

# Lotto

Joyner Lucas

(Mally Mall)

It's my birthday, I'm 'bout to get lit-lit (Lit-lit)  
Might blow a bag on the drip-drip (Drip)  
Make it all back on a quick flip, ayy (Ayy)  
I just need cake and a thick bitch, ayy (Ayy)  
I ain't have much, just a wishlist (A wishlist)  
Now the broke nigga doin' big shit (Big shit)  
I got the gun lock, loaded, I'm ignite  
So keep one eye open like Slick Rick (Brra, brra-brra)  
I got the drip game, nigga, I'm the big mane (Big mane)  
Switch lanes on 'em, hit the mid range (Mid range)  
Keep the big strap on me like a hitman (Brra)  
It go "click-clack, willow-wallow, bing bang" (Brr-brra)  
I ain't never been shit, ain't shit changed (Shit changed)  
But niggas get lame when you get fame (Brra)  
Can't sleep at night 'til I get brains  
Got a mean ass pipe and a dick game

I got a bitch on my sofa (Sofa)  
I got a chip on my shoulder (Shoulder)  
You gotta live with your karma  
And if you get hurt then you got what you supposed to (Boom)  
I got hitters all over (Over), told em' this is all over (All over)  
I take the kids on drugs and line 'em all up and get 'em all sober (Woo)

I got a little check that I cashed out, ayy (Ayy)  
Credit card maxed out, ayy (Ayy)  
I get lit then I act out, ayy (Ayy)  
I ain't wanna do it but I blacked out, ayy (Woo)  
They say I need to be safe (Safe)  
I think I need to be straight  
Fix your vibes, you need to be laced  
You just need God or you need to meet Mase  
I left my bitch, maybe we just need space (Space)  
I got gunners like Chris, like Niecey (Like me)  
I got brothers like Tip, like Breezy (Like Breezy)  
I got stunners like Wayne, like BG (Okay)  
I got a hood bitch all about the bread  
And she only give me head 'cause the bed too squeaky (Too squeak)  
I'm too smart for a ho tryna G' me  
A bitch be dumb if she ever try to leave me, word

I say, uno, dos, tres, quatro  
Moreno, gringo, hembra, vato  
Gangsters, hustlers, killers follow  
I'm the realest nigga, I know (Brrra, brra-brra, ooh)  
I just hit the fuckin' lotto, oh (Ooh, ooh)  
I just hit the fuckin' lotto (Bah)  
I say, uno, dos, tres, quatro  
Moreno, gringo, hembra, vato  
Gangsters, hustlers, killers follow (Bah-bah)  
I'm the realest nigga, I know (Brrra, brra-brra, ayy)  
I just hit the fuckin' lotto, oh (Ooh)  
I just hit the fuckin' lotto

Why do I feel like Manson? (Oh-oh)

Smoke y'all niggas, I feel like I just got cancer, ayy (Ayy)  
Murderin' streets, my anthem  
All of y'all clowns is banter, ooh (Banter)  
Still can't pull your pants up  
Kidnap kids like Amber (Ayy)  
Hold a lil' nigga for a ransom (Ooh)  
I moved from the trap to the mansion (Mansion)  
Went from the Uber to a Phantom (Word)  
You niggas gassed up, don't amp em'  
I've never been pretty, but my mom think I'm handsome (Yeah)  
I hate niggas that flex on camera (Camera)  
Lil' kids always tryna throw tantrums (Yeah)  
All you motherfuckas dry like dandruff  
You can get washed and I'll throw you in a hamper

I got a bitch on my sofa (Sofa)  
I got a chip on my shoulder (Shoulder)  
You gotta live with your karma  
And if you get hurt then you got what you supposed to (Yeah)  
I got hitters all over (All over), told em' this is all over (All over)  
I take the kids on lean and get 'em all clean and give 'em all soda (Bah)

Watch how I do it, I demonstrate, ooh (Ooh)  
I ain't gotta move, I renovate  
I don't really pray, I meditate, yeah (Woah)  
I ain't gotta jump, I levitate  
Always on time, I'm never late (Ayy)  
I was outside like every day  
Tryna turn water into lemonade  
Now I'm boo'd up like Ella Mai, I just wanna get away, woah (Oh)  
You don't want war with a rich nigga (Rich nigga)  
You should hit the gym, get a bit bigger (Oh)  
I ain't got patience for bitch niggas (Oh)  
Wrap you in the basement with Big Tigger (Big Tigger)  
Your bitch is a thot, you had kids with her (Kids with her)  
Your watch little lit, but my wrist litter (Ayy)  
He thought he had a plan 'till the feds hit him (Ooh)  
(He thought he had a plan 'till the feds hit him)

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