

Ludacris F/ Trina**"Winning"**

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Bosco Money possessin knowledge if you seek it
Make you understand my language even though you
probably don't speak it
I came specifically to freak it
Always eat my Wheeties, so I don't feel peaked
When it's time to pick up the mic and rhyme, I do
So I can prove to you that mom duke came through
With a strong son
And if it's time to have fun
I treat the mic like a gun
Pull the trigger
Transform, and get bigger
I'm the man that make you peep the rhyme and say
"Damn!" - don't think I'm not, when I am
Underrated, frequently imitated
But never outdated, and yet I'm alienated
Because they say I'm 180 instead of bein full-circle
Anti - yo, I came from the sky
So catch a brainstorm and kill that
I ain't tryin to hear it
The rhyme fits your mind so nice, you wanna wear it

[CHORUS]

I'm winnin, cause I'm in it to win it
You think I'm not, when I am?
I'm winnin till I'm grinnin
It's almost like I'm sinnin
I'm a winner from the beginnin

I can't be part of this nonsense
Of black versus white, or vice versa
Growin worse everyday, in no way
Becomin better, I rather be a trendsetter
And stay ahead of the rest
Who underestimate my brain matter
Let the truth scatter, manifest some data
And drop it, like Harry Truman dropped the A bomb
Or Nixon dropped troops in Vietnam
And while I'm on the subject of presidential thinkin
Clock lots of Jacksons, cause my thoughts is Lincoln
Not sinkin like a raft, cause I'm cooler than Shaft

And my wisdom is refreshing like a frosty draft
Ale, and I will not fail to prevail
Until they throw me in jail
I woulda went to Yale, but I didn't get accepted
Know why? I didn't apply...

[CHORUS]

Play me like a tape, and memorize my melody
Layin, relayin, portrayin, conveyin and sayin
What I mean, and like Vaseem
Clear out your eyes, so you can see
Society's been selling you a dream
Schemin on your self-esteem
It got you sweatin a lifestyle the magazines
Seem to make real
But tell me, what's the deal
Have you become of victim of the media appeal?
I have, best believe I'm not jokin
Cause like the Marlboro Man, my rhymes are smokin
Pokin hoes and societal woes I'm lookin in
Is yet another way I unmistakably win
So hip yourself to my tip
I'm packin the house like a ceb
Tonight I'm trippin like Greyhound
>From town to town
Droppin the knowledge most profound

[CHORUS]

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