

Rag Top Love Affair

Curren\$y

What you mad 'bout now?
I'm parked outside the house with my rag top down
I'm just tryna ride around with you
I ain't tryna argue 'bout why I ain't been calling you
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You know I adore you
You know I would do anything for you
Realize that you loyal, baby I applaud you
Yeah I got more than a few
But they know the difference between them and you
Yet you still tripping, what else can I do?
Ain't I had something with me when I first met you
And I still get you
Put forth the effort
Shows you I was better
But you still stressing my acquaintances
First class flight attendant
Five star restaurant [?] supermodels dancing with crazy chips
Strippers who count up their bucks while they play my shit
Rolling up all of that I've done
And I'm probably not done
But still in my heart girl, I feel like you the one
Yeah I guess I'm selfish
I want them when I want 'em
But I need you every evening, every night, every morning
Said you want a nigga to keep it real
Yet you cry your eyes out any time I tell you how it is
How it really is

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I'm parked outside the house with my rag top down
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I ain't tryna argue 'bout why I ain't been calling you
What you mad 'bout now?
What you sad 'bout now?