

# Future, Colossal

The luxury of having passion  
I want it, I want it, I want it, I want it, I want it

This shit gettin' colossal  
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We trap out the traphouse  
We love it, we gettin' that money  
We trap out the traphouse  
Just know that we love it, we gettin' that money  
This shit gettin' colossal

Hunnas on hunnas, do numbers on numbers  
Get llamas on llamas  
Got bales by the bundle  
Got hunters as gone as a hundred  
That's a hundred on hundred  
Trapped out the house with my partners  
We went to shoppin' on midget  
We went to cop it and get it, take flights out the city  
We go to AZ and send it  
We go to AZ and get it  
I'm hungry, admit it, I swear I'm conditioned  
I served and I hustled on any conditions  
Fuck your permission, I'll get you them digits  
Come to your town and I get in the strip  
I get them stacks and get busy  
I get that gat and get busy  
I take that crack and I flip it  
I be in black like a villain  
Hop out the 'Lac on some pimpin'  
Step to that bitch like I'm golden  
Half of these niggas, they bogus  
Most of these niggas, they bogus  
I go coast to coast, I'm fully loaded  
I hit the lights for roaches just to scatter  
I had to go to work with heavy metal  
I done seen dead bodies in the ghetto  
I seen these bitches dancin' with the devil  
I seen that money make a bitch evil

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I fell in love with a kickstand  
I stole that bitch with my left hand  
I'm 'bout to open a meth lab  
I set the blow on the jetway  
Called up some places for some big faces  
I be in B-More like I'm a Raven  
We trap out this bitch 'til the police raid it  
I seen that coco turn bad when it get in the pot  
I'm sorta like a chef when I'm over the pot  
I'm sorta like a ref when we talk 'bout these streets  
Whistle official, my pocket gorilla  
We trap out these buildings and make us some millions  
[?] nigga, the best of my game

We took all this game and went bought us some chains  
We Fucking these bitches, ain't none of 'em gettin' claimed  
I'm straight up, deranged  
I jump out the Range  
I go to the flame on a Wednesday  
That molly, that drank and that kush  
I think I went over my limit  
Stack after stack after stack  
I'm throwin' this shit to the ceiling  
Got three Audemars and a Bentley  
And it's one hell of a feeling

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