

Flo Rida Feat. Birdman "Priceless"

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Right about now, yeah, so fresh
So fresh, what up Flo?

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

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, keep Florida Keys
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?

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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

Whilin' 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
freaks
Too much legal tender so it's rainin' bubbly
My ice the same color what Kelis hair used to be

Hold up, wait a minute
Popeye niggaz ain't eaten they spinach
I'm made to make dollars so it have to make cents
I'm pourin' out liquor for my dead presidents

All of 'em dead, all of 'em die
Toe tag money, see it fallin' out the sky
Bitch, if I ain't priceless then bury me alive
My pockets like caskets, death live inside

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Shit, 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
Shit, she'll get your whole life, homey
For a stack do you somethin' right homey

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