

Future, Havin It

Yeah, hey
(We really havin' paper)
Lil Mexico shit nigga
(I'm talkin' bout we havin' real bands in this shit, you dig?)

Yeah-yeah, we havin' it, we havin' it, we havin' it
We havin' it yeah, we havin' it yeah
I got a check and I'm havin' it
I got a check and I'm havin' it
I got the gas and I'm havin' it
I got the gas and I'm havin' it
You drank and havin' no check
You basically havin' no check
And now we gon' aim at your flesh
And niggas gon' aim at your chest
We studied how to sell us some crack and then we had learn to finesse
Lil Mexico playin' with bails, Lil Mexico playin' with bricks

Fuck all that social media, I leave it up to the kids
We go to lunch at Cheetah then we go back to the six
I know the tricks of the trade, I wanna hit me a lick
Lionel Richie to a bad bitch
50, 000 on a bad bitch
[?] had a mattress
Fuck that bitch, she a savage
Gold digger, she a savage
I'm a pass her to the savage
Tom Fords on everyday
Upper Echelon everyday
Get the funds on everyday
I cash out, no layaway
Real one, no fame daddy
We gon' get into all the fame daddy
We take for leave in the plane daddy
Got the gang-gang in the plane daddy
Styrofoams and some red bottoms
50, 000, the feds got it
Real diamonds, yeah, real diamonds
Pop a seal, hope you feel better

She never seeks, I sign on
Fully loaded, that Scion
I grinded up, you just payin' off
I'm blood money like the Phantom
I swear that this voucher could dance on you
Murder squad, I stand on you
No facade, I stand on you
I swear to God I stand on you

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You can tell I'm havin' bitch, I ain't gotta manage it
All of my diamonds be here, you can tell by the clarity

We rockin' red diamonds, you rockin' the rhinestones
Act' in my styrofoam, I'm gettin' my grind on
These niggas just hate that I'm gettin' it
Well fuck it, I sold out the citadel
Some of these gas bags and the trash bags
Got you wonderin' where the stash at
We robbin' [?] no handgun
I'm a put on for my day one
Real come get, no Akon
Pink grass look like Barry Bonds
You think I ain't back with a check?
You think I ain't got no finesse?
You think my niggas ain't killers?
You think that my niggas won't aim at your head?
Drop a check on you, you a plate now
Right price, you get ate now
Whole city know I'm havin' it
Bands in and I'm taxin' it

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