Outchea Winning

Kilo M.O.E

Outchea winning. Outchea winning.
Loving the skin im in. Loving the skin im in.
(Yea).. Sit back.. as I count stacks if you not that go get it.. them knots stack in my pockets front Nor back side them racks slide when im chillin.. Go getters all in my presence.. (yup).. if you in the wrong direction better pivot my mathematics so mental. Protractin, compass, circumference.. 360 all in my first week.. like kendrick.. but underground like the first 50... these fake rappers got me dead like a hearse with me.. man hear me spitting.
We all winning you twerps kill me.. thrill me..
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(Listen).. Winning this game. Whipping them thangs.. whipping them lanes.. foreign exchange.. im going insane.. chasing this money.. never for fame im telling you mayne.. its real in the field.. duck or get killed.. chucking them pills all out on the block. Fiends be crushing em still. Boy and the girl be whipping that cream. Chasing my dreams, escape for a minute. Sip on some lean pull it together.. trip on string of you dont... OG from a triple beam to a digital thats analog to money machine.. to a catalog thats publishing.. whipping that BM. Rumbling, black gold on my wrist.. just like a bumblebee investments, commodities, yes lets get that TMT like money team
Yes lets be that tmt like money team. Puffing OG leagally everyday not giving a f*** reaching for the stars. Just like meech did leathally legally. Just like meech did but lethally but legally.

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Lyrics Submitted by Wonetta Jones

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