

# 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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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)  
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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That bitch yeah she used to ride and hit quit it over hyped (huh)  
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  
I'm sipping on these lime my lines my highest forty five (ahh)  
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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