

Future, Very Begin

I'm actin' like I want revenge
D. Hill (D. Hill)
Look

Margiela-gielas, the very begin
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Burberry sticks, and I done it, I win
She don't wanna listen, I'm goin' at her friend
I graduate off the block, I'ma win
I graduate off the streets, copped the Benz
And I'm clout chasin' over here on my end
I'm could taste syrup 'cause it's watchin' me sin
I pop out the hood with Koreans
I pop out the hood with Koreans

I fuck on that bitch, that's the end
Spent racks on some Cartier lens
Margiela, hard top on machines
We'll shoot at the opp and they friends
And I'm makin' these racks with no plans
You sit in the trap with my kin
And I ran it like lap in my Benz
Yeah, Freeband Gang, we used to the wins
Watch gone, watch gone, nigga, I'm gone
Got bags comin' in, plug hittin' my phone
Want Oxycontin fuck alone
Young Freeband Gang, Al Capone
I know my bros they want slice of the pie
We split it even, don't crap on my guys
All the damn cap, boy, you tellin' them lies
Got me like [?] rub on her thighs
Yeah, ooh, somethin' like that's on fire
Ooh, they say I'm one of a kind
Sure, if a nigga playin', he dyin'
Ooh, I got a lot on the line
I got a bitch who gon' tell you some lies
Set your ass up, make you put down the fire
Bitch, I'm big Guap, they can't fit in my size
I'm with King Pluto, this shit like a prize

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Yeah, yeah, yeah

J-Lo, my dope, it come straight out the pot
Diamonds, my mouth, it came straight out my watch
Fuck on your ho and you know she a thot
Fuck on her throat, then she go out the spot
Woke up, like, "Fuck it, today I wear all chains"
Racks out, they bustin' my jeans, they buy Balmain
Fifteen racks, holdin' nothin' that's small change
The ho came to us 'cause they found out you all lame
Yeah, tell a band, nigga been poppin'
Young Freebandz, nigga been poppin'
Yeah, all the whole hood poppin'
Yeah, all these fuck niggas watchin'
Yeah, watch came plain, I bussed it
Yeah, when the bands came I bussed it
It's your main ho we fuckin'
We keep it on the low so you don't know nothin'
Maison Margiela, don't make 'em all jealous
We carry these choppers to fuckin' protect us
This for your niggas who think about chasin' bullets
And hit for you nigga who clout chase
Got smoke, they gon' call us and tell us we steppers
Price on your head, drop the bag, they gon' get that
The thirty-round clip make a clout nigga get back
If you drop the bag, I jump out and push your shit back

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