

# Victory Lap (feat. Stacy Barthe)

## Nipsey Hussle

I'm prolific, so gifted  
I'm the type that's gon' go get it, no kidding  
Breaking down a Swisher in front of yo building  
Sitting on the steps feeling no feelings  
Last night, it was cold killing  
You gotta keep the devil in his hole, nigga  
But you know how it go, nigga  
I'm front line every time it's on, nigga  
Hunnit proof flow, run and shoot pro  
458 drop, playing bullet proof soul  
Every few shows I just buy some new gold  
Circle got smaller, everybody can't go  
Downtown diamond district, jewelers like  
"Yo, Hussle holler at me, I got Cubans for the low"  
Flew the [?], smoking Cubans on the boat  
And docked at [?] just to smoke  
Listening to music at the Mayan Ruins  
True devotion on the bluest ocean, cruising  
My cultural revolution even rival lution  
They tell me, "Hussle dumb it down, you might confuse 'em"  
It's like that weirdo rap ya'll motherfuckers used to  
I'm an urban legend, South Central in a certain section  
Can't express how I curbed detectors  
Yes, it's evidence of a divine presence  
Blessings, help me out at times I seen wreckless  
Effort, got a L, but got an E for effort  
Stretch it, dropped him off in the [?] desert and left him  
Ain't no answer to these trick questions  
Money making Nip, straighten out my jewelry on my bitch dresser  
Well known, flick up and jail pose  
Matching champagne bottles from Ricos til' T show  
Whatever, nigga, we playing chess not checkers, nigga  
Thirty-eight special for you clever niggas  
See bro, if you ain't live and die by the street codes  
Been through all these motions, up and down like a sea salt  
I can never view you as my equal  
Fuck I want to hear your CD for?  
Yeah, look  
I'm finna take it there  
This time around I'ma make it clear  
Spoke some things into the universe and they appeared  
I say it's worth it, I won't say it's fair

Find your purpose or you wasting air  
Fuck it though, ya'll niggas scared  
Eyes opened, I can see it clear  
They don't make 'em ball none  
They don't make 'em real  
They don't make it where I'm from  
They don't take it here  
They don't see in due time, I be making mil's  
Bossed up in this game, I been making deals  
Get your lawyer on the phone, we can make it real  
I got checks and balance  
I flex dramatic, other fifty on my neck, just my regular habit  
Ain't no pussy on my rep, disrespect the savage  
I make one phone call and the rest get handled  
This just another front step with candles  
Lil message from the set, we accept your challenge  
We can  
Yeah we gotta  
We gotta make  
Oh, we gotta make it  
We gotta make it  
Victory Lap

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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