

# It Ain't Over

Young Dro

Extreme-aai  
This system x2 (hey...)  
Street my x2  
Classic x3  
Right about now x2  
Come on, all tha ladies,  
Get on tha dance floor  
And just get you're ass on  
Come on come on and just  
[Chorus x2]  
Fuck tha fat lady, lean over to tha trap lady sane  
Fish, scaleboy, nineteen eighty kane  
Eighty chevey frame, ride 4 and everythang  
Diamonds in my chain, shining on tha lane  
[Verse 1]  
(i want you to check this out, hey)  
My car fusha, everything's super  
Lights camera action, no time for bloopers  
Fishscale shawty, I'm tha blue coop mover  
Definitely lot of losers, snatching bro'd n used up  
Show her how to blow on my glass, eighty cash  
Eighty pecks of decks, and tha classical eighty jazz  
Eighty bags of money, eighty macks from royne  
A.K.A. they turning beef to eighty packs of bologne  
They waited on me, telling when its my time to cool it  
Blue chevey sit tall, like a colorado moose do  
My cookies drown like moons too, my regal look like prune juice  
Why should I be bishop, I'm drizzled, I got my own juice  
Own crew, own 26s on my own coop  
Own crib, own bricks, plus I own a couple chicks  
Know how to put bitches on they own, let her suck a dick  
Hey one when one look biggin, they gotta be licking pussy  
Money push it, bitch we got a avalanch block  
With mo cocain then they can pull off of tha dock  
Cut em off, viro ain't bitches ain't a thang  
In tha chair with tha brains gettin brains, diamonds on my chain

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]