

# Just My Luck

Marc E. Bassy

Pocket with the Fendi, too filled up  
Shawty wanna ride and it's just my luck, my luck  
Cadillac weather, jumpin' in the back  
Old girl left me but I feel like it's just my luck, my luck

Yeah, feel like I'm the one, feel like I'm the one  
She think I look better, every check I run  
I met her on a plane  
She likes the book I'm reading, said she'd trade me brain for brain  
Girl, I'm the one to see, come back it up on me  
Big faces, big diamonds, that shit look good on me  
Summer breeze, big check coming next week  
Hotel room full of freaks, whoa-oh-oh-oh

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Yeah, Bear Trap  
Shawty wear my sweats and New Found Glory shirt to bed  
That last about a half an hour then it's just my luck  
We waking up with nothing on  
Drop the top in the Bentley, hit the London for lunch  
I might take you shopping Yves Saint Laurent  
If you ain't acting too brazy, acting up  
If you don't get too close too fast, if you don't give a fuck  
I'll be your Lloyd, be my Ashanti, Southside glowing up

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Put family before money in my pocket  
I only do this shit the long way  
Woke up feeling like a fucking prophet, stop it  
Take 'em to church, then Kanye  
You go, you go anywhere, I'm gon' to stay  
I don't need nothing but my faith  
Maybe a chain or two  
A text coming through, I'm on the way

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