Down On Your Luck (feat. August Alsina)

Sage the Gemini

See, I don't want your bitch, boy, she got mad lips
She choke more than a cinnamon challenge
And ooo you never see me round it
And all too much money to count it
They like ooh you know your stuff
Baby, that's what's up
Got a girl in Virginia that look better than all your spouses
They like ooh you know your stuff
Baby, that's what's up
Got a girl in Virginia that look better than all your spouses
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down, oh
I'm up this bitch, I got money to burn so she stacking her tits
Till I look in her face, and I put it away
I ain't throwing this money around
She think she's so bad
She don't know I had plenty bitches bad
Some of them? but know that I keep a few dimes around
Girl, keep popping, keep popping
Don't stop till the money, ain't dropping
Body? but don't face trance
I'm fucked up in that...
You're... so you need that
I'm a real nigga, so I feel thatDown on your luck, down on your luck, down
Down on your luck, down on your luck, down, oh

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