

Lose Control

E-Lab Rat

That's right just get it

Let you feel it

Make you lose control

This is that hip-hop flavor mixed with a lil bit of rock and roll

Valet your whip, grab your chick

You know how it goes

I got that shit, I got them beats that'll make you lose control

Step up in the club, so fresh and clean

Not the outcast that they label me

I'm rolling with a team, that roll so deep

We in and out the club everyday of the week

And I make them hits, when the beat drop

That's when you here me say say hold up, stop

Let me take you back to five o'clock

When I roll the Lamborghini off the block

But not before I made them chop the top

And throw some twenty shoe's, oh that's hot

Hit Nastros For a bite to eat

No tuxedo 'cause they recognize me

Her lifestyle, the rich living, the fast cars

Don't hate 'cause I'm a superstar and I married a superstar

Never come between us no matter who you are, c'mon

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 Closet full of kicks

 Garage full of whips

 Vegas crap table got the pit ball sticks

 They never seen a kid win like this

 So rich, that I tattoo the dice on my wrist

 And my girl too, It's no coincidence that SRT got all black tints

I've never been a digger but I rock 'em nuggets
One earring cost more than your budget
I ain't here to brag I'm just here to pop tags
My Ferrari cost more than your lil S-class
Look man I'm in a whole 'nother tax bracket
It don't matter what you blow, boy you can't match it
Forty grand I take the whole crew to Miami
Then we pop Crys off like they won Grammy's
I take care of my own, that's my family
Magazine talk 'cause they don't understand me

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