

Future, 4 To 5

Yeah they doubted me, now I need security in your city yeah I'm popping right?
That bitch used to hate me now she love me over night
That bitch yeah she used to ride and hit quit it over hyped
Late night now she slide it when I hit her up don't over type (over type)

Yeah yeah yeah Pluto
I'll take mission's all the way to Jupiter, Pluto
I'm with gang member's and the shooters, your bitch loving me your bitch love me
For the pretty bitch drinking on muddy

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Late night now she slide it when I hit her up don't over type (over type)
That bitch say she love me but she love's money I know they're type
Pop a perc I'm flying not dying yeah bro I pop them right
I'm sipping on these lime my lines my highest forty five
Used to do some crimes but now I smoke the forty five

When I settle in my back you know I used to cut it right
Inche's in my suitcase when I fly domesticated type
Oh that's when I roll up you know my blunt's are hitting right
Up in cash when I call up you know my plug is sitting nice
Roll up so much in the studio they thought it's auther dice
Blow up so much smoke that it looks like I kissed a porter gist
Diamonds on my neck it look like I pulled up a jewelry heist
I don't have a piece so how they gone find a jury right
Broke my only piece so I stay working till the morning light
Cock until I tear my lungs are blacker than the dead of night
Used to talk to shit but now these bitches want to flutter me (what)

Yeah they doubted me, now I need security in your city yeah I'm popping right? (huh)
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Late night now she slide it when I hit her up don't over type (huh)
That bitch say she love me but she love's money I know they're type (huh)
Pop a perc I'm flying not dying yeah bro I pop them right
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Used to do some crimes but now I smoke the forty five

I blew up like a dynamite about the ice color Chanel white
Flew a group of bitches on the same flight, flew the hitter's on the same flight
Twenty four want to grab do it in the dark, get it in the daylight
Way ahead of her life living this life mean gotta pay the price
Mad bitches got made Riche's got habit's can't let got
To the lavish got karat's certified baugetto's and all black like you j-bo count a lot of cash like Pedro
A few stash right in San Diego, got a new broad on a payroll
They had doubted a nigga before but now they never do that no more
And you wouldn't though like Kool Joe, made a million off ceelo
From a trio grab the zillion's by the trio get denerio for real
Just jumped off from pj to plug talk in crio's, got dawg shit on me got dawg shit on me nigga
Try to love the man bitch trafficking for a nigga
I done hit the lottery, I hit my number's I'm bigger
Out of poverty it's still a part of me

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