

# Future, Tricks On Me

Yeah

Just got a call from my mom  
Tellin' me what the lawyer was sayin'  
About the lawsuit  
I thought they had had that down, yeah

Big money shit, baby, I just bought a new six, baby  
Flintstone in my ears, pissed on my wrist, baby  
This song just mutilated, everything decapitated  
Deep on new relations, just gotta be brand related  
Ain't no sellin' out, no tradin', so you gotta be gang related  
Pop stylin' this shit for my shottas incarcerated  
Rockstar this shit, a street star, I stay acquainted  
Pop stylin' this shit, how you get the high maintenance one?  
How she gon' take my love and give it away like it ain't nothin' to her?  
How you gon' judge my drugs I take when I never did offer you?  
Hawaiian surfin' on the thick one to the PJ  
I can just imagine the pain on Bankroll PJ  
Murder murder, broad day, I got tears, I can't let 'em out  
I can't take it, I can't take it no more, I'm 'bout to spaz out  
I'm good on deposits but I gotta have a stash house  
I see you bein' greedy and I gotta work my ass off  
I chief on gas house, until I pass out  
Rollin' in a Phantom, came with an umbrella  
Survive the trenches, it thunder today, I'll walk through it  
Hurricane Pluto, I'ma drip all through it (Icy)  
I was lettin' the shit I can't control destroy me  
It was goin' too deep for you, baby, pardon me  
I tried to treat that shit just like a party  
I'ma feel weak if I tell you sorry

Gotta be a genius, gotta be extraordinary  
Gotta plant seeds, nigga, like a florist  
I'm Future Hendrix but I'm not a guitarist  
I could've been starvin', I'm fortunate

Maybe my mind playin' tricks on me  
Maybe my mind playin' tricks on me  
Could it be my ex playin' tricks on me?  
Someone that's jealous playin' tricks on me  
Big boss shit, baby, I just bought a new pent', baby  
Butler came with the elevator, greet my guests, baby  
IPad high maintenance, everything's unordinary  
Grapes and strawberries, nothing's contemporary

Rockstar in this shit, like a popstar in this shit, yeah  
Tryna forget the way they did to Bankroll Fresh, gettin' harder  
Seen his son at my little boy birthday party, it was harder  
The streets of the ATL don't respect nothin' but shottas  
Had to look the other way, could be the other way  
Hit Yung Mazi up, that was in the broad day  
I popped two Xans and I been sleep all day  
(Let's go, let's go)

I was lettin' the shit I can't control destroy me  
Everything's too deep for you, my nigga, pardon me  
I'm Future Hendrix but I'm not a guitarist (Super)  
I could've be starvin', I'm fortunate

Maybe my mind playin' tricks on me (I'm so fuckin' hurt)  
Maybe my mind playin' tricks on me (Maybe my mind)  
Could it be my ex playin' tricks on me?  
Someone that's jealous playin' tricks on me (Someone that's jealous, I know, I know)  
Big boss shit, baby, I just bought a new pent', baby

Butler came with the elevator, greet my guests, baby  
IPad high maintenance, everything's unordinary  
Grapes and strawberries, nothing's contemporary