

## Young Cash

### "All I Do Is Win"

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(Young Cash - Intro)

Young Cash  
Brick Squad!  
We started this brick shit nigga!

(Chorus)

All I do is win, win, win, no matter what  
Young niggas from the hood and we don't give a fuck  
And every time we hop out wit' them choppas  
Everybody hands go up, and they stay there  
They better stay there, they better stay there  
Lay down, lay down, lay down  
'Cause all I do is win, win, win  
It started in the hood so that's where it begins  
Let 'em stay there

(Young Cash)

I got so much swag, I stick out like a shark's fin  
You swimmin' in my water, I'm 'bout to let them sharks  
in  
Real niggas in my circle, and I don't let no marks in  
I preach to the streets, call me the young Al Sharpton  
I know what coke I need, hit the streets with my nig'  
I rob ya for ya bricks, I don't give a fuck like F.E.M.A.  
Me and Hin off in the Beamer, that 745  
Brick Squad right behind, they got seven .45's

(Yo Gotti)

All I do is win, I'm Gotti the brawn G  
I'm the M.V.P., I got championship chains  
Triple double on these niggas  
Ten blocks and twelve steals  
Fifteen a six, tell me that I ain't real  
Other words that's ten birds, and I jack a nigga for  
twelve  
Get bread wit' my homeboys 'cause I'm a team player  
Like the A-Team, nigga this the Yay Team, big work  
nigga  
They should wear it on my flat screen

(Gudda Gudda)

Okay, all I do is win, no need for another option  
Fly like the wind, they nicknamed me helicopter  
I don't sip gin, my cup fulla that purple shit  
All real niggas 'round me, no Urkel shit  
I ain't tryna talk, if it ain't money what's the purpose?  
If it don't make dollars and cents, it ain't worth it bitch  
Alotta clowns in this rap game on that circus shit  
While I proceed to win and shake the game like (?)  
It's Gudda

(Chorus)

(Bun B)  
We up in Harlem on some rock  
Diddy poppin' in my Sean John  
Tryna send these young kings home like they Bron  
Bron  
I rep this arm strong, cold, get your long John

Whip game proper, I got that off white (?)  
Fourth quarter, fourth down, four seconds on the clock  
Mothafuck a huddle nigga, just give me the fuckin' rock  
Goin' up the middle, and I don't need a fuckin' block  
Touchdown, the South win, bitch get off the fuckin' jock

(Iceberg)  
Iceberg nigga!  
And if you don't know me you can call me Billion  
That 'Maro on them four Gaidos  
And I don't got them Asanti's spinnin'  
I specialize in packin' dro in grey clutches  
And when it come to hoe niggas, I be face thumpin'  
And in Dade County we flop niggas with dummy bricks  
And quick to cop them real chickens wit' that  
counterfeit  
And if we don't know ya we touch ya  
If you buck we bustin'  
Then throw it up in the club for the fuck of it  
It's 'Berg

(Tity Boi)  
Yeah, it's Tity Boi, they call me 2 Chainz  
If I die, bury me inside this blue flame  
You know what it is, Louis on my shoestrings  
I make ya girl get loose for the loose change  
Chandelier on my neck, black and white like a panda  
bear  
This is not a 911, this a Panamera  
Everybody starin', tryna see what I'm wearin'  
From the era, where M.O.B. mean money only better

(Chorus)

(T-Pain)

Okay, Pizzle!

Ehem

Ladies and gentleman, the South is in the fuckin' spot

It ain't no sleepin' on me dawg, I ain't a fuckin' cot

I'm rude to every bitch, hoe is you gon' fuck or not?

Especially white whores, yeah, gargle this fuckin' cock

They say, "Pain why you ain't on the first "All I Do Is

Win"?

And I say, "I am stupid, I'm just here to get paid again."

I went and got the Field Mob niggas and made 'em

friends

And I Fleetwood Mac and Chevy P you may begin

(Chevy P)

What up dum-dum?

Ya better run um

Comin' wit' my hundred round drum for the trunk punk

Quit runnin', go fast, like the runna done

Put holes through yo' Hilfiger, wit' my Tommy gun

So jack and be nimble, and jack and be quick

Or I'ma light yo' ass up like a candle stick

Like Erv Gotti, I'm ridin' on Asanti's, now that I'm on

Chevy sit so high I can give E.T. a ride home

(Chorus)

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