

# Future, Feed Me Dope

Ready for whatever  
Clever as it get  
Do I really gotta explain myself

Weigh the dope up, cook the coke up  
Might as well just give your ho up  
I got loco ho, but I shipped her out the country though  
Ain't no giving up, you already know how I give it up  
Sippin' out the coffee cup, my presidential face a hockey puck  
Feed me dope, I get wavy like a boat  
Feed me dope, and I start seeing ghosts  
I'm off the porch, I'm skippin' court  
Skip to my lou, trapping a sport  
Ok fish butter, chicken cutter (okay)  
Maserati, we get mozzarella, (okay) ayy  
Go'n, you doin' that wrong (out of here), Al Capone  
Don't talk on phones but we get dope money all night long

I need, Chinese molly, Hong Kong  
I need, good drank, big strong  
Durk 'dem call me big papi, I get big cocky  
Uh-oh, big molly, got my wrist rocky (uh-oh)  
Uh-oh, bring the money on a big dolly (uh-oh)  
They know, I'm a millionaire from freestyling  
Uh-oh, good dope make my wrist talk (uh-oh)  
Coco, watch me hit her with a big stop  
Toto, keep the receipt, I'm a bad boy  
Thirty round drip, ooh, he a mad boy  
All of my diamonds clear, ooh, that's a jag boy  
I see Hermes belt, thousand on my tag boy  
I was hustlin' in the field with all I had boy (whoa whoa)  
My mama shed a few tears but I wasn't sad boy (whoa whoa)  
Tryna explain to her for years she had a cash boy (whoa whoa)  
I took a pill and a half today, that ain't my last boy (whoa)  
The one with the beans on it, I'm taking off like Elroy  
I took a few on my head, I got to be on my head  
I'm living close to the edge, I gotta stay with some lead  
I wanna hit me a lick, just like a sheep on the bed

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