

# Future, M&M

Ayo, Rvssian, you're a space cadet with this one  
(Ayy, Rvssian)

I checked my bank account, it was negative  
I checked again, I had me some M&Ms  
I ain't fuckin' on a ho if she regular  
I'm putting bad bitches on the schedule  
They dropped the sauce, they mad I leveled up  
Shine in the dark, I'm holdin' my Rollies up  
I'm from the streets, I got my portfolio  
They talkin' bad, they don't even know me though  
I got this game I got from the corner store  
Gotta be in it, cannot be on you though  
I used to serve for real like a Dominos  
I sip the syrup for real, my momma know  
Hit from the back, I stand on my tippie-toe  
Now I'm so smooth, roll through like a finger roll  
They'll never understand all this lingo  
I get them bricks in like a gringo

Ho hoppin', tote poppin'  
Keep a nigga main bitch throat poppin'  
Keep the squirrels in the hood like I know papi  
Chop 'em down like I teach karate  
My lil' niggas run up in there like robots  
Trap bunkin', I got four spots  
Automatic twelve gauge, that's a door stopper  
Catch 'em slippin', we gon' throw 'em out  
If it's four of us, we got four choppers  
If it's three of us, we got three choppers  
Do you get the point? Man, we keep choppers  
We gon' fold 'em up like some Reebox  
Turn a Glock .40 to a beat box  
Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa  
Pow-pow-pow-pow-pow  
When it's beef I ain't hear a peep out ya  
If they kill me, they gon' creep 'bout ya  
I'm a God in my hood, you can read 'bout it  
I put shooters on payroll, I feed goblins  
Every nigga around me ain't gon' need nothin'  
Fly the homies in town, they gon' crease somethin'  
While I sit back and have me a threesome  
Got these old head niggas in they feelings  
They gon' really be mad when I fuck they bitches

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In the streets, Pluto bigger than Jigga  
Got racks to my ear, nah, I can't hear you

Come to the jeweler, it come to this mula  
You might as well call me Godzilla  
I got these thotties and hotties, exotics  
Exotics got bodies on bodies, what's up?  
Real, I'm a rock star but way triller  
I fucked on a pop star then hit a stripper  
I rock Cavalli, man, fuck bein' modest  
Just looked at my arm, that's a new Maserati  
I'm overseas on you lil' bitty shrimps  
Somebody country and I'm higher than a blimp  
I fucked a rapper bitch and had her star struck  
Man, I damn near should've been a pimp  
I put her in Tom Ford googles  
When she go down to give a nigga lip  
I'm over-quoted, I'm worse than Ebola  
Coco Chanel, got them straight out the corner  
Pitch black, see I'm lit up, Baguetti  
I slice a average like a machete  
Flyer than a parachute, never forget it  
You niggas some hoes, don't ever forget it

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You know how the niggas comin' 'bout Rvssian  
Whole lotta Free Bandz, whole lotta money  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
Whole lotta shottas, don't play with them