

Just My Luck (feat. Sada Baby)

Mozzy

[Sada Baby:]

Helluva made this beat, baby
Yeah, yeah, ayy
Hmm, on gang, nigga, hmm

Just my luck you wasn't ridin' with your strap
Hit my window, took that thing off my lap, let it ring on you
Had to treat him like an opp, he switched teams on me
Thought I didn't see him but the AR had the beam on him
Auntie know I got that dope sack
And your bitch just left, got my soul snatched
Cold-hearted hotshot and you know that
I send one up top, nigga, no cap, ugh

[Mozzy:]

Yeah, wet, woozy, whop him with the wally ahki
Did the Beamer, Benz, Masi', thinkin' Kawasaki
Ain't no clouds in these rocks, just to clarify
Type of nigga blow a fifty on a pair of diamonds
Blood type VS1's, talkin' every diamond
It broke my heart to see that nigga woof and kill Diamond
Check the Rollie, perfect timing, couple minutes late
They don't want the smoke, that's something that you insinuate
That's somethin' you indicatin', we can take it there
Right before I kicked the door I said a silent prayer
Bity of Sacramento mayor, ask the people
Prezi' faces in the duffle, that's a bag of people
Murder rate goin' brazy, we end up blappin' people
Smoke Cook', bitch, I'm bool on your bag of Diesel
Been a fella way back when niggas had Evisus
On my mama, hittin' Sada 'bout them sama-llamas

[Sada Baby:]

Just my luck you wasn't ridin' with your strap
Hit my window, took that thing off my lap, let it ring on you
Had to treat him like an opp, he switched teams on me
Thought I didn't see him but the AR had the beam on him
Auntie know I got that dope sack
And your bitch just left, got my soul snatched
Cold-hearted hotshot and you know that
I send one up top, nigga, no cap, ugh

Ho, don't talk to me 'bout shit you know you don't deserve
Set up shop and be damn sold out 'fore I hit the curb
I mean a pistol out before I ever spoke a word
Drop a four and swing my door, call it a Skuba swerve
Book a nigga if he talkin', chopper send him his deposit
Pull up with my ahkis, me and Mozzy come with all the toppings
All my dreadheads real rastas, big H, Top Shotta
Push your shit back, release date, mixtape, gon' drop 'em
I just want a gun with a leg in it
Dawg been in the hole, he want a cell with a bed in it
Can't talk for none' these bloods, all the mail got red in it
Ain't in sneakin' in no phones, heard the 'Gram got the feds on it
I don't want no bitch 'less her man got the bands on him
Mines cook dope, eat the dick, and put her friends on it
Hmm, disrespecting me, I raise up, put my hands on you
Pussy heaven, see, what you sight, you don't stand on it, ugh

Just my luck you wasn't ridin' with your strap
Hit my window, took that thing off my lap, let it ring on you
Had to treat him like an opp, he switched teams on me
Thought I didn't see him but the AR had the beam on him
Auntie know I got that dope sack
And your bitch just left, got my soul snatched
Cold-hearted hotshot and you know that
I send one up top, nigga, no cap, ugh

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