

Future, F&N

808 Mafia

Fuck around, parked the 'Vette and didn't even get back in it
ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob

Redbone bitch, yeah, like Hi-Tech, yeah
How do I dress? Yeah, like my flesh, yeah
Soon as I roll up, put my doors up
Go'n head, pour up, roll a few O's up, let's go
Four by four, that tall shit, let's go
I jumped in the spot on a tall bitch, let's go
I told 'em to get out and bag that, let's go
I'm Frank Lucas and Mad Max, let's go
I'm high from yesterday
Put 'em on bean, yeah, put 'em on all the schemes, yeah
Put 'em on lean, yeah, they whippin' them new machines, yeah
By any means, yeah, we gotta clear out the scene, yeah
I just took an AK to a dinner date
I just put some VVs in a Richard face
And the presidential is a day-date
Hit 'em with that chopper first, Ray J
I'm a well known nuisance and my bitch bad
Pop one Perc', then you lean like kickstand
Skeleton AP, that's a wristband
All these niggas shaky, might as well dance
I don't trust him, we gon' dust him, that's some Taliban
Big foreign truck, it's lift up like an avalanche
I'll teach you how to finesse for some big bands
I got so many white bitches, Ku Klux Klan
I come with the pharmacy, come with the yopper, no harmin' me, no, no
Put a lil' hit on your head, they comin' to get you, they slicin' your throat
Put a lil' bitch in the bed, we goin' digital, wipin' her nose
M.O.H., money over hoes
I got that H in front of the lil' boat
Got dog food and it's for the low
I'm with thoroughbred standin' at the store
In expensive threads, head to the floor
I know they talkin' shit 'cause they some hoes
You know them FN bullets go through doors

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I was too high for the brodie
You beat a body, get a Rollie
We don't entertain no police
I'm certified with my dodie
They would catch hell 'bout woadie
Got a bigger scale for the dodie
I done met friends in Dolce
We done met and chopped it up on some cool shit, uh
Only time my slime talk murder's on the cruise ships, uh
Got that cutter and it's longer than a pool stick, uh
Straight face, no dates, I'm a heavyweight
I ain't even gotta tell my dawgs to keep one in the chamber
Ready to take it off your shoulder, frustration and anger
Yeah, they get it, don't approach us, fuck bein' famous
Long as I got my
Let's go

F&N (F&N), F&N (F&N)
These bullets, they be goin' through doors

Drop low, get down on the floor
Young nigga, they gon' 'head and wipe your nose
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