

## Curren\$y "Sunroof"

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

[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

Money in my bank account, money in my denim  
Money on these bitches' brains, they be tryna get it  
Tryna run my pockets but I'm not tryna hear it  
That's mine baby - what is you deaf, blind, crazy?  
That ain't my Mercedes, that's my homeboy Benz  
That's too new for me, I'm so vintage loaf  
Cuban link, yellow gold, bought a British automobile  
Cause I watch Layer Cake too many times  
And I had access to too much of that scrilla mine  
Let me ride, these hoes got me feeling like Dre  
Chronic high, these blades got me feeling like UGK,  
coming down

[Hook: Curren\$y]

Middle finger out the sunroof, fuck a hater  
That's a message, when a nigga ride through, I'm 'bout  
my paper  
These hoes got a nigga all confused, think I'mma save  
'em  
They say that I'm them other dudes, got me mistaken  
It's a whole 'nother world 'round here, a hundred baby  
These niggas stacking change but these niggas ain't  
changing  
It's a whole 'nother world 'round here, this shit amazing  
The word spreading fast and these bitches say I made  
it

[Verse 2: Corner Boy P]

And nigga I'm still lane switching and pimpin  
I'll save a half a dub before I save her  
And that's 'til I die, I be as G as can be  
Tell my mama when I go, bury me in a mink  
My bitch say I need to change my ways and be more  
honest  
I tell her ain't nothing change but the change in your  
spot ain't promised  
All these bitches at my neck, I don't need an extra  
collar  
And lames can stay in they lane, causing traffic jams  
and pile ups  
So it's jets up over every, and them plans land in dally  
Three phones, still can't reach me with that shit you  
tryna tell me

Cause I vow to keep it trill, only focus on my mills  
I done blew niggas deals on wheels, ride past road kill  
[Hook]  
[Verse 3: Curren\$y]  
I'm riding on elbows, money green El Do Rado I'm  
moving with 7 grams in my shell toes  
Thinking 'bout pinky rings, might snatch me a pair of  
those  
Pressed against my steering wheel, shining like a  
phantom grill  
Didn't switch because I picked them chips up, I stayed  
real  
Short bed Chevy pickup on off set 3 piece wheels  
Muscle car maniac, wherever the bank be at  
We thinking 'bout taking that president masses potato  
sacks  
I'm puffing that danger pack, counting a paper stack  
Laying up in Palm Springs, working on my golf swing  
Smoked out, flying over the gulf, in a Gulf Stream  
Indulging in delicacies, Jet Life is a legacy  
Yea...  
[Hook]

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