

Curren\$y "Michael Knight Remix"

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[Intro:]

Uh

Scoo do do do do do do

Racecars and Weed Jars

Nigga

[Verse 1:]

I got a style for every bump in ya face,

Greaseball ass nigga, Pontiac Judge

Open and Shut Case

You Know, I'm bowtied till I die

Though I made an exception for the '69,

so quick off the line,

Coin double side,

but no matter what, we heads up,

We in the yard, tell ya dawgs they should

be aware of us,

We break it off like an engagement gone bad

I fill ya jacuzzi with them groupies, make it a bird bath,

Miss me? No you didn't bitch, with that bullshit, "Miss
me",

Tryna claim Spitta' name, tryna be, Miss Me,

All of that is kicks to me, Silly rabbit trickery,

You only around because my spot is where you wish to
be,

Hope to catch me sleepin by bein freaky,

But babygirl, let me be the first to say it's not that easy,

I wasn't born yesterday, nor later on that evening,

Just had to get that out the way and make the playing
field even

[Hook:]

Michael Knight, Michael Knight Michael Knight [x2]

Michael Knight, Scoo do do do do do

Michael Knight, Michael Knight Michael Knight [x2]

Michael Knight, Scoo do do do do do

[Verse 2:]

And the view from the Rockin chair improve,

but I have yet to see a team fuckin with the crew,

Near and far, saw it all, Wideframe,

Everything with Wangs ain't a plane mayne,

Indo get rolled up like car windows,
Avoiding the policeman them Carl Winslows,

the wind blown in changed, and I am not mad
Ol'-Garbage-Bag rappers need ta find a style fast,
It's written all over niggas like a Dapper Dan,
Survive rough lands, cactus plants growin in desert
sands,
Alive I stand, never dead; though a nigga didn't die
I got highed up so I could autograph the sky...
Fool

[Hook]

Michael Knight, Michael Knight Michael Knight [x2]
Michael Knight, Scoo do do do do do
Michael Knight, Michael Knight Michael Knight [x2]
Michael Knight, Scoo do do do do do

[Verse 3:]

Definitely dress down, and everybody here know it,
Yo, A snow white aston on a ground with a poet,
Know as the kid who told you to come to the crib,
Threw a bag on your lap, and told you dont blow the
kids,
We mealed up, actually my flowing is real tough,
Sport these gazelles, faded leather or real rough,
Bank account, dont even question,
Spent all my money last year buying shear
investments,
Marvelous gangsta, new york nigga, make me shank
something,
Rather screw honeys who aint cuffing,
All my life, six black kids stole a rifle, kick dice and
strip you and slice you,
So listen young niggas, Ima give you some jewels
quick,
Dont ever rat your friends out, you'll stand in a pool of
shit,
Looking like a crab ass faggot, sooner or later them
boys that was hating on got the ratchets,
Achets,
Yea.....

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