

Winning

Key Glock

You losing, we winning
I got racks like tennis, my nigga we get it
I ain't chasing these bitches
I'm chasing these benji's, hoe get out yo feelings
Choppa kick, mortal combat
I'm smoking gas, Now my lungs black
I'm at the trap where the bombs at
Yea I'm at the trap where them guns at
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Hundreds, fifties, twenties
All I know is get plenty
Got this forty on my waist
This ain't no Gucci or a Fendi
Bad lil bitch run around like a hemi
But I'm still pourin mud and rolling up sticky
(Steady rolling up sticky)
Hopped up in a foreign, I'm peeling I'm drifting
(Hopped up in a foreign, I'm peeling I'm drifting)
Find a nigga like me, baby I ain't too many
All of my niggas chase checks
You can get wet
You play with that, Guap
All of my niggas tote that
Like rubberbands, you can get popped
My young niggas crazy
They don't give a fuck
Balling so hard, my team is so clutch
We shooting to kill
Like Donald boy duck
You keep talking down
Ima keep running up

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I grind it up from a corn sack
You smell that loud, That's that skunk pack
This hundred round drum, Ima dump that
And my pockets swole, they be pouring fat
Yea my money long as giraffe neck
We got them choppas like Baghdad
Where is that cash, Gotta have that
Homie get ya bitch, before I smash that
I hit her then quit her, I don't give a fuck!
(I hit her then quit her, don't give no fuck!)

I'm not from Milwaukee, I'm just bout the bucks
(I ain't from no Milwaukee, bitch all Ima bout them bucks!)

These niggas be talking, like they all so tuff
(These niggas be talking, like they all so tuff)

Until we pull up, then they face freezing up
(Turn they ass to a ghost)

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