

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