

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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