

Down On Your Luck (feat. August Alsina)

Sage the Gemini

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I walk in this bitch looking just like a bag of money
I be speaking, the girls be screaming they fiending for me
But really it just be my money
Uh, pull up, I'll be dressing, y'all be stressing
'Cause you know that I'm the bomb, Armageddon
Watch me, girl!
See, I don't want your bitch, boy, she got mileage
She choke more than a cinnamon challenge
And oh you never see me 'round here
And all too much money to count it
They like ooh you know your stuff
Baby, that's what's up
Got a girl in Virginia that look better than all your spouses
They like ooh you know your stuff
Baby, that's what's up
Got a girl in Virginia that look better than all your spouses
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down on
your luck, down
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down, oh I'm up this bitch, I got money to burn so she stacking her tits
Till I look in her face, and I put it away
I ain't throwing this money around
She think she's so bad
She don't know I had plenty bitches bad
Some of them quarters but know that I keep a few dimes around
Girl, keep popping, keep popping
Don't stop till the money, ain't dropping
Body bangin' but yo face trash
I'm fucked up and I got cash
Your luck passed and you need that
I'm a real nigga, I see that
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down on your luck, down
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down, oh

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