

Future, Forever Eva

Yeah, on everything
La Familia, forever
Future Hendrix, forever
The Wizard, Fire Marshall, Super

I get that cash forever, ever
I blow that money forever, ever
Ride in that coupe forever, ever
Hang out the brain forever, ever
Fuck all the fame forever, ever
I get them racks forever, ever
I get them racks forever, ever
I rob them racks forever, ever
Maison Margiela forever, ever
I'm in designer forever, ever
I'm in designer forever, ever
Hell yeah forever, ever
I sell them birds forever, ever
I rep the hood forever, ever
I rep the city forever, ever
I rep my city forever, ever, yeah!
Forever, ever, ever, ever
Forever, ever, ever, ever
Yeah, that's my bitch forever, ever
The love that we got is forever, ever
I got ya back forever, ever

I hit the lot with them racks on me
I went to court with that pack on me
I had that weed and that molly on me
I pour that lean by the gallon gallon
I got some rings and they metal yellow
Put 25 bitches in Margiela
My heart in the ghetto, it's permanent
I'm stuck in the trenches, it's permanent
I swear I be hearing my grand daddy talk to me
Stack up the mills ...
Rap for these niggas who loyal
They gave me away, I'm a orphan
Middle finger to my daddy, yeah
I had to get designer pair to wear
Pop a few shots on 'em, yeah, yeah
I lay 'n' play up in Bora Bora

...
I know the ways of them people
I seen the doubt in they faces
Niggas ain't think I would make it
I did this shit, no limitation
Prosperity, they no hesitation
I keep on moving that work, then I pull off in a spaceship

I had some dirt on my shoulder, I wiped it off like I was Jigga, mane
That thrilla manilla, mane
I grewed up with dealers, mane
I worked in the cold with that pole on me
And then I went straight to that bowl on me
That yola right there on the stove
Stuff all that guala in shoe boxes
These bitches be loving my caterings
I told her, "on top I'm an alien"
Survive the trenches with wolves
I got it and blew out the roof
Put two dollars in change on the coupe
Put change on your head and you're done

I got you hit up with drug money
Aggravated by the bullshit
Told you I ain't have a conscience
Fuck around and kill ya mama
In them Maison's, I'm framed like Jason
That's Maison Margiela, ya follow me?
I be everywhere a dollar be
I done made it out the poverty
I can see 'em when they doubted me
No, they should've never doubted me

We'll take your Freebandz pass, Brother
If you get caught turnt down, your Freebandz pass is revoked
Turn up! Hello