

Drunk Dialing

Curren\$y

Uh the club lite turn to sunrise
You know I still ain't done right
Skip my place and take you to yo crib
I'm trynna roll a mega joint, raid yo fridge
You got the ps3 you love yo kid
I'm a play his shit since he not here
And I still got a fetish for other niggas hoes
Still keep the tooth brush in my car
With some basketball shorts and tha charger for my phone
You never know what will happen, spontaneous action
In the city of the Mardi Gras parade and gun clappin, quarterbacking
Not the center but I'm snapping bones
Shorty don't be smoking like that she grown
Leon phelps, hugh hef rider flow
Boogie nights at the roxbury, Which way should we go huh?

6 in the morn'
But I don't wanna go home
So I'm driving from the club alone
Hoping one of these hoes answer they phones
(Got these bitches slippin' of they wedding rings)
(It's the planes and the gang)

Yeah, 6 am chicks we slay them
Knowing favorite songs picks we play them
I ain't on some some big ol' star ship, but tell you I sure afford it
My lifestyle, all the visuals are gorgeous
Spend nights out couple bitches at the fortress
Got all these lil hoes addicted, cause if it ain't broke then it's rich bitch
I'm ridin' in my ride getting lifted
Thinkin' which chick I'm a bruce lee kick with
I roll another joint to start my mission
And hella watch her watch my prevision
Need a nigga that don't care what it cost him
Say you scarred of heights but admit the view is awesome
And the weathers great, roll another plane, celebrate
And I'm in the sky so she ask me how I'm fly