

I don't lose, I just win  
Two my fans look like twins  
Cops grab me, say nothing  
I don't know, I just land  
His bitch just land, she say she excited  
Party at my house, bitch, and you're invited  
Come through, you an opp, we gon shoot you  
You say you smoking pack, that shit booboo  
Diamonds moving on my neck, this shit Voodoo  
Coming through a lot of weapons and toolzoos

I'm cruising while you're losing  
What you say, I say I got my movement  
I am quick to shoot it, if you fucking with my moola  
I smoke a lot of weed, it's fucking up my breathing  
She wanna fuck me for some weave and  
I can't wife no bitch, I'm leaving  
Say hello to my Tec  
Since you wanna flex, it's on your chest  
Say you wanna pull up, then it's a bet  
Bullets gonna land right where you're sitting at

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Bitch twerking while you're working  
Bitch I flex a lot on purpose  
Let a nigga try to hurt me  
He gonna piss off the thirty  
Johnny pissed on my jewelry  
I wear it, I ain't worried  
Your bitch on my dick and on my nerves  
She think I like her  
Bitch I'm G'd down to my feet  
Twenty G's down to my feet  
SRTs and M's all over my truck  
Can't no nigga beat me

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