

# Win, Lose or Draw

Gucci Mane

(12-09, 12-09, 12-09)  
(30, you a motherfuckin' fool, nigga)  
Huh?  
Go

These bitches' niggas act like they be on their period or somethin'  
I don't play with niggas, period, get hit with the drum  
Ain't no mystery, my heart black like Black History Month  
I show no sympathy, I'll have them people searchin' for months  
Cut off his legs, chopper hit it and it knocked off his knees  
Cut off his head, cut it off, then bring that shit back to me  
Cut off his dreads, heard they did it in the middle of the street  
I made him famous, R.I.P., I put that boy on TV  
11 Alive, Fox 5, Channel 2, BET  
Why would Gucci pay you when he could do it for free?  
I'm too rich for broke bitches, I ain't fuckin' for free  
I don't need these borin' bitches, mane, these hoes need me  
Born in Bessemer, Alabama, the worst place in the world  
For a Black family to raise a lil' boy and girl  
If you ain't talkin' 'bout money, then quit talkin' to me  
Cash rules everything around 1017 (Gucci)

Okay, huh, yeah, been through it all  
I gotta go hard, win, lose or draw  
I cannot get caught up in pen, years and thoughts  
I cannot get throwed off, I just got to go off  
Trips to the dealership, trips to the vault, uh  
Checks in the mail, make it flip, summersault, uh  
I gotta stay locked in, I cannot get throwed off, okay, okay

1017, it's a scary thing  
13-17, take over everything  
Now you hold weight beyond measuring  
White chalk, tape, we murder every scene  
Came from the trench, not the trap, though  
Real music left, we brought it back, though  
Gotta put the streets on our back more  
Gotta put the city on the map more  
QM and Guwop on attack mode  
Ride on you niggas like a RAV4  
Niggas talkin' down from the back, though  
Tell 'em, "Take a picture, it'll last long"

I'm not a blue collar criminal, so I don't do subliminal (No)  
I drop a check and board the jet, on to another M and M (Go)  
I ain't got no spare time, I ain't on that square time (Huh?)  
My Richard Millie a milli', really don't use it to tell time (Well damn)  
My young hitters sharp, but treat big niggas like they small fries  
MAC-11 with the chicken nuts and they super-sized  
Guwop got a rare mind, people call him Einstein (Gucci)  
I make money in my spare time, but I don't got no spare dimes (Guwop)

Huh, yeah, been through it all  
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Checks in the mail, make it flip, summersault, uh  
I gotta stay locked in, I cannot get throwed off, okay