

# Future, Gold Stacks

(DMC, you global now, nigga)

I just need some 'cause I already got one with the seal, nigga

Yeah, I got one in the cut with a seal, yeah

Yeah

Step on a nigga, nigga

Step on a nigga in some all white ones, nigga

Fuckin' on your bitch, holdin' on my gun, yeah (Woo)

Fuck the plug, I just ran through a ton, uh

I don't wanna shoot no dice unless we bettin' gold stacks, nigga

Bet a ten, shoot a ten, my twin servin' dog food

Go and ask the promoter, I charge three-fifty for a walkthrough (Pluto)

Back to back in Saudi Arabia, I charged 1.5 (Woo)

Three mil' just to talk, nigga, that's all I got

I just stepped on a bitch in Chanel Number 9

I just stepped up her swag, now she all buss down

I'm a rich junkie, yeah, all these drugs I buy

Bitch, blow a nigga top before you blow my high (A nigga top)

Had my scammers with me too, they lettin' these hundreds fly

Throw some hundreds like ones, make a straight girl bi

She just fucked me in front of her friends, told me she was shy

And she eat whatever I tell her, that's a gumbo vibe (Eat it)

I ain't even gotta say nothin', this ho look at me like God

How much you paid for that Jumbo Patek? Four twenty-five

(No, that's four-fifty, for real)

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Go and ask the promoter, I charge three-fifty for a walkthrough

Back to back in Saudi Arabia, I charged 1.5

Three mil' just to talk, nigga, that's all I got

I just stepped on a bitch in Chanel Number 9 (Yeah)

I just stepped up her swag, now she all buss down

I'm a rich junkie, yeah, all these drugs I buy

I done talked so much shit, my problems can't even think (What he say?)

I start talkin' so many numbers, they callin' me the bank (Yeah)

Bought me a pay 'em card, Dr. Phil for that drank (Yeah)

I give 'em a brick and uh, they gon' leave you stained (Yeah)

Free my nigga Chuck, I told him we gettin' a billion off the top

We don't even wanna know who shot at you, we wipin' off a block

Over one thousand shells, they gon' hear 'bout it tomorrow

Ain't no time to negotiate, we got them bails, fuck a clock

I'm The Wizard, nigga, I can turn the trap into a star

I'm in the real rare, nigga, automobile, that's a double R

I done came out the field, I work a stick, fuck a guitar

You ain't got enough to gamble then you can put up your car

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I just stepped on a bitch in Chanel Number 9

I just stepped up her swag, now she all buss down

I'm a rich junkie, yeah, all these drugs I buy

(Yeah, step on a nigga, nigga)

(Step on a nigga in some all white ones, nigga)

(Fuckin' on your bitch, holdin' on my gun, yeah) (Woo)

(Fuck the plug, I just ran through a ton, uh)

(Unless we bettin' gold stacks, nigga)  
(I don't wanna shoot no dice unless we bettin' gold stacks, nigga)  
(I don't wanna shoot no dice unless we bettin' gold stacks)