

Curren\$y

"Soundbombin"

Visit "[Soundbombin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tell the driver to pull my truck up
Me and this L.A. woman stumblin' out the club fucked
up
The Jets my set I so love us
Call home to my bitch, I come back after I come up
If you got my back mama don't front
If my racks pop a collar, I'll fly you out in a month
Droppin' tops, bottle's pop
Planes still taxiin', Tarmac mackin'
Strawberry diesel rattin' on itself
From my carryon bag if you'd like to take a smell
Camouflage cargos, tube socks and gray Chucks
High all the time the OGs tell me to stay up
Being real is a pay cut, or so it was
Dipped that chronic light, gray purple L, crystal fuzz
Talkin' out her head, it's obvious that Crystal's buzz
Clipped her out the rotation, no more weed for her
Snap out of it, coach you on how to ball
Spitta-time-ginavitch, where the wild things?
Muscle cars and where the marijuana is
To be half as fine as him is an accomplishment

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