

# Future, Red Light

Yeah, nigga, this shit real out here  
Runnin' through the red light, lookin' through your rearview  
Nigga might just sneak up on the car and try to spray you  
Playin' for keeps out here in the A  
It's been a long time comin'

Aw, they ain't think I'm gettin' my bag, ayy  
Rain it up and gave 'em a sad face  
Now anywhere around the globe, you rep the gang and you got rank, yeah  
Gotta converse with the manager when I walk inside the bank, yeah  
Who would ever think they was sleepin' on me?  
Goyard with a half a million on me  
R&D's, it's like I'm possessed  
All these diamonds on my chest

Sleepin' on the floor had made my heart colder  
They try to make it hard for me, I never falter  
Gotta say I'm good, I'm on the ESPY's  
I made millions by the day, check my chest piece  
Try to take care of my family the best I know how  
Bought myself a mansion, now I gotta buy everybody a house  
Takin' care of my bitches like the mother of my child  
God know all my brothers sin, I gotta blow this trial  
You don't get no guidance out the trenches to make it out  
God knows I'll never give up on you, never will  
Shit gettin' hectic with the niggas that ya kill for  
Money got me hesitant, what I got to live for?  
All this fame gettin' terrible  
All these rings and Berettas  
Flawless victory, change the weather  
Hurricane, natural disaster  
Pour the lean for the bastards  
Take the jet across the atlas  
God I pray I forget my dada  
'Cause I didn't grow up to be average  
All the times he lied to me, ya gave up on my arteries  
I was such a worried child, just wanted you to be a part of me  
Fishscale projects made a man out me  
Sleepin' on the carpet made a man out me  
Full of medication, I wouldn't change it  
I was once broke but no complainin'  
I finally start to embrace that I'm famous  
It's hard for me to erase when I was nameless

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Awww, oh  
Awww, oh  
Awww, oh  
Awww

Runnin' through the red light, lookin' through your rearview  
Nigga might just sneak up on the car and try to spray you

Aw, they ain't think I'm gettin' my bag, ayy  
Ran it up and gave 'em a sad face  
Who would ever think they'd ever sleep on me?

Who would ever?  
Who would ever think they'd sneak diss me?  
Who would ever?  
Ah, these bitches are possessed  
By these VVS' glarin' off my chest

Awww, oh  
Awww