

# In Da Wind

Lil' O

I'm still shining baby, (whoa)  
I'm still shining baby, (it's going down)...

[Hook]

It's like uggggh, oooh I'm in the wind  
Man it feels good, to finally have some ends  
Like uggggh, oooh I'm in the wind  
Let the top down, in my drop top Benz like uggggh

[Lil' O]

I've been down, for so long  
Thinking bout the times, the game did O wrong  
So long, to heartache and pain I'm so strong  
The struggle made me a man, how can I go wrong  
With a heart like this, and a grind like this  
So many haters, didn't wanna see me shine like this  
But I took chances for my bread, I did time for this  
I deserve every diamond, that outline my wrist  
So when you see me out flipping, and I'm looking fantastic  
Top flipping in my trunk, like it's doing gymnastics  
Know a playa had to grind, for his cash and his plastic  
Try to take it if you want, got the thang I'ma blast it  
Got the system going knock knock, looking like a top notch  
Playa from the South, from the chain to the wrist watch  
Fat Rat with the Cheese, man that boy is a stunner  
You don't like it top down, middle finger'll fuck ya

[Hook]

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Man it feels good, to finally have some ends  
Like uggggh, oooh I'm in the wind  
Let the top down, one deep no friends like uggggh

[Chamillionaire]

It's like the more I'm making, the more I'm enjoying taking  
Talking my list of Fort Lauren London, to Nia Lathan  
Sitting in some'ing, should of take the chicks you boys is dating  
You call it black on black, I'ma call that coordinating  
Hustlers acknowledge me, but busters ain't trying to see  
President treatment, as we step in the Obama suites  
It ain't no shoulda woulda, no coulda or probably  
You know that obviously, could never apply to me  
Money so Roger Clemens, it honestly gotta be  
Pumped full of HGH, and plus it ain't minor league  
You know I'm what these rappers, is dying and trying to be  
One thing that you never heard me saying, is I would sleep  
I been doing this heavy, since when you wasn't ready  
Making moves on the celly, got candy threw on my Cheve  
Got you booing the telly, bout to get threw on the belly  
I show up and I bet she bust, and get loose as a levy

[Hook]

[Killa Kyleon]

A long way, from worries and stressing  
Now I'm just running through paper, I call that counting my blessings  
Which way is up like I build, don't know no other directions  
I'm GPS'ing them bills, ain't got no time for no resting  
Wrestling with money, yeah I'm Stone Cold  
Now rock them rocks like Dwayne, my jewelry's stone cold  
My wallet prolly like Batista, full of dead politicians guess I'm a undertaker  
Ravish and rick rude to these bitches, when it comes to paper  
I got that triple M syndrome, my money mine  
I know that make you haters sick, that's cool my money fine  
Grind by any means necessary, when it come to mine  
Money on it, if it ain't about it nothing comes to mind  
Relax and put that dro in the wind, I'm feeling Cee-Lo  
Getting bread, not a Botany Boy but I'm feeling C-Notes  
Falling off never, yeah I know ya hope so hoe  
O couldn't of said it better, we ain't broke no mo' run it

[Hook]

I'm still shining baby - [4x]  
Whoa