

WIN

Jay Rock

[Intro: Jay Rock & Kendrick Lamar]

Ayy this that east side Johnny big redemption life

Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

Hol' up

Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah [Chorus: Jay Rock & Kendrick Lamar]

Get out the way, get out the way, get out the way yeah (yeah)

Get out the way, get the fuck up out my way, yeah (yeah)

You either with me or against me, ho (ho)

You either with me or (wait)

Win win, win, win, win (yeah)

Fuck everything else, win, win, win, win (win)

These niggas ain't shit (mommy), win, win, win, win

Stop chasin' that bitch (stop), win, win, win, win (yeah)

[Verse 1: Jay Rock & Kendrick Lamar]

Big Jay Rock go (go), on 10, 10, 10, 10s (on 10, 10, 10, 10s)

Exit at 4 (4), bring friend, friend, friend, friends (bring friend, friend, friend, friends)

Matte black two-door (door), jump in, in, in, in

You might wanna keep score (score), I win, win, win, win (I win, win, win, win)

Forearm tattoos (huh), that's squad, squad, squad, squad (that's squad, squad, squad, squad)

All of them gon' shoot (huh), don't try, try, try, try (don't try, try, try, try)

I walk in room (huh), their eyes wide, wide, wide (eyes wide, wide, wide)

Third album comin' soon (yeah), I'm glad y'all gon' die (I'm glad y'all gon' die)

I ain't chasin' after no bitch

I got bigger plans, I'm stayin' rich (stayin' rich)

I've been tapped in since I was six (like six)

I tap dance all on a brick (tap dance)

And your diamonds like tap water (tap water)

That shit way too foggy (clean it up)

These VVS's way awesome (what's up?)

Parked CLS for baby mama (no love)

Drop to your death without warnin'

[Chorus: Jay Rock & Kendrick Lamar]

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Get out the way, get the fuck up out my way, yeah (yeah)

You either with me or against me, ho (ho)

You either with me or (wait)

Win win, win, win, win (yeah)

Fuck everything else, win, win, win, win (win)

These niggas ain't shit (mommy), win, win, win, win

Stop chasin' that bitch (stop), win, win, win, win (yeah) [Verse 2: Jay Rock & Kendrick Lamar]

Fuck niggas don't stay outside when I play outside

I put the beats on, I'm like Dre outside

I got the Bay outside, and L.A. outside
And if you act bad, I'll bring the K outside
Go and get your money, bitch
None of my niggas on some funny shit
I can tell real by who you runnin' with
I'm all in the field, duck huntin', shit
Hit my plug just to re-up and he was like,

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>