

Future, JUST THE BEGINNING

The streets signed me
(Taurus, Taurus)
I gotta remind you, I never liked you
In the streets, nigga
I love you

Streets turnin' boys into men
Take several down, lock it in
Got a stash, brought another bill
Pay you off before I shot and kill
Tell them other trenches that I ain't fell
I told 'em wait again, they weren't aware
I met her on sight, she got clapped
I was playin' with the chickens before I rapped

Treatin' this music like I'm sellin' keys
I took lil' mama then went down to Greece
Young nigga 'round me, slimey and greasy
I bought her diamonds and she keep it a secret
Knock your shit down, you know I'ma agree with it
Take off flyin', goin' off a G6
I got that cooler with me when I'm whippin'
Rollin' with demons when I'm in your city
Couple of pink toes gettin' nasty
Send all the Fentanyl to Cincinnati
Gone on a mission, niggas ain't really havin' it
Like I got a fishin' rod, that bitch bite
Whole lotta racks on me Beatles sitze
Lil' one whack songs when they bitin'
We been on demon time, say I'm nice
Ain't been gettin' no sleep, I'm outside
Kick down the doors of your door
Put double numbers on the billboards
I take the flowers, we gettin' awards
Too many shooters, I was paranoid
Young nigga poppin' off anywhere
Catch up and spray, nigga, anywhere
I gotta make sure I [?]
'Cause I'm in touch with the mob
A [?] ready, yeah, she anywhere, Jada finish up the job
But to the hood I'm a god
I did residentials, I was slaughtering
Just another product of poverty
Hit them niggas up, no recovery
I had Benjamins, Frank callin' me
Got them demons with me, ain't no argument
Trappin' out my pain with Givenchy
Forever wish death on all my enemies
The minute I was born, I was sinnin'
Chasin' a hundred billion, that's just the beginnin'

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Streets turnin' the boy to a millionaire, ayy, yeah
Took all the struggle from the game and it got me here
Drinkin' on muddy, smokin' herb by the pound, ooh, ooh
Wish I could fall in love but she been ran through

Who the flyest?
Ain't no goin' back and forth, ain't no debatin' with me
Keepin' the drum on me
Gotta keep fifty brothers for my many men
These streets they prepared a nigga for everything
Everything I ever wanted in my life
I hustle and I'm grindin' up to earn it full
For the Bugatti, sign me up
Charge one thousand to just line 'em up, line it up

Oh yeah (Oh yeah)
Yeah (Yeah)
Yeah (Yeah)
Young nigga pop (Young nigga pop)
Catch up and spray (Catch up and spray)
I gotta make sure I aim (I gotta make sure I aim)
Woo
[?]
Just the finishin' (Just the finishin')
Hood (Hood)
Pluto (Pluto)
Catch another b—(Catch another b—)
Hit 'em up (Hit 'em up)
I call (I call)