

Never Gon Lose

Future

This bitch from Australian and I'm an alien

I sip out a cup of this shit, it's so muddy

But I love it baby

When I jump out the whip when I hop out the whip then I'm fresh in the lates
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I do what I want, and I smoke 'til I'm faded

I drink till I pass out I wake up and drink up again

I pour up again and again

I said I wasn't gonna fuck with that bitch then I fucked her again

I scream out the gutter, in the sewer, the streets turn a boy to a man

I nutted off with that Ruger, I took your bitch to Aruba

She fuck with Super cause she got that super

When I say super that's just Super Future

We never gone lose we never gone lose

Never gone lose cause these bitches gone choose

These bitches gone be who they is

Walking and talking like classy

You hold to your heart, you a ho to your heart

You know I'll be working that boy I'm a poet

Serving that boy out the back of the yard

Fuck on your ho, I'm just playing my cards

Whip after whip put up in the garage

Sip on the lean like a fifth of the dark

Hop in the Spur, then might hop in the Porsche

Telly then rally then gather the squad

Yeah gather the squad

Me and my niggas so mothafucking tight

You can't even tell us apart

Fuck a bitch every single damn night

Ain't nothing but avatar

Valet the car on the curb like I'm swerving on alcohol

Get to poppin' them Percocets and Xanax like they some Tylenol

I remember nights in Europe saying we ain't falling off

I'm on loudest green, we gotta have some green

When I hit the plane and I board it

They got a magazine with no vizine

Just riding around with this 40

She gone thug for me, she gone thug for me

In o-hi-o that's my shorty

We ain't playing around this dungarees we gone go upside your noggin

You see they try sabotage me and then copy

They wasn't playing fair no no, oh no no, oh no no

Bitch is a bozo, she counting the photos

We sell the coco you talking to popo

You know that's a no no, you know whats a no no

You know that's a no no no no no no no no no

Came at the dopo serve out the paddy door

Bitch I'm your man and your daddy, ho

Panty droppers had no panties on

Bitch you stepping in no panties on

Back with these stallions

Back-b-b-back with these stallions

Drink after drink, I just carry on

Got the sack on me now I just carry it

Got some m's in New Orleans, I buried it
For the cash and some M's, I'll marry it
See the way they just jumped on the bandwagon
Went bought a G-Wagon, 56 nights I had to get at it
Mayweather, Pacquiao, nigga, we still at it
Get up and get at it, guns like I'm Bin Ladin