

Jackie Boyz "Topless"

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(Feat. Souljah Boy)

[Intro:]
(Yeah)
(MdL)
(Jackie Boyz)
(The real Crystal Crew) (Topless)
('Round here we be ridin' topless)
(Ay)

[Chorus:]
My car stay
Topless (Yeah)
That's how I ride
Beater top down, chrome on the side
Topless (Yeah)
And I'm gonna pull the roof back
Wind blow her hair back, she love to feel that
Topless (Yeah)
New jeans on the calf, fit it on the dash, pocket full of
cash
Topless
'Round here we be ridin' topless

My car stay kidded, everywhere I go, shine like a lamp
in it
Candy apple paint, got 'em askin' who is it?
It's Los if you didn't know the sitch, I'm winnin', yes I'm
winnin'
The shorty gotta have it, got her doin' tricks, just call
me the rabbit
Matter of fact I'm fine, you can call me Aladdin
A hundred haters in the parking lot sayin' "Damn it"
They all sayin' "Damn it"
(Ay)

Little mama what's goin' on? Hop in the front seat,
shorty crank that A/C
(If you like it)
You already know it's on
(I lay the top back)

[Chorus:]
My car stay
Topless (Yeah)
That's how I ride
Beater top down, chrome on the side
Topless (Yeah)
And I'm gonna pull the roof back
Wind blow her hair back, she love to feel that
Topless (Yeah)
New jeans on the calf, fit it on the dash, pocket full of
cash
Topless
'Round here we be ridin' topless
My money stay longer
I ain't Kanye, but homie I'm stronger
Freeway stuntin' call me Speedracer
I ain't no alcoholic, but shorty my chaser
Shorty my chaser
My Chevy is a monster, (monster)
24's sit on that Impala, (Impala)

Gorillas on the creek
But I'm King Kong with bananas on the seat
(But I'm King Kong with bananas on the seat)(Ay)

Little mama what's goin' on?
Hop in the front seat, shorty crank that A/C
(If you like it) |
You already know it's on
(I lay the top back)

[Chorus:]
My car stay
Topless (Yeah)
That's how I ride
Beater top down, chrome on the side
Topless (Yeah)
And I'm gonna pull the roof back
Wind blow her hair back, she love to feel that
Topless (Yeah)
New jeans on the calf, fit it on the dash, pocket full of
cash
Topless
'Round here we be ridin' topless

(Whoo)
(Soulja)

[Soulja Boy:]
Topless like Ferrari
Smooth like Bacardi

Take off your top like a Spring Bling party
Get money like 50, Fat Joe "Make It Rain"
On the freeway "Rush Hour 3" in the lane(In the lane)
Big wheels, pick a number like Rolette
So fresh that you ain't gotta take a drug test
Apple bottom, shake it, turn it into sauce
T-Pain, Rick Ross, yup I'm the biggest boss

Little mama what's goin' on? Hop in the front seat,
shorty crank that A/C
(If you like it)
You already know it's on(I lay the top back)
{The real Crystal Crew}

[Chorus:]
My car stay
Topless (Yeah)
That's how I ride
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