

Curren\$y **"Not So Much"**

Visit "[Not So Much](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh, Dual exhaust Tips
Windows cracked, my sunroof back
This is New Orleans, I'm on my own shit
They fucks with that, that's love shown back
Lock the door behind ya homie
Roll that up, no skinnies baby all fats, Uh
I can tell you about it, make believe partners
Shade tree bitches, they smell cheap designer
Imposter's, I need distance, Fuck bitches
Living life on the wild angle like ace boogie's bookie
You already know as we though previously discussed it
Eyes low, spirit's high when I greet the public
Broke new ground I flew airplanes above it
Penmanship of a pilot, skywritings
Got that gift ripped, Flew pimpin mony-itis
Perfected my aim, a new improved Leonidas
300 Jets, endangered species
We the last fly niggas left, YES

Not so much for the radio
And not so much for the TV
Not so much for the radio
And not so much for the TV
Not so much for the radio
And not so much for the TV
But I do it all for fast cars
Faster women, strong drinks and stronger weed, Yeah

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