

# Future, No Issue

Don't let these bitches get in your head  
(Wheezy outta here)  
Fallin' outta love with Xanax  
Livin' my life on the edge  
No sacrifices in this bitch

I do oxy, I don't need alcohol  
I pop Rolexes like they edible  
Continuin' deliverin' the substance  
I'm gon' be there for my bros when I'm gone  
Don't you try act just, just like you ain't got no flaws  
Don't you try and judge, judge  
Why don't you try these drugs first  
Yeah, they gon' die, die, die, ain't no issue  
She gon' cry, cry, cry, she feel issues

She wanna kick it, she know judo  
I cannot save her, I'm not a hero  
Bank account commas and zeros  
Gucci, Amiri, my apparel  
Keep a pistol, let it hit ya  
I'm official  
Fuck that bitch, a one-night kisser  
I won't miss her  
Make her cry, cry, cry, she need tissues  
I get high, high, high and have no issues  
VVS on me, now, igloo  
You say we fly, we been flew  
Ah

I told that bitch it ain't no way around it  
Like Future  
Come to find out yesterday she was fuckin' on Future  
Stripper bitches callin' on my phone  
They wanna know when I'll show up to the club  
'Cause I throw hundreds in that bitch, ain't throwin' dubs  
Spend that change, oh, money love  
Designer clothes, designer hoes, designer drugs  
50K for the Birkin bag, did it just 'cause  
I'm in Chicago where they drill, drill, drill, drill  
Alla my gang with me, yeah, they real, real, real, real  
Every G up in here official, real, real, real, real  
Perc pop, love the pills  
Mix it with Klonopins

Chains on when I walk into the club  
Hunnid racks in my pocket, ain't no dubs  
Lotta Cripps make me feel just like a blood  
Got a million dollar ice just because  
Exotic hoes, exotic clothes, exotic drugs  
All hunnids in my bag, came from the dirt  
Blow some gas, blow that n\*\*\*\*a, he a thug  
I can't tell how good it feel, feel, feel, feel  
No limit, gang whippin' it real, real, real, real  
Rest in peace, you either kill or be killed  
Bullets fly, fly, fly, fly  
Homicide, 'cide, 'cide  
Let's get high, high, high

Make her cry, cry, cry, she need tissue  
I get high, high, high and have no issues  
VVS on me, now igloo  
You say we fly, we been flew  
Ah

You can see what we done been through  
You didn't see the road we took, it was grimy  
You don't know everything that we been through  
Bullets fly, fly, fly  
Baby cry, cry, cry, cry