Cruzin...

Curren$y

Uh, cruzin' down the street, real slow
Rolex hanging out the window
Boys smell that kinda weed, shit
Try telling me something that I don't know
Front of my crib looking like a car show
Back of the crib, we building a grotto
Yo brother got a gun on him, yeah I know
He just watching out for assholes
Sucka niggas never get past go
They don't deserve tomorrow
They running on time that's borrowed
Might get run over at the crossroads
Smoking on gas in a hard top
Six-trey in the mothafucking parking lot
I'm parked outside the strip spot
Bout to see this bad bitch my girl bringing out, for me
Chevrolet's rolling like dice
Dayton spokes shining like ice
Never seen game in your life
Recognize when it's in your eyes
Chevrolet's rolling like dice
Dayton spokes shinin like, yeah

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/