

# Future, Mark McGwire

Yeah! I guess I feel like Lance Armstrong  
We gotta win the race, hell yeah!  
We call it the Tour of the Streets  
But it's like I'm cheatin'  
'Cause my shit is on steroids  
And they shit ain't  
You niggas keep peddlin', though  
Mr. Thanksgiving!

I took those BBS's - and slapped 'em right on my chest  
After I smash her - I don't care who come next  
I took off in a Bentley - and came back in a Spider  
My track on steroids - we servin' Mark McGwire  
Who you think you is?  
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I think I'm Big Meech – all my niggas sell drugs  
I'm a rich nigga – she wanna give me a hug  
But she a freak hoe - and I won't show her no love  
I shoot her mad dick - like I'm from NYC  
A thousand for some glasses - I see my shit in 3D  
I'm poppin' bottles, nigga - like it's the 4th of July  
I think I'm Bill Gates - I'm takin' over the Net  
We shootin' choppers, nigga - we ain't fuck with them teks  
I think I'm Young G - 'cause I motivate thugs  
Yeah...  
I think I'm Lil' Boosie - I'm 'bout to start sellin' hits  
And Future cons the lotto - I'm on that mafia shit

I know my dope raw - I seen it come out her ass  
Girl wipe that shit off – and throw it right in the bag  
I'm livin' fabulous – the shit I do, in your dreams  
Future you're arrogant – now I think I'm the king  
None of my bitches can't fuck – name a bitch that ain't tight  
Name a bich that ain't a slut – just name one, name one  
I think I'm Antawn Jamison – I'm ballin', ballin', ballin'  
I think I'm Nat Turner – when I ride around with that burner  
I got three young gunners –  
And they gon' squeeze on anything I point at  
I think I'm a fair gunner – I think I'm leanin', I think I'm leanin'  
I think I'm 'bout to turn up - I think I'm 'bout to burn up  
A sack full of hundreds - all this ice on me