Cruisin (feat. Yo Gotti)

Boosie Badazz

Turn Up, Turn Up

Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, getting cash flow
Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, with some bad hoes

Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, getting cash flow
Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, with some bad hoes

Crusing down the street with Nicky and Tiffany
Hookah in the air, and kush, cinnamon
Fresh up out the airplane, jumped up in the rafe
Iâ€™m barely in the door, fuck the rain, Iâ€™m straight
Riding big bucket, me and my girl KimYeing
Worried bout nothing, I got license and registration
Pocket full of money, bitch I ball like a dog
Ride like Iâ€™m in an old â€˜Lac on white wall
Turn down Peach street, stopped and got my dogs
Stopped and got a fifth, then we went and hit the mall
Got the hat to match my kicks, got some heels for my chicks
Talking million dollar deals on my iPhone 6, big!
Ride sick, canâ€™t too many buy this
Thought I was gone, came home and got rich
Drop top with a real hot bitch
She from Brazil where the fuck you find this?
I be

Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, getting cash flow
Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, with some bad hoes

I pull up in some shit you never seen
I'm quick to sell a ho a dream
Damn Gotti you so selfish
And I'm like ho I feed the whole team
Get them bricks and Imma flood the hood

White ghost, white leather, stainless steel hood
Yea my grill look like Benihana
White Rover for my baby momma
I'm Cruzin' down the street in an old school Chevy
Bumpin' NWA with that Mac 11
And I ain't saving no hoes cuz I'm not a reverend
I'm from the streets, Im a thug, and I'm super intelligent
Put on for the streets and I know that I am
454 on that cutless, plus the cam
Red interior, 458 shit
I pull up in slow mo
Look like the Matrix

Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, getting cash flow
Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, with some bad hoes

I keep that strap in my lap
My phone on loud
Nigga tryin' to spend something, can't miss that call
See a couple of haters looking
Dismiss that dog
You know me I'm looking back like I did that dog
It's too much money to be made
To fight over cron
The day I'm riding the I
Treating my lungs
I gotta call from New York, another deal on the table
Got off the phone like yea, couple mil on the table
You can catch me in the whip front of sax 5th ave
With my Dominican black, rich long hair
Pass through they be looking as i swang on through
Real recognize real so i chuck up the deuce
Stopped at the Chevron, got a lil gas
Pull behind the car wash, got a lil head
Niggas want my head, but the boy ain't scared
Headed home gon' to count the bread
Boosie Badazz
I be

Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, getting cash flow
Cruising down the street
Cru-cru-cruising down the street, with some bad hoes

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/