

6 Rings

Twista

It's just me against the world and I won't lose
No I can't lose, I'm a born winner
These streets made a beast out of me
Six rings on my fingers
I'm a champion
Put your fives and your ones up
6 rings, I'm a champion
Getting money, put your ones up
6 rings I'm a champion
Now ball
Ball [x12]
6 rings I'm a champion No worries, I been killing it since she was a shorty
Still standing on top of my glory, and this still ain't the end of my story
Confetti pouring, they be all in the clothes that I'm sporting
6 rings like Michael Jordan, same team no Robert Horry
Put me on the verbal court with my competitors
Imma be fucking up all of them
Money like Steph Curry, and I dish it out to my team like Chris Paul and them (Griffin!)
So lose and you blame it on fouls and how they don't be calling them
I put in work, I got rings
You can't tell me nothing, I know I earned all of them
That winning feeling I want cause if I get the shot I bet I hit the shot
I'm in my glory while pouring champagne on my body like I was Chris Bosh
They won't admit it, how many times I came back and did it
They have no choice to be killing em when I spit it
Give me a standing ovation when I visit
Final four delivery, hall of fame flow
Right up in Nirvana is where my mother fucking hangs though
But I ain't finished yet, I'm the exquisite vet
They be like damn Twista they ain't knocked you off your pivot yet
Nope! It's just me against the world and I won't lose
No I can't lose, I'm a born winner
These streets made a beast out of me
Six rings on my fingers
I'm a champion
Put your fives and your ones up
6 rings, I'm a champion
Getting money, put your ones up
6 rings I'm a champion

Now ball
Ball [x12]
6 rings I'm a champion Who the fuck is you talking to? Nigga I got six rings
Swagging, my walk like I'm Jordan
I know when I'm hot, fingers look like Kareem
When I pull that whip up in front of the club I be knowing they seeing it
And whoever dissing this, cause they are fisherman watching the finals and we in it
The league of the streets
Winning the game with a three on the beat
Keeping that thang in the piano seat
One shot at your brain and they flee on their feet
Don't like you when you be like Michael
They run up thinking I be slipping
Long nose, 357 by my side, call me Scottie Pippen
And I'm on bullshit, call [?] about it, Willy said he southpaw
And I murder for the squad like an outlaw
Everything that I say coming out raw
Plenty niggas I know pulling up with a Glock and a key
Acting like they winning the game
Like they pulling up at the top of the key
But I got them accolades, and I spit that fast shit
You just an absurd sound, third round draft pick
And when I win the game, then right there is your history
Celebrate like we do in Chiraq, we gon tear up the city

Songwriters

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