

Lose Control

The Q4

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 Nastos 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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