

# All I Do Is Win

Dj Khaled

All I do is win, win, win no matter what  
Got money on mind, I can never get enough  
And every time I step up in the building  
Everybody hands go up  
And they stay there, and they say "yeah," and they stay there  
Up, down, up, down, up, down  
'Cause all I do is win, win, win  
And if you goin' in, put your hands in the air, make 'em stay there  
Luda, Ludacris goin' in on the verse  
'Cause I never been defeated, and I won't stop now  
Keep your hands up, put 'em in the sky  
For the homies that didn't make it and the folks locked down  
I never went nowhere  
But they saying Luda's back  
Blame it on that Conjure  
The hood call it Ludayac  
And I'm on this foolish track, so I spit my foolish flows  
My hands go up and down like strippers' booties go  
My verses still be serving, tight like a million virgins  
Last time on a Khaled remix, now I'm on the original version  
Can't never count me out, y'all better count me in  
Got twenty bank accounts, accountants count me in  
Make millions every year, the South's champion  
'Cause all I do, all I, all I, all I  
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And if you goin' in, put your hands in the air, make 'em stay there  
Swerving in my lolo, head on the swivel  
You know serving me's a no no  
Clean as a whistle as I pull out in my Rolls Royce  
Yellow bone, passengers, when they see it, they say "oh boy!"  
Tell Khaled back it up, my niggas call me Loco  
That's for armed trafficking, don't make me pull that 4-4

Ask you what you laughing at, represent that mud life  
Dirty money, bitch, you better get your mud right  
We come together holding hands and holla "thug life"  
We are strapped in all black, it's like thug life  
(All we do is win)  
You riding the what? 'Cause we riding tonight  
You riding with me 'cause you wasn't riding right  
All I do is win, win, win no matter what  
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Heat in the kitchen, pot on the stove  
Water getting boiled, dope being sold  
Snoopy in the hoopty, system overload  
I've been running this rap game since I was 20 years old  
I hung with the worst of 'em  
Bust 'til I burst on 'em  
Floss 'em up, toss 'em up, Hardaway, boss 'em up  
Pardon me, I bossing the pressure up, bless ya bro  
Don't mess with us, we like the you in the 80's  
Back to back set a trap, hit the lick, hit it back  
Hit the trick, jump the track  
Bitch, I want my money back  
Time and time again while I'm sipping on this gin  
Al Davis said it best, "just win baby win"  
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