

# 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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F&N (F&N)

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  
F&N (F&N), F&N (F&N)  
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