

Win or Lose

Dom Kennedy

Hit-Boy

400K, 500K, you ain't gon' do nothing
You just in the way
Versace ass tray, sipping from two cups
Clock in at 2 o'clock, leaving at 2 something
There, ain't no future in your frame, better stop that
I could probably buy you out that contract
Read the fine print before the ink spill
Hop out the car girls say there he is
When the law's on him he gon' speak the real
Might just order the combo
Appetizer and dessert
Ben Franklin for the shirt
Born and raised on the turf
Hit the movies got searched
Err'body be with the shit 'til the shit got rough
We been on fire for months
Strippers don't mind if I touch (yeah, yeah)

Told her put that ass in my hand (yeah)
Told 'em put that cash in my hand (yeah)
Don't chase the money, 'cause it will come
I'm fucking with the mob, you can't owe me nothing

Westside niggas gon' throw it up
Eastside niggas gon' throw it up

Heard you want you a piece of the city
Where our niggas come get it
I don't be lying to women
Join the set in Bordeaux
Shot four of them for those
Chippy be flying the drone
Me I be sliding along
Smelling from here then it's strong
Side row crack with the dark tan
Got the spark again, got the spark again
I'm the kinda good guy a lot of girls will kill for
Put cats in the air lo
Driving cats down skid row

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