

## 6 Rings

Twista

It's just me against the world and I won't lose  
No I can't lose, I'm a born winner  
These streets made a beast out of me  
Six rings on my fingers  
I'm a champion  
Put your fives and your ones up  
6 rings, I'm a champion  
Getting money, put your ones up  
6 rings I'm a champion  
Now ball  
Ball 6 rings I'm a champion

No worries, I been killing it since she was a shorty  
Still standing on top of my glory, and this still ain't the end of my story  
Confetti pouring, they be all in the clothes that I'm sporting  
6 rings like Michael Jordan, same team no Robert Horry  
Put me on the verbal court with my competitors  
Imma be fucking up all of them  
Money like Steph Curry, and I dish it out to my team like Chris Paul and the m (Griffin!)  
So lose and you blame it on fouls and how they don't be calling them  
I put in work, I got rings  
You can't tell me nothing, I know I earned all of them  
That winning feeling I want cause if I get the shot I bet I hit the shot  
I'm in my glory while pouring champagne on my body like I was Chris Bosh  
They won't admit it, how many times I came back and did it  
They have no choice to be killing em when I spit it  
Give me a standing ovation when I visit  
Final four delivery, hall of fame flow  
Right up in Nirvana is where my mother fucking hangs though  
But I ain't finished yet, I'm the exquisite vet  
They be like damn Twista they ain't knocked you off your pivot yet  
Nope!

Who the f\*\*k is you talking to? Nigga I got six rings  
Swagging, my walk like I'm Jordan  
I know when I'm hot, fingers look like Kareem  
When I pull that whip up in front of the club I be knowing they seeing it  
And whoever dissing this, cause they are fisherman watching the finals and w e in it  
The league of the streets  
Winning the game with a three on the beat  
Keeping that thang in the piano seat  
One shot at your brain and they flee on their feet  
Don't like you when you be like Michael  
They run up thinking I be slipping  
Long nose, 357 by my side, call me Scottie Pippen  
And I'm on bullshit, call about it, Willy said he southpaw  
And I murder for the squad like an outlaw  
Everything that I say coming out raw  
Plenty niggas I know pulling up with a Glock and a key  
Acting like they winning the game  
Like they pulling up at the top of the key  
But I got them accolades, and I spit that fast shit  
You just an absurd sound, third round draft pick  
And when I win the game, then right there is your history  
Celebrate like we do in Chiraq, we gon tear up the city