

## Curren\$y

### "What Da Fuck"

Visit "[What Da Fuck](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

This thing of ours  
Got me driving sports cars 200 miles per hour  
Parked outside a 5-star hotel lobbies  
Drunk models leaving the bar legs all wobbly  
Bitch choose 'fore you lose, get a chance at excitement  
This how life get, when you pilot with the owners, the  
one's who set prices  
Bringing that green sticky cactus to your cypher  
I won't pass it, don't even bother asking, this for my jet  
lifers  
Never dyers, chevy riders, front liners won't define her,  
jeans designer  
My best bitches get flights to London, ticket to  
Madonna I ain't even coming  
I'm 2012 Rolex Regatta, St. Thomas buying diamonds  
for my momma  
Put that on my momma, that's gonna look so good on  
my momma  
When I put that on my momma, and so continues the  
saga  
Another day another dollar, another club night, another  
40 popped bottles  
Them bitches bought their own way we ain't even have  
to buy 'em  
Andretti Corleone Jet Life Fly Mafia  
Smell my cologne I'm smelling like a big deal  
Heavy profit, smelling like don't trip homeboy I got it  
Smelling like deep pockets, higher than a helicopter  
Spit that ignorant shit but I deliver it so proper  
You couldn't see me with binoculars, church homie  
gospel  
Impossible to do it bigger than me we dope colossal  
Talking money out here and I'm digging like I'm  
looking for fossils  
Triple OG some y'all niggas to childish, can't eat round  
me'  
Bring them little boys to McDonalds they playing  
What the fuck

We pull V12 engines into private parking lots, by way of  
secret entrance

We in the building now, rooftop never been up here  
huh?  
You can't come through alone without somebody from  
my set to vouch for you homes  
Take it all in love, you around some grown men  
The chosen know when the going get tough, the tough  
roll up and keep right the fuck going  
Champagne pouring every morning, celebration God  
kept us we made it  
He ain't let them haters take us  
He gave us another 24 hours to scour after that paper  
A towel where I lay up  
Little mamma in a Jet Life monogram towel applying  
makeup  
For wherever the day may take us  
Skybox suite catered, Clippers versus Lakers  
Los Angeles vacation, a little work a little of that playing  
I'm saying... what the fuck

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