

# Topless

Jackie Boyz

My car stay  
Topless (Yeah)  
That's how I ride  
Beater top down, chrome on the side  
Topless (Yeah)  
And I'm gonna pull the roof back  
Wind blow her hair back, she love to feel that  
Topless (Yeah)  
New jeans on the calf, fit it on the dash, pocket full of cash  
Topless  
'Round here we be ridin' topless

My car stay kidded, everywhere I go, shine like a lamp in it  
Candy apple paint, got 'em askin' who is it?  
It's Los if you didn't know the sitch, I'm winnin', yes I'm winnin'  
The shorty gotta have it, got her doin' tricks, just call me the rabbit  
Matter of fact I'm fine, you can call me Aladdin  
A hundred haters in the parking lot sayin' "Damn it" They all sayin' "Damn it"  
(Ay)

Little mama what's goin' on? Hop in the front seat, shorty crank that A/C  
(If you like it)  
You already know it's on  
(I lay the top back)

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'Round here we be ridin' topless  
My money stay longer  
I ain't Kanye, but homie I'm stronger  
Freeway stuntin' call me Speedracer  
I ain't no alcoholic, but shorty my chaser  
Shorty my chaser  
My Chevy is a monster, (monster)  
24's sit on that Impala, (Impala)  
Gorillas on the creek  
But I'm King Kong with bananas on the seat  
(But I'm King Kong with bananas on the seat) (Ay)

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(If you like it)  
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(Whoo)  
(Soulja)

Topless like Ferrari  
Smooth like Bacardi  
Take off your top like a Spring Bling party  
Get money like 50, Fat Joe "Make It Rain"  
On the freeway "Rush Hour 3" in the lane (In the lane)  
Big wheels, pick a number like Rolette  
So fresh that you ain't gotta take a drug test  
Apple bottom, shake it, turn it into sauce  
T-Pain, Rick Ross, yup I'm the biggest boss

Little mama what's goin' on? Hop in the front seat, shorty crank that A/C  
(If you like it)  
You already know it's on (I lay the top back)  
{The real Crystal Crew}

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