

# 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  
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  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, shit, I ain't going for the floof, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, now way, I ain't going for the floof, what?

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

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  
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  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, shit, I ain't going for the floof, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, now way, I ain't going for the floof, what?

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

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  
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  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, shit, I ain't going for the floof, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, now way, I ain't going for the floof, what?