

Future, Yeah Yeah

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All-white bitch to match these all-white Louies
Millionaire frames, hand made - I'm just coolin'
Kid so fly say it shines like a movement
Bitch say I party hard, told her I make movies
Popcorn kush, no strings on ya coochie
Pop a DVD in - rollin', cruisin'
Yeah yeah - yeah
Up there - where?
Wristwear - cold
Chandelier

You see me? I see me too
I just bought my girl a new pair of Jimmy Choos
I got a .35 stashed in my right shoe
I don't wear one, that's why they call me two

Getting to the money, I keep my sprite dirty
Mama say I'm crazy, I spent 300 on a skully
Shawty wanna go, her girlfriend frontin
So I flashed a bankroll now her girlfriend coming
What's up to my 'migos, yea my migos call me tito
I got swagger like a d boy, far as kilos I need three more
No I'm not from B-more but I know that I can be more
And I'm so high right now, I make my pilot take a detour
Uh - I'm in beast mode, got Atlanta streets sold
Talking re-ing up when I say I gotta reload
Easier than saying my alphabets or shooting free throws
Cause like A-B-C, D-E-F - bitch I'm on my g code
Playing with her g spot, you playing with her pee hole
Shoutout to my bank account, it got a lot of zero
Yeah yeah - yeah
Pretty hair
Fendi stores
Lenox square

You see me? I see me too
Wristwear cold, bad bitches on me too
We don't do no one-on-ones, we fuck 'em by the twos
Man, you just got on one chain - you know we wear like two?
Yeah

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Mix-match my ice like I mix-match my hogs
Black, yellow, white I change 'em up like I change clothes
John Juliano cover for my eye sight
Everything black, bout to kill niggas on sight
Everything fly, bout to take flight out of sight

Bad bitch my type, two dykes, two nights
Two rights, can't deal Future no wrongs
ReRock stone like Fred Flintstone
Drinkin' on lean, two cups styrofoam
Two phones, I can't take these home
Cause too many bitches wanna call my phone
Leave me alone while I get my lean on
Blowin' on strong, sippin' on 'tron
Throwin' up money, rippin' my zone

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