

Future, Mark McGwire

Yeah! I guess I feel like Lance Armstrong
We gotta win the race, hell yeah!
We call it the Tour of the Streets
But it's like I'm cheatin'
'Cause my shit is on steroids
And they shit ain't
You niggas keep peddlin', though
Mr. Thanksgiving!

I took those BBS's - and slapped 'em right on my chest
After I smash her - I don't care who come next
I took off in a Bentley - and came back in a Spider
My track on steroids - we servin' Mark McGwire
Who you think you is?
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I think I'm Big Meech – all my niggas sell drugs
I'm a rich nigga – she wanna give me a hug
But she a freak hoe - and I won't show her no love
I shoot her mad dick - like I'm from NYC
A thousand for some glasses - I see my shit in 3D
I'm poppin' bottles, nigga - like it's the 4th of July
I think I'm Bill Gates - I'm takin' over the Net
We shootin' choppers, nigga - we ain't fuck with them teks
I think I'm Young G - 'cause I motivate thugs
Yeah...
I think I'm Lil' Boosie - I'm 'bout to start sellin' hits
And Future cons the lotto - I'm on that mafia shit

I know my dope raw - I seen it come out her ass
Girl wipe that shit off – and throw it right in the bag
I'm livin' fabulous – the shit I do, in your dreams
Future you're arrogant – now I think I'm the king
None of my bitches can't fuck – name a bitch that ain't tight
Name a bich that ain't a slut – just name one, name one
I think I'm Antawn Jamison – I'm ballin', ballin', ballin'
I think I'm Nat Turner – when I ride around with that burner
I got three young gunners –
And they gon' squeeze on anything I point at
I think I'm a fair gunner – I think I'm leanin', I think I'm leanin'
I think I'm 'bout to turn up - I think I'm 'bout to burn up
A sack full of hundreds - all this ice on me