

Future, Use Me

You know that niggas full of lies, oh, oh
You know that niggas full of tries, oh, oh
You know that niggas full of lies, oh, oh
You know that niggas full of tries, oh, oh

Tools, tools,
I give you tools
I give you tools, tools
I give you tools, ooh
These tools are for you to use

These tools are for you to use me
Ooh, use me, what you want me for? Use me
Ooh, use me, what you want me for? Use me
Yeah, oh, use me, ooh-oooh
Use me, what you want me for?

Yes to the tights that you like, they are see-throughs
Guess you can rock those even when I don't see you
Who piss you off, baby? Tell me, what he do?
I'll call your ex if you really want me to
I'll grab your whip and take it back to Chi-Town
When I'm in Chi-Town, I treat it like it's my town
I scoop your son up from your baby daddy
From this point on, you don't have to deal with talkin'

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Just so you know, I need you to know how to use me
Anyway, yeah

Thousand karats on my hand, 'bout to get Xanned-out
I can always lean on these bands when niggas is not around
I got an AK on my shoulder, my trigger finger hot
I feel like Pink Floyd with the lean out
I feel like Pretty Boy, Money Team out
Kissin' on the water with my chains out
My life is more effective than a cocaine drought
'Cause I was trapping at grandma's house when I came out
I said, "Fuck the streets," then made my own lane now
When you get high enough you can dodge rain drops
But tell your mama and your daddy you in a gang now

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You know that niggas full of tries, oh, oh

Just so you know, I need you to know how to use me
Tell me what you're usin' me for

Use me to make me better
Oh, yeah, you can use me
Use me to make me better
Make me better, make me better
Use me
Use me
Use me