

Flo Rida f/ Birdman

"Priceless"

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[Intro]

Right about now, yeah (so fresh)
So fresh... whattup Flo?

[Chorus: Flo Rida]

I pulled up to the club on dubs
They say look at them go, look at them go
And raised up with some girls tryin to cut
Three times in a row, times in a row
Cause I spent twenty on my tires, thirty to be icy
But me bein fly that's priceless
And I gave forty to my side chick, fifty to the wifey
But me bein fly that's priceless, baby that's priceless

[Flo Rida]

I'm straight up out the projects, hustlin that's the object
If ye ain't talkin cash then you better switch the topic
Bitch nigga stop it, gon; ahead and cop it
Money in the bag, call it takin out the garbage
I know them boys snitchin cause they're scared of first
degree
But you can tell them F-E-D's I'm in V.I.P.
With four mill' cheddar yeah he keep Florida Keys/ki's
The window to the wall they supply you what you need
Got no wife but the wife be my girlfriend
My girlfriend girlfriend lookin for a girlfriend
Nick name tailspin, leave you in a whirlwind
One hit away, now they askin where the world went?

[Chorus]

[Flo Rida]

I'm so fly, not to mention that I'm priceless
Ye ain't never seen heard or felt nothin like this
Thousand dollar jeans, Air Force Two Nikes
Whylin in the club, give a fuck about indictments
'Scuse me bartender but the drinks are on me
Two magnums in my hand, one for creeps, one for
fraeks
Too much legal tender so it's rainin bubbly
My ice the same color what Kelis hair used to be

HOLLLLLD UP~! Wait a min-ute
Popeye niggaz ain't even they spinach
I made to make dollars so it have to make sense/cents
I'm pourin out liquor for my dead presidents
All of 'em dead, all of 'em die
Toetag money, see it fallin out the sky
Bitch if I ain't priceless then bury me alive
My pockets like caskets, death live inside

[Chorus]

[Birdman]

Sheeeit, alligator with the suede
Fifty on the carpet, all yellow hard eggs
Scarface white leather
Purple cush green all red shinin any weather
Customized Jeep
Fo' a high priced life nigga get it 'til you can't no mo'
Shop 'til you can't no mo', ten on some new shoes
Fifty on that boy, hundred on some new jewels
And give a fuck about the price
Precious little tight blew hard on the mic
She'll get your whole life homey
For a stack, do you somethin right homey

[Chorus]

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