

# Future, She Never Been To Pluto

(Ayy, Brandon, man, why you do that?)

Kick a bitch out like toodles (Toodles)  
Lobster on my plate, came a long way from noodles (From noodles)  
My pockets gettin' bigger than a sumo (Woah)  
Baby Sasuke, whippin' up Naruto ('Ruto)  
Clap it up, give a young nigga kudos (Kudos)  
I remember I was with your bitch, she was coolin', yeah (Yeah)  
She was kickin' shit with me like judo (Judo)  
Knock it out the park, home run, Albert Pujols (Yeah)  
She ain't never never been to Pluto, yeah (Woah)  
Young nigga stay in the same drama  
Fuckin' on another nigga baby mama (Eh)  
Got a hood bitch named Shayanna (Yeah)  
Got a Draco, the A with the K out it (Yeah)  
I shoot the three like I'm Ray Allen (Yeah, yeah)  
Ayy, the trap, I can't stay out it, uh (Oh, yeah)  
My niggas, they used to pray out it, yeah  
We got lot of bands, I turned to a bandit, yeah  
I just popped a half and I'm not landin', yeah  
I just know she bad and she too savage (Yeah)  
Everything I do is outstanding (Yeah)  
Everything on me Balenci' (Balenci')  
Balenci', Balenci', Balenci (Let's go, let's go)  
Balenci', Balenci', Balenci (Balenci', Balen')  
This Rollie don't do no tick-ticky (No ticky)  
My diamonds hit back like a frisbee (Frisbee)  
And none of my bitches is picky (Picky)  
Pat in love with my coupe like it's Missy (Woah)  
I might just go cop a new cul-de-sac  
Fuck on your bitch and put that ho to bed  
These niggas broke, no, they don't got no bread (Yeah)  
I done carried the game, I ain't weak in my legs (I carried the game)  
What? Weak in my legs, with your bitch, yeah  
Fuck on your ho and she givin' me head  
After I'm done, put that lil' bitch to bed, heard what I said?  
Order up a shooter and I pull up a sniper  
My bro pull up and he shootin' the rifle  
We smash out and swerve in the Viper  
My jacket made out of tiger (Rawr)  
My cars made out carbon fiber (Yeah)  
Foreign whip, pull up beside you (Foreign)  
Bitch, we done shot up the opps (The opps)  
Them niggas dead on arrival (Baow)

Might as well go outer space on these hoes  
Might as well go outer space (How?)  
Tell me when you ready, yeah  
Tell me when you ready, yeah (Go)  
Push the Rolls-Royce like a Chevy (Skrtrt)  
And I got a horse like Billy Ray Cyrus (Skrtrt, skrrt)  
Bando to bando to bando  
I'm havin' a seizure with the Draco, slidin' (Brrt)  
Young 'dem came through and sprayed up the spot  
You hear, "Kaboom," on me, then you hear sirens  
Runnin' the road like Boston, Georgia, Diego, I can't hide it (Freebandz)  
Started out runnin' with the goonies, now I got no stylist, a nigga stylish  
Should've put your bitch in the boonies where you can't find her, 'cause when we find her (Go)  
I know I'm goin' bezerko, that's for-sure-ski, look at my shirt (For-sure-ski)  
I know I'm goin' satin and silk Hermés on my curtains, yeah  
Bustdown baguettes, put on my wrist and my chest, I'm getting so wet, hey  
Comin' correct, you already know how niggas comin', the drum hold a fifth (Woo)  
Turn up, yeah, gotta keep that track (Turn up)  
Tell me when you're ready, yeah

Diamonds all baguetties, yeah  
Got a bad-ass bitch, yeah (Woo)  
I just took her from a lame (Yeah)  
Chopped her like hedges  
I line that shit up like edges (Line 'em up)  
I wrap the bill up like a presi'  
I got my side bitch tryna go steady  
I put these carats on my ring  
Ain't tryna marry no bitch 'til I'm ready  
Man, that pretty lil' shit, I done stabbed in it  
Hit the dougie in it, then I dabbed in it  
A stallion draped in medallion, but her Ferrari Italian  
I'm out of here, all the way out of here  
Baby Pluto all the way out of here  
I'm stylin' you, baby, I'm stylin' you  
Lacing you up in designer gear  
I'm proud of you, nigga, you droppin' them bodies  
You get you a Bird membership  
A gang of niggas gon' go up when I go up  
I can't forget 'em (Gang)