

Fes Taylor f/ Flip "Window"

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

[Fes Taylor] Cuz haters don't want me to shine They trying to push me right offa my grind, it's bout time It's G-Unit/Koch, Fox told me bring the Mazzaradi When it come out, I'm like the sun out Shine play the shine, with the haters salute Nowadays, lay in the coupe, I'm just waiting to shoot Behave in the booth, like the kid slave in Roots Taylor Made, knock Tiffany's boots True to the game, I maneuver in lanes out in L.I., go see my beautiful chain Free L.I., looking much cooler in the range So I can Punky Brewster, again Holla, I'm getting dollars, no Pradas Nike Air joggers, you niggas like Frogger Trynna cross the road, crushed by a semi I live the street life, just trynna get by [Chorus: Fes Taylor (w/ Flip)] I'm looking out my window (trapped inside the rocks) Smoking on this indo (hand up on the glock) I'm just trynna make it to the top And they all at the bottom waiting for me to flop I tell 'em, get off, get off, get off, mines I tell 'em, get, get, get off mines [Fes Taylor] See niggas wanna be me, steal a style from me Hate around, jacking my swag, sit it down for me You a clown, homey, now they know me as G-5 Taylor, see you niggas on the ground, homey My flight plans like night grams of Pan Am Now it's probably playland out in San Fran Still kick a nigga ass like Van Damme Exercise, bullets that have 'em doing handstands You don't stand a chance, hard enough to start fights And the party still smooth enough to make 'em dance You see we getting cake in advance Acres of land, so I talk B.I., paper in hand I'm a boss C.I., snitching, I don't understand Tell you probably feel safer in the can Trust me, you don't like me, then bust me, or rush me Do something about it, yeah, nigga I doubt it [Chorus]

Visit [Fes Taylor f/ Flip](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.