

Drive By (feat. Future)

Curren\$y

Uh, money on the floor, make them bitches go
Buckets' ice-cold, bottles, bring us more
Black top fill my Rolex white gold
They think I'm movin' dope, girl, I been doin' shows
'96 Impala, I got two of those
'64 Impala, I got two of those
Jet-livin', we get lifted, Lamborghini doors
Baby DTF, but she don't give a fuck who knows
Rare chance to kick it wit' the advance
Luxury sedans, sittin', offset stance
Fuck your dress code, bitches feel these sweatpants
Pockets full of gas, rubber bands, lots of cash
However long it last, nigga, I'm a have a blast
Dive in, make a big splash
Nova tint, bulletproof glass, S-Class
Them niggas barefaced, bitch, no mask Yeah, yeah, ride by, kill 'em like a drive-by
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Drive by in a Wrath, nigga, big dog
Shot the bitch all in the face, then I told her wipe off
Then I had count up some money like I was just rushin'
Then I had poured up the tussin with lean
Then I had popped me some molly like, "Woah"
Made that bitch back-to-back foreigners all in a row
Ride by the kid wit' the left up, draped up, dripped up
Hold up, I was just dabbin' by mistake
I was just fuckin' your bitch by mistake
I was just countin' some cake on the lake
I was just pullin' up in paper plates
I know some real niggas can relate
I know some gangbangers, they relate
When I pull up, it's a murder
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