

# Down On Your Luck

## Sage the Gemini

I walk in this bitch looking just like a bag of money  
I be speaking, the girls be screaming they fiending for me  
But really it just be my money  
Uh, pull up, I'll be dressing, y'all be stressing  
'Cause you know that I'm the bomb, Armageddon  
Watch me, girl!  
See, I don't want your bitch, boy, she got mileage  
She choke more than a cinnamon challenge  
And oh you never see me 'round here  
And all too much money to count it  
They like ooh you know your stuff  
Baby, that's what's up  
Got a girl in Virginia that look better than all your spouses  
They like ooh you know your stuff  
Baby, that's what's up  
Got a girl in Virginia that look better than all your spouses  
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down on  
your luck, down  
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down, oh I'm up this bitch, I got money to burn so she stacking her tits  
Till I look in her face, and I put it away  
I ain't throwing this money around  
She think she's so bad  
She don't know I had plenty bitches bad  
Some of them quarters but know that I keep a few dimes around  
Girl, keep popping, keep popping  
Don't stop till the money, ain't dropping  
Body bangin' but yo face trash  
I'm fucked up and I got cash  
Your luck passed and you need that  
I'm a real nigga, I see that  
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down on your luck, down  
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down, oh

Songwriters

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