

Curren\$y "Choosin"

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[Verse 1: curren\$y]

Daytime - lights on
Hell yeah I'm frontin' but you love it
I don't hide, bitch, I'm high when I'm in public
Even in my everyday ride I be stuntin'
This is nothin', really, you should see me Sunday
I'm from New Orleans, love, so you know how I'm
comin'
Hop out that Impala, left the motor runnin'
There's my lil' homies front that store, they ain't
gon' touch it
"Spitta, where you goin'?"
I'm finna make the money
I come through in that bread truck, everybody hungry
I be tryna keep it low, but the streets be talkin'
I heard they think I'm sellin' dope, on them walkie-
talkies
They worse than them bitches, them bitches be
stalkin'
Outside checkin' for which car a nigga parked in
She said she from Belize, but she can speak Ferrari
I roll that tree and write a song about it in the morning

[Hook: curren\$y]

Pull up in that... and them bitches start choosin'
Choosin', choosin', choosin', choosin'
Pull off in that... and them haters gon' lose it
Lose it, lose it, lose it, lose it
Pull up in that... and them bitches start choosin'
Choosin', choosin', choosin', choosin'
Pull off in that... and them haters gon' lose it
Lose it, lose it, lose it, lose it

[Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]

Pull up pushin' buttons, blowin' og like it's nothin'
Marijuana fussin', smokin' loud, it's no discussion
Black and yellow, black and yellow, somethin' out of
nothin'
Choppers like the Russians, bust your head, that's a
concussion
Full-time grinder, all-the-time hustlin'
Bitch I'm from the 'Burg, so you know that I be

thugginâ€™

Made it from the bottom so in god we put our trust in
Certified stoner, get up raw and put a nug in
â€™raris, â€™raris, â€™raris, lamborghini, hara-kiri
Suicidal doors, tell the owner I said â€œsorryâ€
Pull up in that uno, pockets felt like sumo
Taylor gang or die, jet la, la, la, laâ€¦

[Hook: curren\$y]

[Verse 3: rick ross]

My homies, we sold pills, the motive is chrome wheels
Pullinâ€™ up to club live, makinâ€™ them hoes peel
My niggas was way trill, wardrobe was unreal
My cuban was spanish gold, so vintage was my
gazelles
Iâ€™m talkinâ€™ the facts of life, can I just have a slice?
Backseats at the game, â€™bron havinâ€™ a night
Let â€™em go check the stats, â€™cause all I want is the
racks
Even movinâ€™ the merch, Iâ€™m gettinâ€™ sixty a hat
Mcm on my luggae, reebok makinâ€™ me butter
Be hittinâ€™ cuban cigars, bumbaclot, he think he does
this
Double m, we the hottest on the fuckinâ€™ turf
Iâ€™m goinâ€™ straight to heaven, crib built like a church

[Outro: curren\$y]

Pull up in thatâ€¦ and them bitches start choosinâ€™
Choosinâ€™, choosinâ€™, choosinâ€™, choosinâ€™
Pull off in thatâ€¦ and them haters gonâ€™ lose it
Lose it, lose it, lose it, lose it

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