

Curren\$y

"Daze Of Thunder"

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Iâ€™m in that '77 Glasshouse
kelly green in
Rims wit da nice lips, Angelinaâ€™s
Jolie
roll me another
sticky steamer
Got them bitches pressed like I brung them to the
cleaners
Fool don't lie, you ain't never seen him in person
You just heard about them tracks he be murking
â€˜Bout them hoes I be working
Light one up for the pimp
Got a yellow bone bitch rolling weed, serving grits
You know curly head Amanda, ain't she from
Atlanta
Condo on Peachtree, roommate named Pamela
In love with her body
Girl, don't sweat them little love handles
That's where I put my hands at
When I snatch you up to ram you
Ask your BFF about what happened when she passed
through
Barefoot by the castle
mind unraveled
Say the smoke was amazing and the bed, life magical
Fuck your homegirl good and let that news get back to
you
Now it's like you have to too, curiosity
Sprung that pussycat to the house with me and I killed
it
Suckers hate the jet life because they not allowed to
live it
Fool I'm dead serial, killer fucking serious
Nigga this is personal, you can't get no whiff of this
I rolled this shit myself and I'm a smoke it â€™til the
end of it
I burn it half way down and put a clip behind my ear
Either way a square ain't saying he got high with
me today
Frito-Lay chip
motorcycle coppers trying see
What exit I take off the interstate so they could follow

But I ain't tripping, I got it like money in my pocket
And a clip next to my license that confirm that I'm a
pilot
I'm stumbling across da red carpet, laughing,
spilling bottles
You stuck in your hotel suite, waiting on you stylist
You can't get dressed without him, because you got no
inner fly-dom
Showed up like "Where the hoes at?"
Fool, they all at my room
Ad-miring that ass
I'm a smoke to that before I tell you at get in the
bed and arch your back
Smooth rap, syrup, chill music, and Cognac
Audio dope, surround sound, crack, all that
The sun roof top in a diamond
Though not on a Cadillac, because I'm a Chevy
driver
I been all over the map, my home at the bottom
Winter hot like summer
, big chrome, skinny rubber
Rust bucket, I spent 1500 on that motherfucker
Another 30 racks restoring that motherfucker
40 say "You got a bad bitch, better tuck her," like
Chris
Bay love bumping Mac Dre
on her way to get some paper
Haters is mad we get high and get rich, ain't
slowing down for nothing
George Kush the button
Like "What do this do, fuck it, here goes nothing."
Your man's is something, else
Class by himself, high, off radar, stealth
For the love of the jets, until it's nothing left
You ain't got no gas, go over there and siphon
some of theirs
Game cold, frigid air, though it's fair
No choice for us to play, so you might as well win,
mane
They say it ain't everything, but that's that loser talk
So ask them, mane

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