Getting Loose (feat. Problem)

Wiz Khalifa & Curren\$y

[Intro: Problem]
Yeah, ooh
Van Gogh
Yeah, yeah, shit[Chorus: Problem]
I'm getting loose, lil' bitch, getting loose
I don't wanna know the truth, got stars in my roof, yeah
I'm getting loose, young nigga, getting loose

I ain't going for the floof, getting head in the booth, yeah I'm getting loose, lil' bitch, getting loose

I don't wanna know the truth, got stars in my roof, yeah
I'm getting loose, young nigga, getting loose
I ain't going for the floof, getting head in the booth, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, shit, I ain't going for the floof, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, now way, I ain't going for the floof, what?

[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

Uh, scrapers in the city, Daytons on the 57 Chevy chrome, suspension four switcher LS engine, bitches came with the interior Dope pot, stir it up, fumes got her tearing up '79 Malibu, mash down the avenue

If them niggas really wanna race, bring the bag through Came through in the space coupe, everything new

Umbrellas in the door, galaxy in the roof
Boss in the booth, sharks after the loot

Be cool, muhfucker, ain't nobody asked you Goin' where the money at, came back with all that Blabber-mouth bitch gave my niggas the treasure map

We know where it's at, muhfucker, forget a plaque

For twice what you pay, homeboy, you could get it back We could call a private plane like a taxi cab

Crib with extended driveway and a heli-pad, bitch

[Chorus: Problem]

I'm getting loose, lil' bitch, getting loose
I don't wanna know the truth, got stars in my roof, yeah
I'm getting loose, young nigga, getting loose
I ain't going for the floof, getting head in the booth, yeah
I'm getting loose, lil' bitch, getting loose
I don't wanna know the truth, got stars in my roof, yeah
I'm getting loose, young nigga, getting loose
I ain't going for the floof, getting head in the booth, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, shit, I ain't going for the floof, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, now way, I ain't going for the floof, what?[Verse 2: Wiz Khalifa]

Bars in the hook's all that it took We don't gotta ask questions, we wrote the book This life way better than it look You ain't gonna get to work on foot Got these other rap niggas shook 10 years, ain't miss by a hair You could drop shit in his whip, not in here Proceed with care, the set keep trees in the air No need for VIP passes, my whole team in the clear VS in all our pieces, try to call our phone, can't reach us We probably out the country or rolling weed up, playing FIFA And my cars is decent, some of 'em older, some recent Leaving my keys in, this one for today You gon' see a new one this weekend, on gang[Chorus: Problem] I'm getting loose, lil' bitch, getting loose I don't wanna know the truth, got stars in my roof, yeah I'm getting loose, young nigga, getting loose I ain't going for the floof, getting head in the booth, yeah I'm getting loose, lil' bitch, getting loose I don't wanna know the truth, got stars in my roof, yeah I'm getting loose, young nigga, getting loose I ain't going for the floof, getting head in the booth, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, shit, I ain't going for the floof, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, now way, I ain't going for the floof, what?

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