

Winning

Mozzy

(Mommy, India got the beats)

I just sent some paper to my nigga, he did a favor for me
I just made a play and fed the hood, I know them niggas love me
Two glizzys in the whip, don't even trip, boy, you ain't takin' nothin'
My mama and your mama know each other, that don't make us cousins
That don't make us brothers
Really, nigga, that don't make us nothin'
You been on that block all day and you ain't making nothin'
I don't like to do a lot of talkin', rather carry these Percs and hard
But got some niggas out there 12, catchin' plays for me

This how you live when you winning, nigga
This how you live when you winning, nigga
Everything bad from the cars to the bitch
They fuckin' with a thug, showin' love to the realest
And don't play like we ain't came from the trenches, nigga
And they know we came from the trenches, nigga
Still got love for the trenches, I got niggas still in 'em
One call to the city, be a whole lot of killin'

Fella, murder on my mind all the time
If you ain't slidin', bitch, don't even hit my line
How you slime?
Nigga, who you body for that title?
Cut off half the body on the rifle
That's a mini, shoot plenty
Let it run its course until it's empty
This fetti seem to fertilize the envy
My hoodie a lil' dinky
I been in the trenches, don't you hear me?
Fuck I look like working at a Dennys?
Stones in the homie kidney
Told him fall back on the sippin'
Who gon' take care your daughter and siblings? But he ain't listening
Nah, niggas fighting demons, no, for real
I believe in God, blood, but we gon' go to Hell

This how you live when you winning, nigga
This how you live when you winning, nigga
Everything bad from the cars to the bitch
They fuckin' with a thug, showin' love to the realest
And don't play like we ain't came from the trenches, nigga
And they know we came from the trenches, nigga
Still got love for the trenches, I got niggas still in 'em
One call to the city, be a whole lot of killin'

I been waiting for the summer, I been grindin' all winter
I can't pull up to your show if a chopper ain't in the Sprinter
A thirty piece around my neck and it got diamonds all in 'em
Put a twenty on your head and you'll be gone before dinner
Deposit for the center, break 'em off for the rental
Ask my teacher what it was, she said, "Reading is fundamental"
I know I don't fit in, ain't no love for the sinners
You supposed to spin a bend on a nigga who killed your nigga

That's off the dribble

We gon' bleach yours residential where they knock a nickel
When them crackers get to knockin', keep it confidential
Dope fiend 'nem told me that they got potential
Nigga threw it all away and started poppin' thizzles
This Skydweller fucking off your presidential
Advise you not to go against us in the given smoke
Hit his nose, through his eyebrows, hit his throat
Hit his nose, through his eyebrows, hit his throat

This how you live when you winning, nigga
This how you live when you winning, nigga
Everything bad from the cars to the bitch
They fuckin' with a thug, showin' love to the realest
And don't play like we ain't came from the trenches, nigga
And they know we came from the trenches, nigga
Still got love for the trenches, I got niggas still in 'em
One call to the city, be a whole lot of killin'