

Out The Window

Curren\$y

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You could turn it up some mo'
Yeah

She throw her morals out the window for designer clothes (Designer clothes)
My advice to a young hustler is to guard your soul (Guard your soul)
Made a million off endorsements, this here month alone (This here month alone)
You could bullshit with rap all the fuck you want (Trauma Tone)

Push a button, I'm in motion and my top gone (Top gone)
Creeping slow like that mud in the styrofoam (In the styrofoam)
All I know is grab the dough and pray we make it home (Make it home)
Give it all to my son just in case I don't (In case I don't)
Fuck we waiting on? I'm tryna get it on (Get it on)
Chilled glass of 'Vión when the night's warm (Warm)
And my crib is a castle, I'm too high for the hassle (High for the hassle)
Boxing my shadow, my jab fast as a Camaro
Could never be compared to, they don't do what I do
Make them fools aware who inspired all your moves
Sunday, you know we bring them low-riders through
As a fact, make a landmark wherever I park my cars at
She witnessed that, it stirred up some feelings
She deserted her man to spend the night with the drug dealers
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah)
(That's like every time)

She throw her morals out the window for designer clothes
My advice to a young hustler is to guard your soul (Guard your soul)
I made a million off endorsements, this here month alone (Alone)
You could bullshit with rap all you want, the fuck you trippin' on?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
And keep the E in it, Chevy's on switches, nigga
We smoking weed in it, don't post me in your pictures
Hitting switches on Chef Highway dippin'
Baby, if you could keep a secret, we could always kick it
I told her rule number one, don't talk about me 'round your nigga
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

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My advice to a young hustler is to—
I made a million off endorsements, this here—
You could bullshit with rap all the fuck you want