

# Future, How It Was

Hit the block and sell drugs  
That's exactly how it was  
Take the Sprite and take the codeine and I pour me up a cup  
Get the molly, drink of mud and smoke some bud, that's how it was  
Last night we made a movie I'mma tell you how it was  
How it was, nigga how it was  
How it was, bitch how it was  
How it was, nigga how it was  
How it was, I'mma tell you how it was

Whippin', whippin', whippin',  
Whippin', whippin', whippin', whippin' it  
Flippin', flippin', flippin',  
Flippin', flippin', flippin', flippin' it  
I was self motivated, I was self driven-in  
I got my determination now I'm ready winnin-in  
We could pull up Maseratis, I done whipped the Benzes  
I was headin' thousands an hours and I go shop at Lenox  
When it come to stackin' cash up it ain't no limit  
I got racks on top of racks and I ain't talking tennis  
It's some girls that's going wild I like to see them kissing  
It's some niggas that's playing vile and they sneak dissing  
I won't let her hold me back to complete my mission  
It ain't easy when you try to make it out the trenches

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I'm the dope man, dope man yes I am  
Turned your baby momma house into a drug lab  
I was using all the forks, using all the pans  
She done seen a lot of money touch a nigga hands  
Saw me microwaving dope, like some leftovers  
Drugged in with the green grow a lawn mower  
I'm a mirco fuzz, sure just an Air Royal  
I'm a space cadet, an astronaut, a rockstar  
I was trapped in the trap dodging cop cars  
I'm on Pluto, I'm on Jupiter, and Mars  
You ain't foreign, it's okay I like all broads  
I'mma hustle everyday so I don't starve

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Serve it to you cleaner than a house keeper  
Cruisin' around the scene with a street sweeper  
Pour a half a pint of codeine in a two liter  
Flame all that Future drive is heaters  
I put passion in my lyrics and I'm working in 'em  
Got a dogfood connect he up next nigga

Got a styrofoam cup, and I pour up  
Thanks to music she ain't broke run my bands up