

Winning (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Curren\$y

Yeah,. Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah,.yuhn...Winning, Wining, WinningSome niggas
just hate to see you winning, winning, winning
Some niggas can't take it when you get it, get it, get it
Like it's killing em just to see you living, living, living
Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winningSome niggas just hate to see you
winning, winning, winning
Some niggas can't take it when you get it, get it, get it
Like it's killin em just to see you living, living, living
I'm off in the studio chillin (chillin', chillin')
When I really could be working every minute
My nigga we really tryna get it
No hand outside
Never sit on my ass
I, make sure that I stand out
I can show you what the muthafuckin man about
In a versace rope in front my house
Strollin to the muthafuckin mailbox
Large check that I just got
Nigga might spazz out by the block
Ride by every bitch is passin out
They faint at the sight of my paint
I only did it cause you said I can't
Smellin' like six pounds inside the bank
Get paid big buck for what I think
Yellow gold cuban link
White T and 3 and a quater length on me
Everything I got all me
Bet every dollar that you got on me
Heard that niggas from the other side plottin' on me
But that ain't gon stop no G
Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winning
Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winning
Some niggas can't take it when you get it, get it, get it
Like it's killing em just to see you living, living, living
Some niggas just hate to see you winning, winning, winningSome niggas just hate to see you
winning, winning, winning
Like niggas can't take it when you get it, get it, get it
Like it's killin em just to see you living, living, livingRoll one up for them haters
I'm just counting my paper
Roll one up for them haters
I'm just counting my paper
Roll one up for them haters

I'm just counting my paper
We blow smoke in they faces
They all catching the vapors
(Get High)Niggas hate to see you ballin'
Niggas love it when you callin'
Just a youngin' from the Burgh
With his brother from New Orleans
Really started from nothing
Made a choice to do our own thing
Writing songs and always hustlin'
Who got the bomb was the discussion
And when you bring it to us, betta have that strong
Cause we the wrong ones to fuck with
Hard to get in touch with us
All the real in love with us
Call your friends get up with us
Tried once now you're stuck
Count your money, pile it up
It's bout' your blessings not your luck
And I've been blessed, to do a lot of things
Like smokin weed, everywhere I go
Stayin' at the top floor, everywhere I go
Taking all my niggas with me, everywhere I go
Letting all my real niggas know
They hate to see us winning
Hate to see us winning
They hate to see us winning
Hate to see us winning, no
Hate to see us winning
Hate to see us winning
Me and my nigga Spitta
Can't believe we did it

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

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