

# Three 60 (feat. Juicy J)

## Curren\$y

My bath tub lift up, my walls do a three-sixty  
Got them bitches wanting to fuck, got them haters tryna' fuck with me  
Yeah they so persistent with they ignorance  
Consistent with this shit, I get a little bit more maticulate  
Descriptive when I spit that shit  
Nigga we really live in this Jet  
It's not fictitious, ask your bitch cause she's been in it  
Impressed with how I'm dressed, and this ain't shit b I'm just chilling  
I'm never stressed, never let 'em see me sweat  
Asking who designed my sweats, examining me like I'm an exhibit  
If I grew it how'd I do it, how much was it, where'd I get it  
It's sickening but I'm not tripping, love I know how to fix 'em  
Broke niggas keep whining so I cop more diamonds All my cars got leather and wood  
All my hoes is nine's and dimes  
All my clothes, they smell like good  
All my days, I'm gon' be high  
All my nights I'm looking for the best time I can find  
Sleeping when it's over, even though a life will never die  
My bath tub lift up, my walls do a three-sixty Juicy J pimp shit hard on a bitch  
Toss the draw's of a bitch  
Backstage at my show, got two or three hoes that slob on my dick  
Take a look at my wrist, you can tell I'm paid  
Wrist big as shit, I bet your bitch give me head on stage  
Maybach outside, still getting head while I drive  
Nigga so high, if I fall off I'm sill gon' land in the sky  
Got lean in my cup, a room full of sluts, they all gon' fuck  
A girl named Holly, gone on the molly  
She gon' wake up with a mouth full of nuts  
Curren\$y the Hot Spitta, Juicy J  
Double cup full of that UGK  
Bitch I shine like a U.V. ray  
And I get head like a new toupee  
Scared money don't make no money  
I make your ho open my door for me  
I copped the Phantom, all black  
I'm in the back with a snow bunny  
Ferrari faster than the roadrunner  
I bought that bitch with my show money  
Damn right nigga, I paid cash

Yeah ho, I don't owe nothing  
I'm feeling like Superman, but smoking on Kryptonite  
I'm living that trippy life  
Damn right nigga, we don't miss a night  
All my cars got leather and wood  
All my hoes is nine's and dimes  
All my clothes, they smell like good  
All my days, I'm gon' be high  
All my nights I'm looking for the best time I can find  
Sleeping when it's over, even though a life will never die  
My bath tub lift up, my walls do a three-sixty  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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