

# Sunroof

## Jeans Wilder

[Verse 1: Curren\$y] Money in my bank account, money in my denim

Money on these bitches' brains, they be tryna get it

Tryna run my pockets but I'm not tryna hear it

That's mine baby - what is you deaf, blind, crazy?

That ain't my Mercedes, that's my homeboy Benz

That's too new for me, I'm so vintage loaf

Cuban link, yellow gold, bought a British automobile

Cause I watch Layer Cake too many times

And I had access to too much of that scrilla mine

Let me ride, these hoes got me feeling like Dre

Chronic high, these blades got me feeling like UGK, coming down

[Hook: Curren\$y] Middle finger out the sunroof, fuck a hater

That's a message, when a nigga ride through, I'm 'bout my paper

These hoes got a nigga all confused, think I'mma save 'em

They say that I'm them other dudes, got me mistaken

It's a whole 'nother world 'round here, a hundred baby

These niggas stacking change but these niggas ain't changing

It's a whole 'nother world 'round here, this shit amazing

The word spreading fast and these bitches say I made it

[Verse 2: Corner Boy P] And nigga I'm still lane switching and pimpin

I'll save a half a dub before I save her

And that's 'til I die, I be as G as can be

Tell my mama when I go, bury me in a mink

My bitch say I need to change my ways and be more honest

I tell her ain't nothing change but the change in your spot ain't promised

All these bitches at my neck, I don't need an extra collar

And lames can stay in they lane, causing traffic jams and pile ups

So it's Jets up over every, and them plans land in dally

Three phones, still can't reach me with that shit you tryna tell me

Cause I vow to keep it trill, only focus on my mills

I done blew niggas deals on wheels, ride past road kill

[Hook][Verse 3: Curren\$y] I'm riding on elbows, money green El Do Rado I'm moving with 7 grams in my shell toes

Thinking 'bout pinky rings, might snatch me a pair of those

Pressed against my steering wheel, shining like a phantom grill

Didn't switch because I picked them chips up, I stayed real

Short bed Chevy pickup on off set 3 piece wheels

Muscle car maniac, wherever the bank be at

We thinking 'bout taking that president masses potato sacks  
I'm puffing that danger pack, counting a paper stack  
Laying up in Palm Springs, working on my golf swing  
Smoked out, flying over the gulf, in a Gulf Stream  
Indulging in delicacies, Jet Life is a legacy  
Yea...  
[Hook]

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