazelle shades
I got it made, cloud smoke you know my nigga day
So that's the model that I live by
Primal seeking all that emo in the eve wine
Scared of my hustle, bitch still love me
Black chevy motor running you can hand cuff me,
Yeah folks
Sell money, keeping numbers doubling
If it ain't about the mouse, then it ain't about nothing

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