

# Lose Control

## Burning Borders

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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