

Future, Ain't No Time

Kicking flavors Saint Laurent watch how I walk
Man this paper be the reason why we talk
Ain't no favors, they gon' outline you in chalk
You the biggest, biggest hater of them all
It ain't no time, it ain't no time, it ain't no time
It ain't no time, it ain't no his, it ain't no mine
It ain't no time, it ain't no time, it ain't no lying
It ain't no time, it ain't no time, it ain't no flying

You dropping them dimes, you dropping them dimes, you dropping them dimes
You look like you lying, you look like you lying, you look like you lying
We do this Sunday to Sunday
Sun up to the sun down
Look like I stepped on the runway
They try to tell me to calm down
Peep how I came in the game and I start rocking that Tom Ford
We don't know what we be saying, we just be yelling out bonjour
We don't know what we be saying, we just be yelling out bonjour
I like to play with them bands right before I do the encore
I like to play with the cash, go to Laurent and spaz
I like to play with the cash, go to Chanel and spaz
I like to go to the jeweler, tell 'em to make me some glass
I like to play with the cash, go to Chanel and spaz

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You slagin' that iron, you slagin' that iron, you toting that iron
You pressin' the issue, you pushing the gas, you making 'em violate
I'm dropping the top on that foreign, I zig and I zag I'm all on the grass
I did what I had to pass, you niggas you better go back to your stash
I did what I had to do, I ran in that bitch I didn't have a mask
I did what I should have did, survive through the trenches and look like a man
I sit at the throne, I sit at the throne, you niggas ain't nothing but some clones
I sipping that Dom Perignon, when I'm at the store they ringing me up
My bitch on her bitch, got her eatin' it up
I done gained a little weight and I'm keeping it up
Step in them Christians I done came out the mud
I'm flexing on purpose when I'm in the club

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