

Fast Cars Faster Women (feat. Daz)

Curren\$y

[Featuring: Daz Dillinger] Lately I've been, thinkin' bout GT 3's - chrome rims
South Beach in the middle of the street - not parked
They trippin' I'll accept them the penny tee's when I gett 'em
If the papers weren't so thick I'd probably roll a joint in the middle of em
Fool, letting no spitta just incline and go and get it
We all like the new benz, I just got mine a lil bit quicker
A glimpse into this jet living, that's fast cars, faster women
I woulda been mega pimpin' I ain't had the time to put in it
Though I still make official, minus the stripes and the whistle
That's cold-game delivered direct TV, Sunday tickets
Suckers can't be down so they just be mad with us
We don't drink or smoke our hash with them ass kissers
You gotta be your own man 'fore I ever call you miss, and
They gon' have to call me billionaire jet this year
Still on my hustle, bitches still love me
Big black chevy motor running you can hear em comin
Eh focus on money, keep the numbers doubling
If it ain't about amounts then it ain't about, ain't about
Still on my hustle, bitches still love me
Big black chevy motor running you can hear em comin
Eh focus on money, keep the numbers doubling
If it ain't about amounts then it ain't about nothing I begin my day off with a half
Now collecting all the cash
Bust you in your damn now
Million pows of agitation
Show me all your registration
Bill niggas I'll be impatient
Clutching no hesitation
I rose up, I shake the crowd with my presence
Bitches scream my name, you tell your nigga yeah I said it
Run and tell the message, motherfuckers keep up gossip
You see more money, more power
You tell me how you nigga sorry
The second they call it, I stay on it, never fall in love
Still a woss, yeah you sink if your heart is stole
You played the cards, point seen, money lost,
Taken off in a jet like till you quit the CA in the next life
See your forever paid, roll the gazelle shades
I got it made, cloud smoke you know my nigga day
So that's the model that I live by
Primal seeking all that emo in the eve wine Scared of my hustle, bitch still love me
Black chevy motor running you can hand cuff me,

Yeah folks
Sell money, keeping numbers doubling
If it ain't about the mouse, then it ain't about nothing

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>