

WINNERS

Ron Suno

Ron Suno, niggas know the fucking vibes
Bang, bang
I keep the Glock in the sprinter
I make it hot in December
Fuck what you jacking, boy
Fuck what you claiming
Fuck what you
Bang

I'm on the scene and we did 'em
You cannot fuck with a winner
I keep the Glock in the sprinter
I make it hot in December
Gang
Fuck what you jacking, boy, fuck what you claiming
Shooters they ready, they fly out the nation
Make a wrong move in the spot, then we take 'em
Make a wrong move then we (Gang)
We gon' put 'em in motion
Bullets gon' rub up and down like it's lotion
Ron Suno, niggas know what I'm toting
Roll up a blunt and the gas that I'm smoking
I cannot wait 'til we catch 'em, we get 'em
Leave in a Buick, I hop out the Civic
Niggas too soft, bet them niggas not wit' it
Choppas too big, we gon aim at his fitted

I be too dead of the weed, had to wake up
We line 'em up, he get cut for the shape up
How you gon' flex but you broke? Get ya cake up
How 'bout we spot 'em? We gon' have to break suntin'
I pour the drink, pour the ice in the cup
Pull up, we link, probably fight in the club
Niggas want smoke then we lighting him up
That's not ya mans, why you hyping him up?
Look at the racks that I get in a day
Flip through the pack, I might flip through the cake
Niggas is broke, never been in a Wraith
I'm on the road, gotta bend with a drake

Tell them niggas pull up, I just be toting the semi
Tell them niggas, get with me
I might just hop out a Bentley
I might just spend like fifty, fifty

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Look, I cannot wait 'til we catch 'em, we get 'em
I call up Billy, I pass it, he wet 'em
I'll just rebound if he miss like a center
Before the coat, brought a gun for the winter
Ayy, look
Uppin' the chop
Ion like birds, I'ma shot at the flock
Niggas like, "Sheff, you be moving too"
Niggas like, "Sheff, you be moving too hot"
I get the bands, I'm double and flippin' it
I'm in the foreign, ya bitch in here whippin' it
I hit it once, she calling, she missing it
Catch a new opp for the week, we dismissing 'em, ayy, ayy
Look at him running
I drop a bag on any who want it
Diss on the gang, be gone by the morning
Shots at his back he was frontin', ayy

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