

Future, Pesos

Yeah

Title, title, title

Hahahaha

Her lil' sister sent me the pic

Said, "Future you're the shit"

Said, "Future you're the shit"

Said, "Future you're the shit"

Fell in love with the AK

Now a nigga gettin' payday

Cookin' up good yay-yay

Shoutout lil' Tay-Tay

Doin' whatever say-say, you gotta do whatever I say-say

Put me on that waitin' list

Foreign coupes, I pop that

Young GOAT got right now, they pullin' off in the Hellcat

Promethazine that's every day

Codeine that's every day

Drift over like way-way, had the young nigga doin' the Nae Nae

Big scraps on payday

Servin' on the lil AJ, on Friday gettin' payday

Shoutout young Dae Dae

This ain't my main line, you callin' on my thotline

Hasta luego, I pulled up it's game time

I got the pesos, the pesos, the pesos

I got the pesos, the pesos, dinero

Squeeze trigger happy ass niggas, squeeze-squeeze

Tryna keep it cool, lowkey, nigga freeze

Jack boys from around here, got crack boys around here

Ayy, squad lit

Ayy, squad lit

I told you came through in the clutch

She had her Hermès it was clutch

We pullin' after two by the bus

I bussed that bitch down like a Dutch

Teflon, can't be touched

Get that money like I'm in a rush, ooh

Told you I was tired of bandgang in the first place

ATL, yeah ATL, yeah that's my birthplace

Dollar sign, yeah, that's my earth day

If you ain't shinin' then there no one to blame

I drop heat, and they know when I came

I ain't tryna be defeated, I just wanna be greeted

Smashin' on the seat, yeah she bougie and she greedy

Fashion is a regimen, you wanna pledge allegiance

Taliban Gang have you bobbin' and you weavin'

We don't wanna keep it, we ain't nothin' but we even

Talking 'bout you leavin' bitch, you went and bought a heathen

Met up in a hotel with some Puerto Rican

And you know she freaky, yeah, yeah, a bitch geekin'

Peakin' out the window 'cause you know a nigga tweakin'

It ain't no pretendo 'cause you know I'm seein' demons

('Cause you know I'm seein' demons)

I got the pesos, the pesos, the pesos

I got the pesos, the pesos, dinero

You wanna know some 'bout that 911 Turbo? Skrr

Ayy, Pyrex in that oven, you hit that dope until it skrr

Cruisin' over town, nine to five with that work

Puttin' overtime on the grind go berserk

Fuck her all the time tryna make that pussy squirt

Talkin' down on a nigga, put you in the dirt
Goin' on the pound and I'm trippin' off syrup, ayy
You see the way they duplicated?
You see the way they try to play me?
I had a plan and I waited y'all
On my way a new millennial
Got another Xan, it can't calm me down
Runnin' up them bands, new millennial
Spend it in a day, I gotta hit reup
Twenty bands a day, they gotta hear me out
Yeah, ooh, gotta hear me out

I got the pesos, the pesos, the pesos
I got the pesos, the pesos, dinero