

Whattcha'll catchin?  
Oh ya talkin bout cash?  
Talkin bout Glo, Lo-I...  
Get that Glo...

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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...

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

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

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

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

- 2X

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...