Future, Benz Friendz (Whatchutola feat. André 30

I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch And I don't want no bitch who need to have that kind of friendship I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Lamb, ho I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Lamb, ho I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Lamb, ho And I don't want no bitch who need that kind of nigga, scram, ho

These cars don't mean shit, these hoes don't mean shit These clothes don't mean shit, this show don't mean shit (Whatchutola, what, whatchutola) (Whatchutola, what, whatchutola)

Graduated from the fabricated sabotages Conversated with a lady goin' Lambo crazy Bitch, you better cut it, shawty, I'm 'bout to cut you off Oh, you greedy in Tahiti, I just seen you flaunt Aye, tell that girl you 'bout to settle, whatchu tired of? Aye, see how she react when you're no longer in your Bimmer Then she find out that the Bentley wasn't really rented Can you sell a kilo? Help a nigga move a kilo Oh, you want the private jet to take a flight to Rio Can't no Maybach prevent a nigga from makin' mula Oh, you gold diggin' diggin' graveyard loser Ain't none of my cars American, King of Zamunda Let's have a heart-to-heart, drink wine, make art Backseat of the Benzo, the AMG Can you love a thug, is all make believe Pure fantasy, I see through it easily

I told the girl I'm 'bout to sell the Porsche, I'm tired of it She go and told these folks I'm goin' broke, a smile poured From my lips, cuz if I'm broke, it's only hearted Broken records from broken English, that's all it (Hol up) and if I were, why would you throw a party? Affection is so convenient when ballin' Correction: these hoes don't mean it when fallin' I guess that's why Lois can't be with Clark Kent Fly on a nigga back while he Superman But if I'm in a wheelchair, you still there? Stop searchin' for words, I feel stupid man The shit is the Pittsburgh, I still care White button downs and Emory scrubs Had to write her birthday down cuz my memory sucks But this shit comes back up like some acid reflux Or a Michael Jackson jacket with some plastic zippers I was zippin' through the city and I don't give a fuck 1994 Toyota Land Cruiser because That bitch ain't never broke down on me, why would I do that to her? Simple is it, symbolism, I'll pull up at a club And might not never buy a new car again, if I can help it Cause if I buy one they gon sell ten, then what I'm left with? Throw a nigga one on the strength, then we might could talk Til then, I'mma ride my fuckin' bike, or walk

I told that girl, I told that girl tell the truth Say she the greatest bitch I ever met, then show me some proof These girls be droppin' these lies, these girls be makin' shit up She don't wanna stand in my line, she tryna come to the front

Yeah, she love her country but hate American cars For the shape of them, he'll have you know all them bitches is foreign If yellow seems to be the color in fashion What happens to all this good black pussy he keep ignorin'? The world told him don't shit rhyme with orange The girl is only with him because he's tourin' Well go on angel, I don't blame you, don't hang yo head I know it's survival for you, get it like an IOU

She's so Multi-realistic, I'm just enjoyin' life, I'm livin' life, you know? That worldwide pussy, yeah Worldwide pussy, yeah Pull up at a girl crib bumpin' Lil' Boosie, yeah

We drive these cars on the regular
This life that I live is incredible
We gon be fly whenever, we gettin' richer forever
Without these foreign vehicles, we still gon be together?
Yeah