

# Winning

Curren\$y

Yeah...

Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winning  
Some niggas can't take to see you get it, get it, get it  
Like it's killing em just to see you living, living, living  
Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winning  
Some niggas just can't take to see you winning, winning, winning  
Some niggas can't take to see you get it, get it, get it  
Like it's killin em just to see you living, living, living

I'm off in the studio chillin (chillin', chillin')  
When I really could be working every minute  
My nigga we really tryna get it  
No handouts I  
Never sit on my ass  
I, make sure that I stand out  
I can show you what the muthafuckin man about  
In a versace robe in front my house  
Strollin to the muthafuckin mailbox  
Large check that I just got  
Nigga might spazz out by the block  
Ride by every bitch is passin out  
They faint at the sight of my paint  
I only did it cause you said I can't  
Smellin' like six pounds inside the bank  
Get paid big bucks for what I think  
Yellow gold cuban link  
White T and three and a quater length mink on me  
Everything I got all me  
Bet every dollar that you got on me  
Heard that niggas from the other side plottin' on me  
But that ain't gon stop no G

Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winning  
Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winning  
Some niggas can't take to see you get it, get it, get it  
Like it's killing em just to see you living, living, living  
Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winning  
Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winning  
Some niggas can't take it when you get it, get it, get it  
Like it's killin em just to see you living, living, living

Roll one up for them haters  
I'm just counting my paper  
Roll one up for them haters  
I'm just counting my paper  
Roll one up for them haters  
I'm just counting my paper  
We blow smoke in they faces  
They all catching the vapors  
(Get High)

Niggas hate to see you ballin'  
Niggas love it when you callin'  
Just a youngin' from the Burgh  
With his brother from New Orleans  
Really started from nothing

Made a choice to do our own thing  
Writing songs and always hustlin'  
Who got the bomb was the discussion  
And when you bring it to us, betta have that strong  
Cause we the wrong ones to fuck with  
Hard to get in touch with us  
All the real in love with us  
Call your friends get up with us  
Tried once now you're stuck  
Count your money, pile it up  
It's bout' your blessings not your luck  
I've been blessed, to do a lot of things  
Like smokin weed, everywhere I go  
Stayin' at the top floor, everywhere I go  
Taking all my niggas with me, everywhere I go  
Letting all my real niggas know

They hate to see us winning  
Hate to see us winning  
They hate to see us winning  
Hate to see us winning, no  
Hate to see us winning  
Hate to see us winning  
Me and my nigga Spitta  
Can't believe we did it