

Getting Loose

Curren\$y

Yeah, ooh
Van Gogh
Yeah, yeah, shit

I'm getting loose, lil' bitch, getting loose
I don't wanna know the truth, got stars in my roof, yeah
I'm getting loose, young nigga, getting loose
I ain't going for the floof, getting head in the booth, yeah
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Uh, scrapers in the city, Daytons on the 57
Chevy chrome, suspension four switcher
LS engine, bitches came with the interior
Dope pot, stir it up, fumes got her tearing up
'79 Malibu, mash down the avenue
If them niggas really wanna race, bring the bag through
Came through in the space coupe, everything new
Umbrellas in the door, galaxy in the roof
Boss in the booth, sharks after the loot
Be cool, muhfucker, ain't nobody asked you
Goin' where the money at, came back with all that
Blabber-mouth bitch gave my niggas the treasure map
We know where it's at, muhfucker, forget a plaque
For twice what you pay, homeboy, you could get it back
We could call a private plane like a taxi cab
Crib with extended driveway and a heli-pad, bitch

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Bars in the hook all that it took
We don't gotta ask questions, we wrote the book
This life way better than it look
You ain't gonna get to work on foot
Got these other rap niggas shook
10 years, ain't miss by a hair
You could drop shit in this whip, not a hair
Proceed with care, the set keep trees in the air
No need for VIP passes, my whole team in the clear
VS in all our pieces, try to call our phone, can't reach us
We probably out the country or rolling weed up, playing FIFA
And my cars is decent, some of 'em older, some recent
Leaving my keys in, this one for today
You gon' see a new one this weekend, on gang

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