

# Future, Just Like Bruddas

I gotta kick this flavor, ya hear me

Chewing on bars, then they call you barbarian  
All I see is stars, fly a bitch out from Maryland  
Molly on fire, and I'm sipping out the styrofoam  
Cooking up dope, got more fish than aquarium  
Bend it up, pose for a Freeband President  
I'm counting out y'all, while I'm counting up these Presidents  
Slide down on a new diva, but that's what we about  
Riding 'round with a two-liter, I'm so po'd up  
Two seater, plush, few racks in the bump  
A few goons in the cut, I treat 'em just like brothers  
Treat 'em just like brothers, treat 'em just like brothers  
A few goons in the cut, I treat 'em just like brothers

Chewing on the bars, and we call 'em barbarian  
I'm on my way to Mars, got the stars in the ceiling  
Down South Georgia, boy  
We the New Chopper City, we the New Chopper City  
We the New Chopper City, yeah (Free B.G.)  
Word to my youngin', we gone dump on you  
Yeah, that dirty money, I can smell the gun powder  
That's dirty money, I can smell the gun powder  
He got his hoodie, with his hand in his right pocket  
And you gotta watch out or it's lights out  
Lights out, hotwire me a Eddie Bauer  
And I went and got it poppin', and I let them bullets shower

Off 2 milligrams, I forgot about my ex-ho  
Staying with the gas, fill my blunts up with petrol  
Pop a couple double G's and down it with some XO  
Trippin' off them bars you forgot when you was dead broke  
Styrofoams and mula, yeah, styrofoams and mula  
Half a million dollars on a ring, I'm taking Percocets  
Down five Xanax and I pray I wake up and forget  
I been with the gang cause they love me how I am  
Shit ain't been the same, they talkin' bout me on the 'gram  
They say I turned my back on my baby mama, I'm on them tabs  
And my hood looking up to me, I love them niggas to death  
Even in the after life, when ain't a breathe of me left