

## Curren\$y

### "Ex-Girls"

Visit "[Ex-Girls](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Another story to tell, another corn in the wishing well  
Pulling tear, as the joining here, 36 grams on the  
digital scale  
300 for the zipper, a little bit over an ounce, but that's  
my nigga  
Bring it over by these bitches, we get twisted like  
twizzlers  
Flicking through these television channels, settle on  
Cartoon Network  
Or the Animal Planet  
Rubbing her ass, she want me to run through it  
Like a stack of cash, blowing money fast  
Make it back by noon, that's why she moved on  
But she never moved out of my reach  
So she creep on the door to get by me  
And living a dream, even if only a be temporarily  
She steady behaving devilishly,  
Making any excuse to get loot, sirock a little lemonade  
Maybe so grape juice  
Throw it up sip some baby girl you can stay cool  
Before him, I was her main dude but I knew  
That I can never keep it true  
I let her roam, she settle down with the right tangle  
Old squares nigga, life with no wrist, he miss the  
danger  
2 am champagne outside the airplane hangers  
Cause a quarter millionaires, we top down and rain  
them  
Her hair look good when it's wet, it's curling up I wanna  
fuck  
We can get high and do it like we used to do it, before  
we broke up,  
Warrup?

I could still fuck all my ex girls,  
I'm sure that I could still fuck my all ex girls  
I could still fuck all my ex girls,  
I'm quite sure that I could still fuck my all ex girls

And I took her from another nigga, knowing that shit  
could happen to me

But still I'm fucking with her fucking right  
She whispered in my ear, she love a nigga truly, I love  
her back  
Fuck if homies judge a nigga  
Yeah, them long nights, she made it alright  
A good meal, some good top, we had a day on cloud 9  
I had to get through them jeans, she fine as wine  
Through out them ups and downs, she held it down  
I even spent my last dime on this dame  
Her mama moved from the hood, I'm talking miles  
So tough luck, she told me keep in touch  
So we chill and fuck, smoke our last blunt  
Done good for a few months and it faded  
A couple months later she was dating  
So to my little truelle, I wish you well  
But tell homie, if I hit it then I own it, aw!

I could still fuck all my ex girls,  
I'm sure that I could still fuck my all ex girls  
I could still fuck all my ex girls,  
I'm quite sure that I could still fuck my all ex girls x 2

Visit [Curren\\$y](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.