Future, Make It Back

I remember math class, I ain't do shit, I was just Xanned out
Now a nigga gettin' millions, give a fuck about my teacher now
Niggas try to cross me, I crucify 'em like that preacher, oh
All my niggas gettin' money, best believe we spend that on sneakers, oh
Wheezy outta here

Gucci on my feet, uh
Only wore it once, I wasted my cash, yeah
But I don't give a fuck, I made that shit back, yeah, uh
I made that shit back, yeah, uh
Dior on my outfit
Only wore it once, shit, I wasted all my cash, yeah
I don't give no fuck 'cause I'm gon' make that shit back, yeah, uh
I'm gon' make that shit back, yeah

Look at your bitch and the way that I hit her, I think she in love
Talkin' that shit, you get thrown like a double hundred in the strip club
All of my niggas gettin' money all day, I told ya, I told ya
You don't want no problems, I'm with soldiers, uh, huh, yeah
.150 with me, with me, choppers with me, with me
Tell 'em come get me, get me
That lil' bitch need to suck my dick, won't give her no kissy, kissy
Suck on my dick so hard I thought she left a hicky, hicky
She a thotty thats a icky, vicky
Wishin' for that burner feel like timmy, timmy

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I don't give no fuck 'cause I'm gon' make that shit back, yeah, uh
I'm gon' make that shit back, yeah