

It Ain't Over

Young Dro

Extreme-aai

This system x2 (hey...)

Street my x2

Classic x3

Right about now x2

Come on, all tha ladies,

Get on tha dance floor

And just get you're ass on

Come on come on and just

[Chorus x2]

Fuck tha fat lady, lean over to tha trap lady sane

Fish, scaleboy, nineteen eighty kane

Eighty chevey frame, ride 4 and everythang

Diamonds in my chain, shining on tha lane

[Verse 1]

(i want you to check this out, hey)

My car fusha, everything's super

Lights camera action, no time for bloopers

Fishscale shawty, I'm tha blue coop mover

Definitely lot of losers, snatching bro'd n used up

Show her how to blow on my glass, eighty cash

Eighty pecks of decks, and tha classical eighty jazz

Eighty bags of money, eighty macks from royne

A.K.A. they turning beef to eighty packs of bologne

They waited on me, telling when its my time to cool it

Blue chevey sit tall, like a colorado moose do

My cookies drown like moons too, my regal look like prune juice

Why should I be bishop, I'm drizzled, I got my own juice

Own crew, own 26s on my own coop

Own crib, own bricks, plus I own a couple chicks

Know how to put bitches on they own, let her suck a dick

Hey one when one look biggin, they gotta be licking pussy

Money push it, bitch we got a avalanch block

With mo cocain then they can pull off of tha dock

Cut em off, viro ain't bitches ain't a thang

In tha chair with tha brains gettin brains, diamonds on my chain

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]