

Future, U Sellin Dope

I got Wafi in this motherfucker, nigga
What you doing, nigga?
Got an unlimited amount of jewelry on us, nigga
You know what I'm saying?
Bust down Double 0, you know what I mean? Double 0-7, all the emeralds, nigga, baguettes all around
We ain't playing, check the score
(Who that, Trell?)

You selling dope, make sure you run all the red lights
You kicking doors, make sure you run all the red lights
Pour a four, get to tripping, wipe a nose
Crooked cop, uh, they gon' shoot a nigga for sure
Get it poppin', they just left a nigga in the cold
Red bottom, I guess I'ma stick to the code
One call all it take to tag your toe
You're twenty-one, I'm pushing twenty-two Lambos

How Double 0 nineteen, but he act like he been here before?
Don't stop at no red lights if your head right, we gon' high speed and go
Screaming, "Fuck a security"
Got a chop with a drum and it's fully
Coming near me, I'll shoot every bullet
I've been fucking these groupies
My life is a movie, I jumped off the porch and I got straight to it
Mixing the Wock', I ain't drinking a smoothie
Ask Pluto, he'll tell you Lil Double 0 ruthless
If you stop at the red light, we hop out and shoot you
Mixing the Perc' with the weed, got my body delusional
Making plays in the trap while you watching a movie
All my bitches some slimes, you trust 'em, you lose it
I'ma wipe the boy nose if nobody else do it
If Pluto say fuck you, know what I'm doing

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Tax it, we get it there, you pay a different price
I'm trapping, made it out the bando serving pearly whites
Captain's seat, autobiography, let's take a drive
Rolling down, uh, twenty cars in count, fuck a cop
Smoke a pound and front a truckload to the block
Bust down, Flintstone ice, big rocks
Losing count, count the money up and never stop
Bricks stamped, everywhere I go, I got the mop

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