

Future, Sleeping On The Floor

Yeah, serve more dope, one liter, yeah (Freebandz)
Serve my dope, my heater, yeah (Freebandz)
Sleepin' on the floor with my heater, yeah (Yeah)
Sleepin' in the house with my heater, yeah (Yeah, super)
Sleepin' in the house with my beater, yeah (Yeah, yeah, D. Hill)
Sleepin' in the house with my people, yeah (Yeah, yeah, Loudy Luna)
Sleepin' in the house with my diva, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Sleepin' on the floor with my heater (Yeah), yeah (Yeah-yeah)
Fillin' up dope, one liter (Yeah), yeah (Yeah-yeah)
Fillin' up dope, one liter (Yeah), yeah (Yeah-yeah)
Servin' my dope in wife beaters (Yeah), yeah (Yeah-yeah)
Servin' my dope in wife beaters (Yeah), yeah (Yeah-yeah)

Mama, mama (Yeah), Caesar's, woo (Oh)
I'm gettin' fly like a eagle, woo (Ha-ha)
I wear more Gucci than Gucci, woo (Ha-ha)
All of this money, I'm moody, woo (Ha-ha)
All of this money, I'm moody, woo (Ha-ha)
Getting my vici, my veni, I'm rulin' (Ha-ha)
Yeah, yeah, money and power and sex, yeah (Yeah)
Cut up my rings with baguettes, yeah (Yeah)
Drinkin' on syrup, hit the net, yeah (Yeah)
Swish, swish, yeah, yeah (Swish, swish)

Havin'-I'm havin' somethin' to do with that bitch that you be cuddlin' with (Swish, swish, swish, swish)
Out the South of France, I got different cultures suckin' on me (Swish, swish, swish, swish)
I was poppin' Xans, servin' that dope and bought me a company (Swish, swish, swish, swish)
I try OxyContin and wash the cash at the laundry (Swish, swish, swish, swish)
I be livin' in luxu-luxury in different countries (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I got bitches beggin'-beggin' me in different continents (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I could never cuff a-cuff a bitch who never honor me (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I would never trust her, only judge off what she done for me (Woah, woah, woah)
Ice got me glistenin' like ocean, no, yeah, yeah (Woah, woah)
I already smashed her up, now, Baby Pluto hittin' that nana (Woah, woah)
Made her count that money, so much money, she look cockeyed (Woah, woah)
Fuck on her Snapchat, like, "Baby girl, this gon' go viral" (Yeah, yeah, Freebandz gang)

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So many fuckin' bands, woulda thought this shit was counterfeit ('Fit)
Pull up, some new Balenci', NUMBER (N)INE, this shit my counter fit (My counter fit, my other)
So many different vibes, beggin' me, just tryna suck my dick
I'm Baby Pluto (Baby, Baby Pluto), pockets, they big like a sumo (Sumo, yeah)
Pockets, they fat like it's glucose (Glucose)
I brought a Phantom, a new Ghost (New Ghost)
Got some new beef, then that boy roast (Boy)
Up out the bread and that boy toast (Hah)
No, these niggas don't wanna talk, though (Huh?)
I put some touch on my earlobes (Yeah)
You know 12, they knockin' at the front door (Lil Uzi)
I had to run out the motherfuckin' back door (Woah)
Pullin' up right there, right there in the two-door, woah (Huh-huh, skrrt)
Bye-bye, toodles (Bitch, woah)
I'll kick the shit like it's judo (Bitch, bitch)
Walk on the beat, only two toes

Pull up, a double M truck and it's two-tone (Woah)
Two bitches, they stay with me
You know I'm a dog, I stay with two redbones (Uh)
Two white cups, that's the Styrofoam (Grr)
High off of pills, talk with two phones (Yeah, yeah)
Look at them two bitches that was with me
Both suckin', I get two domes (Suck it up)
I ain't gon' lie, motherfucker get too gone
Motherfucker get way too gone (Uh, uh)
Young boy nigga gettin' too much money (Too much)
I might as well go buy two homes, yeah (Oh, wait, two homes, yeah)

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All of this money, I'm moody, woo (Ha-ha, let's go)
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Drinkin' on syrup, hit the net, yeah (Yeah, frrp)
Swish, swish, yeah, yeah (Frrp, swish, swish)