

# Future, Gangland

Future Hendrix  
Yeah  
It ain't a secret  
Straight up

I'm the one who got the presi' flooded  
You wear more chanel than anybody?  
You the type to get ya man indicted  
I'm the type to pull up in a Spider  
I'm the type to drive a hummer  
Put a hunna round clip in a dirty riffle  
It's dirty when it got a homi on it  
Fuck that nigga put a bounty on em  
I'm the one that put that dirty in the cup  
Had you sippin' noddin' off nigga  
You was gettin' fronted runnin' off nigga  
I made myself to a boss nigga  
Put a hundred carats in a cross nigga  
Put a 200 thousand on a cross nigga  
Could never sleep cause it a cost niggas  
They can never see my palms sweaty  
You a never seen the hunger in me  
I'm sick and tired of being humbled nigga  
This money put a lot of demons in me  
Went and tatted all these angels on me  
Fuck that nigga put a tracker on em  
Then we throw a Pat Riley on em  
These commas coming in  
These haters coming in  
The karma coming back from when I was gettin' it in  
My baby mama tryna sue again  
Bought my littles wins Christian Louboutins  
Get my nigga Conversary in the pen  
Got the federal lies on a nigga chin  
Fuck the Benz, imma whip the Spur  
Fuck my Spur & bought my bitch a Ghost  
I'm full of syrup and I'm seeing ghost  
I'm pushing Heroin right through NO

Got that boy boy like New Orleans ya hear me?  
Runnin that pack through Chi Town, Memphis, All up through B More & DC

Lil' Mexico turf a gang land  
Maybe Kane like I'm Soloman  
Does anybody kill a nigga?  
Do you have the heart to kill a nigga?  
100 thousand for a lawyer, gotta be a Johnnie Cochran.  
Take the dope off the border, from the water, put it in the water

Know some Mexicanos down in Georgia(my migos)  
We on every channel when we pop it  
Hit em in the head and start braggin' bout it  
They on 7th street  
They gotta bunch of bodies  
Gotta bunch of chains  
My neck is very crowded  
When I flood the street  
They have a powder shower  
Know the recipe, you need to learn about it  
Finnesin' niggas, gotta learn about it  
I could cook it in the microwave  
I got ya baby momma with the shits  
Got ya son sittin' on a brick  
My teacher said I wouldn't be shit

She even know what I represent  
Free Band Gang President  
Money up, everything nigga  
Everything else irrelevant