

# Future, Seven Rings

Tote them pistols, poppin, say it's a problem  
I told you off the top that I would sign 'em  
I told you we get money, 'bout to peel out  
I told you half of these niggas we be winning

My left and right hand Robert Horry  
Plus my nigga pop Xans unemployed  
I can't stop, I'm goin' in, steroids  
I tried to tell you when I came, it was God  
I'm washin' off my hands with the mula like it's Ajax  
Sippin' out my cup, hell no, don't you taste that  
Hundred percent chance I done doped up and laced that  
Chillin' with my family, hangin' low, I embrace them

20 different strippers, money double, triple  
Started off slizzered, they callin' me the wizard  
Vetti got that Porsche, Casino got that Porsche  
Killers all I know, feel 'em up with the dough  
You know I'm on that syrup, 'bout to send the word  
To niggas really argue who gon' shoot you first  
Fatface wanna do you, Blade wanna do you  
This bitch from Guyana, layin' low with that hammer  
Tryin' to fuck her on camera  
I pray that my young nigga'll kill you on camera  
You come too close, nigga, I'ma have to kill you on camera  
I hate to discuss it  
If my boy don't trust you, nigga, you know I don't trust you

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Heater on your side, it's a hundred percent chance  
Some of these people by my side is straight up out the can  
We come from the bottom, upper echelon  
I came here to serve you, need some cash on delivery  
I just hope she washed her mouth out before you kiss her  
My downtown bitch said, "Did you heard me?"  
I think she stays five minutes from Birdy  
I had an Arizona plug, used to serve me  
I throwed that money in the bag cause it was dirty  
He got that chopper on him now and he hurtin'  
I know he 'bout to let it go and that's for sure  
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