

It Ain't Over (Explicit Album Version)

Young Dro

Extreme-aai
This system x2 (hey...)
Street my x2
Classic x3
Right about now x2
Come on, all tha ladies,
Get on tha dance floor
And just get you're ass on
Come on come on and just[Chorus x2]
Fuck tha fat lady, lean over to tha trap lady sane
Fish, scaleboy, nineteen eighty kane
Eighty chevey frame, ride 4 and everythang
Diamonds in my chain, shining on tha lane[Verse 1]
(i want you to check this out, hey)
My car fusha, everything's super
Lights camera action, no time for bloopers
Fishscale shawty, I'm tha blue coop mover
Definitely lot of losers, snatching bro'd n used up
Show her how to blow on my glass, eighty cash
Eighty pecks of decks, and tha classical eighty jazz
Eighty bags of money, eighty macks from royne
A.K.A. they turning beef to eighty packs of bologne
They waited on me, telling when its my time to cool it
Blue chevey sit tall, like a colorado moose do
My cookies drown like moons too, my regal look like prune juice
Why should I be bishop, I'm drizzled, I got my own juice
Own crew, own 26s on my own coop
Own crib, own bricks, plus I own a couple chicks
Know how to put bitches on they own, let her suck a dick
Hey one when one look biggin, they gotta be licking pussy
Money push it, bitch we got a avalanch block
With mo cocain then they can pull off of tha dock
Cut em off, viro ain't bitches ain't a thang
In tha chair with tha brains gettin brains, diamonds on my chain[Chorus x2]

Songwriters

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