

Future, Undefeated

I got that tool when I walk out the door
Got some head in the coupe and let off on her nose
I got some boujee, she holdin' my chopper
I got some boujee, she doin' my chores
I got that boujee, she loadin' my Glock
I got that boujee, she foldin' my clothes

Ay, I got that Glock on the seat
Ay, next to that chopper on the seat
Ay, come in too close and I'll tweak
Ay, come in too close and I'll tweak
Ay, I got some blood on my sneaks
Ay, I just shot cum on a freak
Ay, I just shot cum on a freak
Ay, I just shot cum on a freak

Two loaded guns, I got double the shells
Carolina blue on her mini Chanel
Hop in the coupe and I move like a snail
You can smell all type of kush in the air
Supply and demand, I keep movin' them bales
You keepin' that paper, Feds hot on your trail

Shootin' the lasers, yeah
Fresh out the blizzards, yeah
Face like a glacier, yeah
Sharp as a razor, yeah
Big as a mare, yeah
Hook her and slay her, yeah
Shots with a player, yeah
I do not eat it, yeah
I'm undefeated, yeah
If they repeat it, yeah

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Load some vans, they meet at the dock
Hand on the fire when I'm whippin' the block
Family gon' doe when it comes to the boss
Spray out the fire when you it exhaust
Count some more money, it got me exhausted
I was in the dungeon before takin' off
Stay in the streets and I'm breakin' the law
Hang on the corner, they sellin' da boy
You come with them dollars, you come for the board
Came with a stylist you, missin' the sport

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I got that boujee, she foldin' my clothes
I got that boujee, she throw on the pole
I grab that waist like a cosmo
Big trunk like a Tahoe
Did a show, a thousand a room
Headshot, put the cash on you, fool
Gucci socks, Chanel too

Big slime, breaking all the rules, yeah

Baby, I'm thuggin', I don't know about you
Yeah, John Wick shooter, yeah, they killin', ooh
Yes, I'm a big deal, pocket full of blues
Eleven hunnid for the paint, eleven for the shoes
Christian Dior, cuban link, Honolulu

You are not with it
You niggas tellin'
I seen it on television
Yeah, I sent him some racks
He goin' right for that milli'
Yeah, I sent the hoe home
She was actin' too petty

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Once she approves, slip off the shoes
Sippin' so cool, sit by the pool
Who got the tool? Give me the tool
If you gon' snooze, then you gon' lose
Shoot at the fool like Winnie the Pooh
Put it on cruise, makin' her drool
Makin' the news, makin' the news
Stretchin' 'em out, makin' the news

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