

Future, Never Gon Lose

This bitch from Australian and I'm an alien

I sip out a cup of this shit, it's so muddy
But I love it baby
When I jump out the whip when I hop out the whip then I'm fresh in the latest
I do what I want, and I smoke 'til I'm faded
I drink till I pass out I wake up and drink up again
I pour up again and again
I said I wasn't gonna fuck with that bitch then I fucked her again
I scream out the gutter, in the sewer, the streets turn a boy to a man
I nutted off with that Ruger, I took your bitch to Aruba
She fuck with Super cause she got that super
When I say super that's just Super Future
We never gone lose we never gone lose

Never gone lose cause these bitches gone choose
These bitches gone be who they is
Walking and talking like classy
You hold to your heart, you a ho to your heart
You know I'll be working that boy I'm a poet
Serving that boy out the back of the yard
Fuck on your ho, I'm just playing my cards
Whip after whip put up in the garage
Sip on the lean like a fifth of the dark
Hop in the Spur, then might hop in the Porsche
Telly then rally then gather the squad
Yeah gather the squad
Me and my niggas so mothafucking tight
You can't even tell us apart
Fuck a bitch every single damn night
Ain't nothing but avatar
Valet the car on the curb like I'm swerving on alcohol
Get to poppin' them Percocets and Xanax like they some Tylenol

I remember nights in Europe saying we ain't falling off
I'm on loudest green, we gotta have some green
When I hit the plane and I board it
They got a magazine with no vizine
Just riding around with this 40
She gone thug for me, she gone thug for me
In o-hi-o that's my shorty
We ain't playing around this dungarees we gone go upside your noggin
You see they try sabotage me and then copy
They wasn't playing fair no no, oh no no, oh no no
Bitch is a bozo, she counting the photos
We sell the coco you talking to popo
You know that's a no no, you know whats a no no
You know that's a no no no no no no no no
Came at the dopo serve out the paddy door
Bitch I'm your man and your daddy, ho
Panty droppers had no panties on
Bitch you stepping in no panties on
Back with these stallions
Back-b-b-back with these stallions
Drink after drink, I just carry on
Got the sack on me now I just carry it
Got some m's in New Orleans, I buried it
For the cash and some M's, I'll marry it
See the way they just jumped on the bandwagon
Went bought a G-Wagon, 56 nights I had to get at it
Mayweather, Pacquiao, nigga, we still at it
Get up and get at it, guns like I'm Bin Ladin

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