

Jackie Boyz, Topless

(feat. Soulja Boy)

[Intro:]

(Yeah)

(MdL)

(Jackie Boyz)

(The real Crystal Crew) (Topless)

('Round here we be ridin' topless)

(Ay)

[Chorus:]

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)

[Chorus:]

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 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)

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)

[Chorus:]

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
(Whoo)
(Soulja)
[Soulja Boy:]
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}
[Chorus:]
My car stay
Topless (Yeah)
That's how I ride
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