

# Future, Killin it

Insane your girl giving that pussy, killing it  
Every time I get a pack I'm mixing it, I'm killing it  
Got so many of them chains on I'm glistening, I'm killing it  
Every I'm a nigga stepping I'm shitting, I'm killing it

I done fucked every bitch in Atlanta  
My brother Future done killed the rap game up in Atlanta  
I'm walking in the club with too many chains on  
You think I play with Michael Jordan I got six rings on  
I got that molly and that drank in my Styrofoam  
I got ten cell phones and they bing homes  
Your bitch in love with me, killing it her ringtone  
I done cause I dry nigga killing it  
You might as well walk trying to pull up next to me  
FreeBandz casino in the streets and I'm killing it  
All white ghost in the hood I'm Rossing it  
Hold on my pinkie and my bone on that FreeBandz shit

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Every I'm a nigga stepping I'm shitting, I'm killing it  
Killing it, man, I be killing it  
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Killing it, man, I be killing it

I'm all about that paper but I don't end it  
You say she bad, casino band here  
You say she bad, slicy bang here  
Mix that gold with that silver I'm a chemist  
Where the time go? I don't know, tic tic  
And how you like your girl, how you think thick thick  
Your girl is my apprentice, my swisher she twist it  
Them fill em, then get lit and munchies, then picnic  
Freebands, you don't wanna miss this  
And one year, you might have to buy a tic  
To witness this pimping, my income extended  
I'm iron coat, I'm different  
I started independent