

# We Winnin

Future

My ice so rocky got my body on cold  
I got bad bitches round me everywhere I go  
Winter summer spring fall, I'ma change wardrobes  
Gotta straighten out your stacks when them stacks won't fold ayy  
We winnin We winnin  
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A couple fine ass dimes on my line don't chill  
I go to Pluto, that's a sign that my ice all real  
I got that water drippin off me from my neck to my ears  
When them packs touch down we run through em over here  
Fine ass dimes on my my line on chill  
I go to Pluto, that's a sign that my ice all real  
I got that water drippin off me from my neck to my ears  
When them packs touch down we run through em over here  
I set the world on fire, it's my hood premier  
I got the lawyer in the studio to scrape em out the rear  
I have a check for your mothers it would take a month to clear  
I'm throwin' money in the air bitch holdin' back tears  
For my nigga june bug got life plus 99 years  
We poppin' bottles every day like its a brand new year  
I bought a audemar piguet and they lookin' at me weird  
I'll fly to Miami today to cop some fresh new gear

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Finessin is a sport you know my whole team winnin'  
Stupid june plays on my way to certificates  
I love the express ways whole car stuffed with pigeons  
Lifeless, I fucked her fifty thousand on the bentley  
One day I made like fifty thousand of the midget  
Same day hit the jeweler up and go spend it  
Next day two hundred fifty thousand on the bentley  
Thousand pounds it take me just an hour just to get it  
Two hundred bricks  
Gimme thirty minutes I'll have em to you  
Remix you can't even see it when you get it  
Fo fo done fucked up every check in the city  
Free bandz black amigo gang yeah we winnin

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Pour some water on me dog like a water fountain leak  
Had a seat from angola you can't find us in the street  
Keep a Mac like a computer you lil niggas ain't sleek  
Heard of Rocky Balboa? bitch I got em on my wrist  
I put the hood on my back went and hit me a lick  
A street nigga with no patience need the Lambo quick  
Got the glitz and the glam all that's missin is paperazzi  
Hundred bottles of Rozay keep the champagne poppin'  
Celebrate I'm a champion with superbowl options  
At the party out the trap like gotta stay toxic  
Got the money got the bitches got the cars and they topless  
Could've been off in this movie nigga but you was too busy frontin'

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