

Trey Songz

"Loser"

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"Loser"

Let Me hold that beat... [x3]
That beat
Funny funny funny boy I can't stop laughing
Money money money can't stop getting cash
You looking for the prince
Well you found him
Broke niggas can't even be around him
And I'm only being honest
Fuck being modest
Ghetto girls change hair colors more than Rodman
All on my dick like condom
And she take that dick
Like a robber
Call it burglary
Certainly
I cut her up
Like surgery
And now her baby daddy wants to murder me
He call my phone like
Is you banging my girl?
My girl
All I reply
Playa bet to check her
Don't to disrespect ya
I never even met cha
She never even mention your name
I don't know why you mad at me
You should ask your girl
She gave the ass to me
Stop harassing me

Why you so upset with me?
I don't even know you
It's clear that she had sex with me
Stop calling my phone
You
? No questioning
He talking bout what you gon do
Gon do
Funny funny funny boy I can't stop laughing

Money money money can't stop getting cash

You a loser tho
You a loser tho
You a loser
Fellas if your girl
Let a man get at her
And you hit up the man
Then your ass playing backwards
Happens to the best
You are not alone
Her booty and her breat
Is nothing you can own
Funny funny funny boy I can't stop laughing
Money money money can't stop getting cash

Throw it in the bag
Got paper got plastic
Think I got it mastered
Haters are fanatics
I need them around
Any time I want my ass kissed
I'm only drinking brown
And I'm only smoking sunkist
Orange haired weed
Got me acting like a wierdo
Shine like me
Your the diamonds in my earlobe
Heard from a bird
That trigga was a asshole
Fuck what you heard
Like penis in your earhole
September 1st
Yuuup
I just wanna ask
Why niggas be mad
Why another muthfucka wanna hit they girl... [x3]
I just wanna
I just wanna
I just wanna ask why u mad

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