

# Future, 200

Everything right  
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All these niggas  
Everything right, you back in Givenchy  
I only drink Actavis, I'm on a diet  
I'ma chase it like Hussain  
All this money bring a nigga new pain (woah, woah, woah)  
Yeah, yeah

I got at least 200 hoes  
Fresh to death, and I leave my current in a doze  
Up and down you ain't receive nothin' 'bout this dough  
And these hundreds ain't goin' nowhere like a moat

I bought my moms a car, it felt amazin'  
My niggas bangin' burgundy like the Redskins  
I got all type of tattoos on my fuckin' shin  
I was in a white and red Maybach like peppermints  
I've been blown a mil' on jewelry, but it's past tense  
Super charge it, make it sound like it's raggly  
I'm ridin' with the cutter, I'm Blood like my brothers, a MAC 10  
Diamonds on me talkin', they harassin'  
No shoulda, coulda, woulda, I got these racks in  
Came a long way from a Chevy  
Now we spend millions on cribs  
You get somethin' too, don't trip  
My eyes 'bout low as a brim  
I smoke the tree limb, tree limb  
No gang, big deal

I'm tryna pop a wheelie in a Lamborghini standin' on two wheels  
I got the racks on me, now I can buy me a cruise ship  
I just got an iPhone 8 and already stored it with 200 hoes  
You can smell the money on me, it comes from off my clothes  
My Jordan fits, yeah, are never found in stores  
You might as well gon', gon', gon' home  
Money long, long, long, long  
All way up to Mercury  
Any time I come out, gotta step out with a three piece  
I've been in my bag lately, take three drugs at once lately  
Got every shade of Tom Ford, I can spot fugazi  
I came out the slums, I got Hermes in a headlock  
If she ain't up to par, she 'bout to get dead docked  
Between my diamonds and my fame, became so anxious  
I sit at the top of the throne, yeah, 'cause I'm righteous  
Got a few vice lords for some friends, some of 'em disciples  
And can't nothin' come between niggas like us

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