

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...