Choosin' (Feat. Wiz Khalifa & Rick Ross)

Curren$y

Uh, daytime lights on
Hell yeah I'm frontin' but you love it
I don't hide bitch, I'm high when I'm in public
Even in my everyday ride I be stuntin'
This is nothing really, you should see me Sunday
I'm from New Orleans love, you know how I'm coming
Hop out that Impala, left the motor running
Them my lil homies front that store, they ain't gone touch it
Spitta where you goin', finna meet the money
I come through in that bread truck, everybody hungry
I be trynna keep it low, but the streets be talking
I heard they think I'm selling dope, on them walkie talkies
They worst than them bitches, them bitches be stalkin'
Outside checkin' for which car a nigga parkin'
She said she from Belize, but she can speak Ferrari
I roll that tree and I write a song about it in the morning
Pull up in that errrr and them bitches start choosin'
Choosin', choosin', choosin', choosin'
Pull off in that skrrrrr and them haters gone lose it
Lose it, lose it, lose it, lose itPull up, pushing buttons blowing OG like it's nothing
Marijuana fussin, smoking loud is no discussion
Black & Yellow, Black & Yellow, something out of nothing
Choppers like the Russians, bust your head that's a concussion
Full time grinder, all the time hustlin'
Bitch, I'm from the Burg so you know that I be thuggin'
Made it from the bottom, so in God we put our trust in
Certified stoner, get a Raw and put a nug in
Rari's, Rari's, Rari's, Lamborghini hari kari
Suicidal doors, tell the owner I said sorry
Pull up in that you know, pockets fat like sumo
Taylor Gang or Die, Jet 'La La La' Life!
My homies, we sold pills, The motive was chrome wheels
Pullin' up to club Liv, makin' them hoes peel
My niggas was way trill, wardrobe was unreal
My Cuban was Spanish gold, so vintage as my Cazals
I'm talking the facts of life, can I just have a slice?
Best seats at the game, 'Bron having a night
Let him go check the stats, cause all I want is the racks
Even moving the merch, I'm getting 60 a hat

MC on all my luggage, Reebok making me buttered
Behike Cuban cigars bombaclot he think he Dudus
Double M, we the hottest on the fucking turf
I'm going straight to heaven, crib built like the church
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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