

Just My Luck

Marc E. Bassy

Pocket with the Fendi, too filled up
Shawty wanna ride and it's just my luck, my luck
Cadillac weather, jumpin' in the back
Old girl left me but I feel like it's just my luck, my luck

Yeah, feel like I'm the one, feel like I'm the one
She think I look better, every check I run
I met her on a plane
She likes the book I'm reading, said she'd trade me brain for brain
Girl, I'm the one to see, come back it up on me
Big faces, big diamonds, that shit look good on me
Summer breeze, big check coming next week
Hotel room full of freaks, whoa-oh-oh-oh

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Yeah, Bear Trap
Shawty wear my sweats and New Found Glory shirt to bed
That last about a half an hour then it's just my luck
We waking up with nothing on
Drop the top in the Bentley, hit the London for lunch
I might take you shopping Yves Saint Laurent
If you ain't acting too brazy, acting up
If you don't get too close too fast, if you don't give a fuck
I'll be your Lloyd, be my Ashanti, Southside glowing up

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Put family before money in my pocket
I only do this shit the long way
Woke up feeling like a fucking prophet, stop it
Take 'em to church, then Kanye
You go, you go anywhere, I'm gon' to stay
I don't need nothing but my faith
Maybe a chain or two
A text coming through, I'm on the way

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