

# Future, Itchin

My fingers, they itchin they itchin for dat paper

My momma said fuck it niggah hit the streets and live.  
Got some crack in the corner and I did what I did.  
The neighbors they don't like me I got jays at the door  
Told my grandma I don't need a bed I'm sleeping on the floor  
Got my tool and my blow then my two main hoes  
Me and all my woahs stick together like the Zoes  
Sak pase who got the yay for the lows  
And I keep birds with me like I'm straight out hollygrove

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I'm riding round the city and I got that calculator  
Ima mothafukin monsta wen it come to getting that paper (aye)

Ima dog, and I eat that dog food  
Ima G, I put red on all my shoes  
Come and see my la familia got peru  
And I plead not guilty until proved  
Got birds than the zoo  
Got chickens in the coup  
Got shottas that'll shoot  
And I stay on dj screw  
Wen u drop it it coming back like dj clue  
I make a profit I can go and by school  
Ima A1 nigga can't lose  
Free band gang put u on the news  
Then hit Blue Flames shoot pool  
Put 20 my tru's then 20,000 fool  
I put a plate together like paid man in dues  
I'm (w)rapping dope to yew

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