

# Future, Bitches Gone Tell

Selling bricks on deck like Jackie Chan  
Got them hoes on deck like shoestrings  
With a brand new Lambo shoestring  
I'm a gutter ass nigga I don't do caine  
Got a whole lot of Autotune on it, no T-Pain  
36 O's in the whip, no keychain  
Young ass white bitch, Amy Grant, nigga  
Young rich nigga hanging with penitentiary niggas  
Motherfuck the feds, fuck Illuminati  
Nigga we ain't scared, this a kamikaze  
Order more bitches, order more bottles  
We doing this shit, we might not see tomorrow  
Two hundred bitches from Paris on my timeline  
They might have went all the way this time  
Treat a nigga like a one of a kind  
Diamonds hanging, I'm in Sierra Leone  
Fuck with a rich nigga if that's what you want  
Come fuck a rich nigga, that's what you want  
Ace of Spades and kush, oh that's what we on  
You niggas trying to buy me? Know they some clones  
Drink your molly, mix it all on up  
These Persian bitches know they all want us

I won't trust these bitches, these bitches gon tell  
We don't trust no snitch around  
None of these bitches, these bitches gon tell  
I'm a hood nigga straight out the motherfucking gutter  
I serve the whole bail  
Motherfuck these police, nigga, my niggas they shooting at 12  
Motherfuck these police, nigga, my niggas they shooting at 12  
We don't carry no snitch around  
None of these bitches, these bitches gon tell  
I'm a hood nigga straight out the motherfucking gutter  
I serve the whole bail  
Got the molly, got white  
Got the lean, got the kush  
Got the purp and the pills