

The 560 SL (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Curren\$y

Big paper on the low like a coke sale
Heard they're tryna stop us but oh well
Big paper on the low like a coke sale
560 SL
Heard they're tryna stop it but oh Skyline, condo high rise
Roof top pool, let them birds swan dive
Disrespect the apple of your eye
Thinking she was a prize
She a pie and everybody gets a slice
Cut, slumped in the 240 SX
And they ain't even know it was us
Surprised by the time they realize you was getting with the deal
Fucking with the motherfuckers, homie this is real
Michael Mann, camera pan, glimpse into the life that I live
It's just rap but it's looking like that king pin shit, so they set traps
Tell 'em throw that salt back on the spice rack
Bosses take and give careers back
Orphans looking for their real dads
Oh how many rap sons I have
Laughing as I hit the gas, then I lit the gas
560 SL
Big paper on the low like a coke sale
560 SL
Heard they're tryna stop us but oh well 560 SL
Big paper on the low like a coke sale
560 SL
Heard they're tryna stop it but oh 560 SL, \$70, pump one at the shell
Who else could it possible be?
Done so well you know it had to be me
Capital G, tee tops on the grand national
At the business conference via satellite
Couldn't make it in cause I had a wild night
Fill me in on what I'm missing, get them checks right
The streets gon' love with what I do with mine on site
Super sport, pumped on the black tops in the cut
Ballin' out, holding that smoke in
As the world go round, prices go up
As the tips go down, they duplicate, we innovate sounds
That's why I never play my new shit round them clowns

King shit, Rolex crowns, we chopping paper in here
Don't know what you talking bout right now
We sitting in this
560 SL
Big paper on the low like a coke sale
560 SL
Heard they're tryna stop us but oh well560 SL
Big paper on the low like a coke sale
560 SL
Heard they're tryna stop it but ohI'm finished answering question on personal shit
I'm tired of niggas running up on me asking for verses and shit
Been too many places where they act like we ain't supposed to be there
They don't respect us, still we start cursing and shit
I might need a hearse for my 'fit
My verses so tight that I have to write them cursive and spit
I might need a nurse I'm that sick
I might need a girl who don't care about purses and shit
I might be the best of my time, my team record perfect
Can't achieve less you working
I done came a long way, came a long way
These boys ain't never seen it, I heard it
That's why they show me love and respect when they see me in person
Show you how to be a boss instead of being a burden
Spread love, that's the player way
Got your main bitch in my Mercedes rolling up
Thought I told you I'ma shine fool
Pocket full of money, keep them pistols in the tuck
Get my560 SL
Big paper on the low like a coke sale
560 SL
Heard they're tryna stop us but oh well560 SL
Big paper on the low like a coke sale
560 SL
Heard they're tryna stop it but oh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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