

# Winner

## Lyfe Jennings

[Justin Timberlake:]I'm wakin, up in the morning  
Hustling to the stage and fuckin performin'  
Bustlin' through the hate and bustin' the door in  
Lately nothing misses I must've been scorin'  
Speaking of the Misses I'm watchin' 'em pour in  
Just like a drink that I'm enjoying  
I don't mean bottles - you're welcome to join in  
Just look at me soarin' - Feeling like Jordan

Oh-oh

Hold up I ain't finished yet  
On the top, but you just don't get it yet  
I don't get cut, I make 'em cut the check  
Can't hear me in the stands, let me say it again

Oh-oh

You ain't heard, I'm the shit  
On the top, but you just don't get it yet  
I never got cut, but I make 'em cut the check  
So hate on, but guess what?

[Chorus:]I feel like I can't miss

I know they want me to fall  
But ain't nothin' bigger than this  
So just pass me the ball

You know you lookin' at a winner, winner, winner  
I can't miss, can't lose, can't miss  
You know you lookin' at a winner, winner, winner  
Cause I'm a winner, yeah I'm a winner

[Jamie Foxx:]I'm steppin', out in the evening  
People in there screaming, you gotta be cheating  
But I'm so breezy, I make this look easy  
No faking I'm seizing, you gotta believe it  
I went from TV's, to screens, to DVDs  
To CDs, to MP3s, overseas - I got  
No time, the talkin' is boring  
Just look at me soarin' - Feeling like Jordan

Oh-oh

Hold up I ain't finished yet  
On the top, but you just don't get it yet  
I don't get cut, I make 'em cut the check

Can't hear me in the stands, let me say it again  
Oh-oh  
You ain't heard, I'm the shit  
On the top, but you just don't get it yet  
I never got cut, but I make 'em cut the check  
So hate on, but guess what?  
[Chorus:] I feel like I can't miss  
I know they want me to fall  
But ain't nothin' bigger than this  
So just pass me the ball  
You know you lookin' at a winner, winner, winner  
I can't miss, can't lose, can't miss  
You know you lookin' at a winner, winner, winner  
Cause I'm a winner, yeah I'm a winner  
[T.I.:]That's right  
You see the - Porsche Panamera got 'em in hysteria  
The turbo super fast, and that McLaren even scarier  
Hemme turnin' corners, burnin' rubber in your area  
I'm hard to follow once i pop clutch and hit the throttle  
ReI'm recession-proof  
I don't run to money - money run to me  
In this economy guess I'm considered an anomaly  
Bugattis, Maseratis, new Ferraris - I got one of each  
My future bright, tight  
Like the bitch I got in front of me  
Turn pain to progression in every studio session  
Passion into perfection, to failure I'm an exception  
Fuck if you wanna lose, to battle me is a blessing  
You couldn't die at the hands of a better man  
I ran from the bottom to the best - no Auto-Tune  
Been in the lead, so you seen can't follow whom  
Never that, I'm the freshest go ask whoever that  
King back, money long as an old Cadillac  
[Chorus:]  
I feel like I can't miss  
I know they want me to fall  
But ain't nothin' bigger than this  
So just pass me the ball  
You know you lookin' at a winner, winner, winner  
I can't miss, can't lose, can't miss  
You know you lookin' at a winner, winner, winner  
Cause I'm a winner, yeah I'm a winner

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