

Flo Rida "Fresh I Stay Pt. 2"

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"Fresh I Stay Pt. 2"

(feat. Lil Wayne)

[Chorus]

Silver dollar fresh I stay
I'll be fresh all day, yeah yeah
Silver dollar fresh I stay
I'll be fresh always, yeah yeah

[repeated]

[Flo Rida: Verse 1]

Money in my pocket
We be talking I be quiet
They go again smelling I wanna buy it
Shawty think I'm fresh I make em wet like fire hydrant
I be on that fly go from passenger to pilot
Point it out like gimme that
Point it out like gimme that
Point it out like gimme that, gimme that, gimme that
Why do I be stuntin' to be honest I don't know
Hundred after Hundred I don't know
I love it I-I-I-I love it I got a problem
Its nothin nothin nothin nothin I'm poppin collars
Last week I flossed on em, bitch I made a movie
How you doin? where you been? Hello to my groupies!
Swagga to the moonman, Gwap in my two hands
You can eat the fruit loops wrist full of Tucan's
All types of colors, We family like brothers
My cash in my clean-cake, I throw it out the other
I stay...

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne: Verse 2]

Man I got bitches in my home
and bitches on my phone
I'm like can you call me back because SportsCenter is
on
I dont mean to come off wrong
But man my money long
I say man my money long
Call me stretch Armstrong

Big ass chain on my junk yard dog shit
viagra swagga, fuck all yeall shit
haha, Mike stop the beat
Hear the money talk and it talking about me
White boy fresh...skinny ass pants
But I ball hard like scouts in the stands
I just sit around my house and blow an ounce like a fan
I flip one of these niggas like Jackie Chan
I aint worry bout em
I just ball out, Man I'm too cold lemme thaw out
Im so Young Money... I got dumb money
Bookoo bread but a bitch can't get a crumb from me.

[Chorus]

[Flo Rida: Verse 3]

Money in my pocket he ain't coming back to life
I gave her CPR blow thirty shooting dice
I'm married to the cash like somebody throwing rice
And I'm married to the cash I just had to say it twice
Tell me I ain't stuntin nah
Tell me I ain't stuntin nah
Tell me I ain't stuntin nah, nah, nah, nah, nah..
Put on for my city and I do it like I'm supposed to
Ballin' like when Britney cut her hair I cut the checks
fool
I do that d-d-d-do that I'm about my business
Like who that who-who-who that pushin the Bentley
Everybody staring thats Mister McLaren
Loco con dinero like-like I was speaking spanish
Shine like a Disco
Dimes think it's Crystal
Said she gotta twin then you know I'm callin Brisco
I aint drink that Dom-P
I aint drink that Dom-P
Them [?] spill my bottle on my parley adore jeans.

[Chorus]

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