

# Future, Hardly

I remember, it was New Years. We was in the studio when I did "Chosen", my nigga Double D was

Hardly, hardly, hardly, hardly, hardly, hardly  
Hardly, hardly, hardly, hardly, forget anything  
You know I hardly forget anything

Call them niggas to the dirt  
Margiela my fur  
I was overdosin' on percs  
Wakin' up, drankin' that syrup  
Bentley Spur with the curtains  
Balenciagas, my proteges  
I wear them shits like Michael Js  
Wash the molly down with champagne

Wash the zanny down with syrup, yeah  
Hope it take away all this damn pain  
Hope it take away all this damn pain

Crack in the bushes  
I'm tryna buy me a new 88 Cutlass Supreme  
Every day hustlin', I gotta go get it  
I gotta get Wu-Tang, man, gotta get cream  
Long as they print it, my niggas, come get it  
All of my love, I gave it to my city  
All of that game you gave me, can't forget it  
All that finessin' you gave me, ain't forget it  
I turned the whole world up  
Now they wanna treat me like an outcast or somethin'  
These niggas so broke, instead of go and get it  
They'd rather go ask for somethin'  
Remember them days I had to load it up  
And put on my mask for somethin'  
Remember we juuged for somethin'  
Remember we take for somethin'  
I spent 3 stacks on these Rick Owens, I try my best to forget it  
I pour my life inside these poems, my whole soul and my spirit  
I'm easily agitated, get intoxicated, try to fight the demons  
Tryna find right and my wrong, hope my legacy live on  
Hope my legacy live on  
That's why I wrote this song  
I ain't have to write this song  
Future Hendrix is forever