

Bonney Rice**"Glo"**

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

[talking]

Whattcha'll catchin?

Oh ya talkin bout cash?

Talkin bout Glo, Lo-I...

Get that Glo...

[Geechie Suede]

Doors open and feathers fly, multiple colored sky

Leathers on my back, with Chardonnay and Alize, well I

Room for the mirrors with no ceilin to glance

Call ya cornies, getcha ponies, gotchu lovin my dance

[Sonny Cheeba]

Cheeb' buyin hit lanes on fours, and I switch dames in
full-color

Dip planes on smalls, and I'm hot white, plus fur
covered

Got plenty Jennies with Henny, they love to so ride that
train

Slimmy ya hear me, holla my name, holla my name
cuz I need these new Cobras, they hits

They purple and red, they gets bread

[Suede]

You had me spotted like polka-dot, my knot gettin
heavy

Make moolah around the clock, and squeeze up on ya
Betty

Out ya teddy, you shitty, Remy-emy pourin through
hollow

Double dose of mommosa, pick up the bottle and
swallow

[Cheeba]

Lo-I, Jim Kellier, Jim Brown dillinger

Older cocker, own rocks and Vodka

Pole slick miss, fo-cu-sin on Pantra

Glass mattress, glass mask, and casper

On her tippy-toes, higher than Jimmy

Come fly with us slimmy, we're off in that purple haze

[Suede]

She said, "Suede work your voodoo on me"
Horizontal in the Tahoe, vertical in the V
Kangaroos on my back, so I switch it to three
Put the levels up some more and you just might O.D.

[Chorus: Both]

We gon' - get, that, glo
We gon' push it to the limit and live it until we swim in
them digits
We gon' - get, that, glo
We gon' pool it from the floor to the ceiling until we
makin a killin
We gon' - get, that, glo
We gon' push it to the limit and live it until we swim in
them digits
We gon' - get, that, glo
We gon' pool it from the floor to the ceiling until we
makin a killin

[Cheeba]

Hey y'all - I got two Jimmy clips, flames spat
Guerilla runnin 'round with sour body englese
So.. I got to go get the auto... eject his torso...

[Geechie]

Carolina, Black Madonna, she get it from her mamma
Sex designer lights ya mind up, sip it then roll the dime
up
Gentlemen crooks, snazzy, hip, and flashy with looks
Crooked City's walkin witty, you ain't make it like us
Get dust, you lust, the dutch, for futch, pro-clutch did it
Cruise up, new trucks, don't touch, the new paint

[Cheeba]

You know I love it when we, do the Lou Rawls
Smash in with a few broads
Meet ten at the bar then we slash off in two hogs
Whitewall whitewall, Lo-a gonna screw ball
Old dames, if ya light flash kindly float off

[Geechie]

Stormin, warnin, we Ali Foreman(?)
Pedal to the floor like my chinchilla that's long and
All non-believers get whiff on the gator sneakers
We out the park with this one while you paradin the
bleachers
It's serious - like Cheerios with no milk
Stereo with no Lo, but never that cuz it's back

[Cheeba]

We don't need no strags in here
Whole lotta crushers are crushin the (?)
Lo-a not lower with twenty, it don't appear
Crooks when we leave, apply pressure and flare

[Chorus] - 2X

[Sonny Cheeba talking]
You hear them cats in the back talkin bout,
"Love you baby, love you bab-ay"
They talkin bout that cash, that glo
Ha! Ya gon' get dat, get dat glo
Lo-a, how we do Cheeb' blow-a
Suede-a, big Cheeb-a,
Shawny-wany in the back get the... and that glo
Whole lotta cash caddy, and glo
Glo up off me, get up out my pockets
get up out my glo caddy
I'm done talkin to y'all, Lo-a...

Visit [Bonney Rice](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.