

# Future, Fuck Up Some Commas (feat. Big Sean &)

Smoke the first forty-eight hours  
Grind twenty-two and sleep two hours  
Put twenty-fours on the new Audi  
White-on-white like baby powder  
Drop your bitch off at Fulton County  
Might count it up and then recount it  
Double-cup like Tunechi, bust it down with these goonies  
Give no fucks, yeah, we don't give no fucks, yeah  
Go fill my cup, yeah, bitch, go fill my cup, yeah  
You heard that the slums made me, I'm cool with the convicts  
The coupe look like Akon, fuck all that bum shit

Fuck up some commas, let's fuck up some commas, yeah  
Let's fuck up some commas, let's fuck up some commas, yeah  
Forty thou' to a hun'ed thou'  
A hun'ed thou', another hun'ed thou'  
Three hun'ed thou, five hun'ed thou  
A million, let's have a money shower

She so high, her nose bleedin', my coke clean like chlorine  
Got a white girl and she barefoot in my old-school, my floors clean  
Maybach that's two-tone, phone tapped, got a few phones  
Headphones on my futon, gangsta on my Groupon  
I don't bop, I do the money dance, nah, I call it that Robert Kraft  
Your whole clique look dead broke  
My young bitch said, "Roger that"  
All my dogs got fox furs, teacher said I was a big dummy  
Bitch better come suck my dick  
These diamonds on me cost big money  
Waitin' you to come jump my fence  
I paid the bitch off of brick money  
Dade County my body count, I whack a nigga on Easter Sunday  
Smoke a blunt and might eat some pussy  
Tell the truth, my mind gone  
Piaget cost one ticket, you could never be in my timezone

Boy, I came from the grind up  
I never threw the towel in, even in saunas  
D hat on me, bitch, it's just to remind you  
I knew I was riched up before I had commas  
Back when I used to pull up in that Honda, police was behind us  
I would still wake up like I'm in the Bahamas  
Fuck a money counter, boy  
I count this shit up faster than the Honda  
Threw a party wit' Future, that's Futurama  
Got a future baby mama lookin' like a young Madonna  
Mixin' wit' Rihanna, boy, I couldn't tell you where to find her  
But I treat her like I'm finer  
Man, y'all fucked the game up, boy, I got to reset it  
I was born in '88, but I been ready since '87  
No one let it, countin' up Aretha Franklins, you got to respect it  
What the fuck these niggas want from me, nigga?  
She call me cause she want some company  
I'm more focused on my company  
If they want me, tell 'em they gon' have to come and hunt for me  
Boy, I'm a beast, head over fireplace, nigga  
I'm a product of my environment  
I'm a bring her home, yeah  
I'm a empire her to my empire, big as Empire, nigga  
Runnin' through the city on some Young Caesar shit  
Know I made a couple flips, on some "Pizza! Pizza!" shit  
Yeah, just know I'm livin' single on some young Khadijah shit  
And I'm checkin' for the commas on some English teacher shit  
Little bitch

Give no fucks, yeah, we don't give no fucks, yeah  
Go fill my cup, yeah, bitch, go fill my cup, yeah  
(Give no fucks, yeah, we don't give no fucks, yeah  
Go fill my cup, yeah, bitch, go fill my cup, yeah)  
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