

In Da Wind

Lil' O

I'm still shining baby, (whoa)
I'm still shining baby, (it's going down)...

[Hook]

It's like uggggh, oooh I'm in the wind
Man it feels good, to finally have some ends
Like uggggh, oooh I'm in the wind
Let the top down, in my drop top Benz like uggggh

[Lil' O]

I've been down, for so long
Thinking bout the times, the game did O wrong
So long, to heartache and pain I'm so strong
The struggle made me a man, how can I go wrong
With a heart like this, and a grind like this
So many haters, didn't wanna see me shine like this
But I took chances for my bread, I did time for this
I deserve every diamond, that outline my wrist
So when you see me out flipping, and I'm looking fantastic
Top flipping in my trunk, like it's doing gymnastics
Know a playa had to grind, for his cash and his plastic
Try to take it if you want, got the thang I'ma blast it
Got the system going knock knock, looking like a top notch
Playa from the South, from the chain to the wrist watch
Fat Rat with the Cheese, man that boy is a stunner
You don't like it top down, middle finger'll fuck ya

[Hook]

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Like uggggh, oooh I'm in the wind
Let the top down, in my drop top Benz
Like uggggh, oooh I'm in the wind
Man it feels good, to finally have some ends
Like uggggh, oooh I'm in the wind
Let the top down, one deep no friends like uggggh

[Chamillionaire]

It's like the more I'm making, the more I'm enjoying taking
Talking my list of Fort Lauren London, to Nia Lathan
Sitting in some'ing, should of take the chicks you boys is dating
You call it black on black, I'ma call that coordinating
Hustlers acknowledge me, but busters ain't trying to see
President treatment, as we step in the Obama suites
It ain't no shoulda woulda, no coulda or probably
You know that obviously, could never apply to me
Money so Roger Clemens, it honestly gotta be
Pumped full of HGH, and plus it ain't minor league
You know I'm what these rappers, is dying and trying to be
One thing that you never heard me saying, is I would sleep
I been doing this heavy, since when you wasn't ready
Making moves on the celly, got candy threw on my Cheve
Got you booing the telly, bout to get threw on the belly
I show up and I bet she bust, and get loose as a levy

[Hook]

[Killa Kyleon]

A long way, from worries and stressing
Now I'm just running through paper, I call that counting my blessings
Which way is up like I build, don't know no other directions
I'm GPS'ing them bills, ain't got no time for no resting
Wrestling with money, yeah I'm Stone Cold
Now rock them rocks like Dwayne, my jewelry's stone cold
My wallet prolly like Batista, full of dead politicians guess I'm a undertaker
Ravish and rick rude to these bitches, when it comes to paper
I got that triple M syndrome, my money mine
I know that make you haters sick, that's cool my money fine
Grind by any means necessary, when it come to mine
Money on it, if it ain't about it nothing comes to mind
Relax and put that dro in the wind, I'm feeling Cee-Lo
Getting bread, not a Botany Boy but I'm feeling C-Notes
Falling off never, yeah I know ya hope so hoe
O couldn't of said it better, we ain't broke no mo' run it

[Hook]

I'm still shining baby - [4x]
Whoa