## Future, Stick To The Models

Ayy, bro, is that Jambo? ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob Yeah, Pluto Went through the clouds, ain't I never, never comin' down Never comin' down, oh Yeah yeah, yeah

Told my bitch to find us a bitch we can fuck on together tomorrow Fuckin' my wrist up, fuckin' a brick up, yeah, go'n and hop on a charter I go to sprintin', I go to take off for cash, yeah, I'm not a jogger I went to Neptune, I went to Mars, yeah, streets get hotter than lava 'Cause I'm in that mode, everything on go, I got a deal with my goggles Suicide doors, oh, reachin' my goals, thankin' my heavenly father I'm on my grind, ain't no slowin' down, I done put up the bottle I'm on that pretty boy shit, yeah, I'ma just stick to the models

I'ma just stick to the models and hit it I'ma just stick to the guala and get it I can't come up short, I'm goin' to get it I can afford to keep all my bitches I got her laid up, she bad and sadity I got my weight up, I'm carryin' my city I got vicarious, my ears, they blurry Put up, no worries, she know she insured I keep it real, ain't talkin' absurd I lost the feelin' of drankin' on syrup Put up them M's, my Federal Reserve Tell you the truth, I got caught in the urge Tell you the truth, I come up from the dirt She play with no panties, a lil' bitty skirt I hit it on Xanax and I made it squirt A really rich nigga, and I'm goin' berserk

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I got two blonde snow bunnies Sendin' me pics to the 'Gram I got some bitches, they linin' up They wanna fuck me just 'cause who I am I fucked them gold digging bitches I never will love her or trust her, but pay her Lookin' out for her, but ain't takin' care of her She know it ain't no way in hell I keep it real with you, keep it real with me That's all we can do Know how to deal with you, know how to deal with me Shawty get wet as a pool We call it fair game When it come down to my bros and swappin' the hoes I send my main thang to get your main thang We gon' fuck that ho on the low

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