

Winning (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Curren\$y

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

YeahSome 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, 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 killin' 'em just to see you living, living, livingI'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 outs I

Never sit on my ass

I, make sure that I stand out

I can show you what the muthafuckin man about

In a Versace robe 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 quarter length mink on me

Everything I got all me

Bet every dollar that you got on me

Heard niggas from the other side plottin' on me

But that ain't gon' stop no GSome 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, winning

Some 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, living Roll 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
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

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