

# Future, U Sellin Dope

I got Wafi in this motherfucker, nigga  
What you doing, nigga?  
Got an unlimited amount of jewelry on us, nigga  
You know what I'm saying?  
Bust down Double 0, you know what I mean? Double 0-7, all the emeralds, nigga, baguettes all around  
We ain't playing, check the score  
(Who that, Trell?)

You selling dope, make sure you run all the red lights  
You kicking doors, make sure you run all the red lights  
Pour a four, get to tripping, wipe a nose  
Crooked cop, uh, they gon' shoot a nigga for sure  
Get it poppin', they just left a nigga in the cold  
Red bottom, I guess I'ma stick to the code  
One call all it take to tag your toe  
You're twenty-one, I'm pushing twenty-two Lambos

How Double 0 nineteen, but he act like he been here before?  
Don't stop at no red lights if your head right, we gon' high speed and go  
Screaming, "Fuck a security"  
Got a chop with a drum and it's fully  
Coming near me, I'll shoot every bullet  
I've been fucking these groupies  
My life is a movie, I jumped off the porch and I got straight to it  
Mixing the Wock', I ain't drinking a smoothie  
Ask Pluto, he'll tell you Lil Double 0 ruthless  
If you stop at the red light, we hop out and shoot you  
Mixing the Perc' with the weed, got my body delusional  
Making plays in the trap while you watching a movie  
All my bitches some slimes, you trust 'em, you lose it  
I'ma wipe the boy nose if nobody else do it  
If Pluto say fuck you, know what I'm doing

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Tax it, we get it there, you pay a different price  
I'm trapping, made it out the bando serving pearly whites  
Captain's seat, autobiography, let's take a drive  
Rolling down, uh, twenty cars in count, fuck a cop  
Smoke a pound and front a truckload to the block  
Bust down, Flintstone ice, big rocks  
Losing count, count the money up and never stop  
Bricks stamped, everywhere I go, I got the mop

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