

Future, My Collection

I've been in the stu late, workin', no residuals
If we never speak again, I'm just glad I got to tell the truth
I ain't done countin'
You wanna come to paradise?
Matter of fact, you wanna come to Pluto?
Haha

She told me she was an angel
She fucked two rappers and three singers
She got a few athletes on speed dial
I'm tryna get the case dismissed before I see trial
And these codeine habits ain't got nothin' to do with my lil' child
No this codeine ain't got nothin' to do with my lil' child
I used to sell dope at my grandma's house, as a rude child
All these cameras on, fuckin' with my mood, wild
And these chains clinkin' back and forth, they too loud
They know damn well this wasn't promised
I know damn well this must be karma
Left every pair of Margielas at the condo
Technically I never packed up and leave
Left 80 racks in the dresser, you can keep
And I got this bad ting at disposal
I cooked it up and then I went global
My baby mama push a Range Rover
Had to make sure I got it fully loaded
Can't be the one and then you get exposed
If you the one, then God will let me know
But at the same time, I like to vibe with one
I'm paranoid, I gotta ride with one
And I had to 'splain to her last night
Had to send this one freak on the last flight
Had to send this one freak on the last flight

Won't get a response from me, ain't no confessions
Before I tell a lie, won't tell you nothin'
Any time I got you, girl you my possession
Even if I hit you once, you part of my collection
Even if I hit you once, you part of my collection
Even if I hit you once, you part of my collection

Standin' on Black Sox, meet me at the yacht dock
Icin' out the clock, watch, bitches on my cock
Yeah, maybe it's the drop, yeah
We get in our feelings, yeah
I don't know how you would feel about if I ain't have millions, yeah
I'm conversin' with you, I hope you hear me, yeah
Keep my promise, take my love with you everywhere
And hell no it ain't about no braggin' rights
But even if it was, shit I got it
Pinstripes on a hardtop Bugatti
She told me she was an angel
She fucked two rappers and three singers
I'ma keep it genuine and tell the truth to you
I got this jawn, she know what to do with me
And right now I don't know what to do with you
I don't wanna sound like I'm bein' rude with you
She caught a red eye, leavin' L.A
I shoulda gave her to the valet
And I had to tell her 'bout Miami
After she came with no panty

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