

# Future, JUST THE BEGINNING

The streets signed me  
(Taurus, Taurus)  
I gotta remind you, I never liked you  
In the streets, nigga  
I love you

Streets turnin' boys into men  
Take several down, lock it in  
Got a stash, brought another bill  
Pay you off before I shot and kill  
Tell them other trenches that I ain't fell  
I told 'em wait again, they weren't aware  
I met her on sight, she got clapped  
I was playin' with the chickens before I rapped

Treatin' this music like I'm sellin' keys  
I took lil' mama then went down to Greece  
Young nigga 'round me, slimey and greasy  
I bought her diamonds and she keep it a secret  
Knock your shit down, you know I'ma agree with it  
Take off flyin', goin' off a G6  
I got that cooler with me when I'm whippin'  
Rollin' with demons when I'm in your city  
Couple of pink toes gettin' nasty  
Send all the Fentanyl to Cincinnati  
Gone on a mission, niggas ain't really havin' it  
Like I got a fishin' rod, that bitch bite  
Whole lotta racks on me Beatles sitze  
Lil' one whack songs when they bitin'  
We been on demon time, say I'm nice  
Ain't been gettin' no sleep, I'm outside  
Kick down the doors of your door  
Put double numbers on the billboards  
I take the flowers, we gettin' awards  
Too many shooters, I was paranoid  
Young nigga poppin' off anywhere  
Catch up and spray, nigga, anywhere  
I gotta make sure I [?]  
'Cause I'm in touch with the mob  
A [?] ready, yeah, she anywhere, Jada finish up the job  
But to the hood I'm a god  
I did residentials, I was slaughtering  
Just another product of poverty  
Hit them niggas up, no recovery  
I had Benjamins, Frank callin' me  
Got them demons with me, ain't no argument  
Trappin' out my pain with Givenchy  
Forever wish death on all my enemies  
The minute I was born, I was sinnin'  
Chasin' a hundred billion, that's just the beginnin'

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Streets turnin' the boy to a millionaire, ayy, yeah  
Took all the struggle from the game and it got me here  
Drinkin' on muddy, smokin' herb by the pound, ooh, ooh  
Wish I could fall in love but she been ran through

Who the flyest?  
Ain't no goin' back and forth, ain't no debatin' with me  
Keepin' the drum on me  
Gotta keep fifty brothers for my many men  
These streets they prepared a nigga for everything  
Everything I ever wanted in my life  
I hustle and I'm grindin' up to earn it full  
For the Bugatti, sign me up  
Charge one thousand to just line 'em up, line it up

Oh yeah (Oh yeah)  
Yeah (Yeah)  
Yeah (Yeah)  
Young nigga pop (Young nigga pop)  
Catch up and spray (Catch up and spray)  
I gotta make sure I aim (I gotta make sure I aim)  
Woo  
[?]  
Just the finishin' (Just the finishin')  
Hood (Hood)  
Pluto (Pluto)  
Catch another b—(Catch another b—)  
Hit 'em up (Hit 'em up)  
I call (I call)