

DJ Khaled f/ Ludacris, Rick Ross, Snoop Dogg, T-Pain "All I Do Is Win"

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[Khaled] D, J, Khaled! [T-Pain] Hey! Yeah [Khaled] We the best! [Chorus: T-Pain] All I do is win win win no matter what Got money on my mind, I can never get enough And every time I step up in the building Everybody hands go UP... And they stay there, and they stay there And they stay there - up down up down up down Cause all I do is WIN, WIN, WIN And if you goin in put yo' hands in the air, make 'em stay there!

[Ludacris] Yeah, listen, LUDA! Ludacris goin in on the verse cause I never been defeated and I won't stop now Keep your hands up, keep 'em in the sky for the homies that ain't make it and my folks locked down I never went nowhere, but they sayin Luda's back Blame it on that conjure, the hood call it Luda 'gnac And I'm on this foolish track, so I spit my foolish flow My hands go up and down, like strippers' booties go My verses still be servin, tight like a million virgins Last time on the Khaled remix, now I'm on the original version Can't never count me out, y'all better count me in Got twenty bank accounts, accountants count me in Make millions every year (yeah) the South's champion (yeah) Cause all I do, all I - all I - all I - all I do is AY, WOO! [Chorus]

[Rick Ross] Win, win, who? Boss Boss, swervin in my lo-lo Head on the swivel, you know servin me's a no-no Clean as a whistle as I pull out in my Rolls Royce Yellow bone passenger, they see it they say "oh boy" Tell Khaled back it up, my niggaz call me loco Down for armed traffickin, don't make me pull that fo'-fo' Ask you what you laughin at - represent that mud life! Dirty money bitch you better get yo' mud right! We come together holdin hands and holla thug life We all strapped in all black, it's like fuck life (all we do is win!) You ridin to what (WHAT!) cause we ridin tonight (tonight!) Now she ridin with me cause you wasn't ridin her right Ross! [Chorus] [Snoop Dogg] Heat in the kitchen, pot on the stove Water gettin boiled, dope bein sold Snoopy in the hoopty, system overload I been runnin this rap game since I was 20 years old I hung with the worst of 'em, bust 'til I burst 'em up Floss 'em up, toss 'em up, hardaway, boss 'em up Pardon me, I'm bossin up, pressure up, bless you bruh Don't mess with

us, we like the U in the 80's Back to back, set a trap, hit
the lick, hit it back Hit the trick, jump the track, bitch I
want my money back Time and time again while I'm
sippin on this gin Al Davis said it best, "Just win baby,
win!" [Chorus]

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