

Future, Stripes Like Burberry

DJ Escomoe City, the coolest DJ on the motherfuckin' planet (Oh)
Escomoe free (Oh)

I been lookin' at the sun, but can't worry
I'm my mama oldest son, can't get buried
I got stripes in these streets like Burberry
I remember I ain't make a three, now I'm Curry
I might pop a fuck nigga, yeah, like a wheely, yeah
I'm used to the murder, I'm from Philly
Money man, my money rubber bandin', shit get silly
I used to drink the color purple, my plug ain't seal it

Takin' out two hundred at a time, stacked to the ceiling
I got me a brand-new coupe and I took off the ceiling
These boys not, uh, on my level, live on top of the building (Yeah)
In the penthouse playin' with a hundred like woah, I ain't got no feelings
In the penthouse playin' with a hundred like woah
Big old bag like woah
Get that cash like woah
Snakes in the grass, got more
Everything I say gon' go
Platinum Rollie, no gold
Told my girl fast and slow
You know how life goes
Man, I got the best, I can't worry
Yeah, I can end your whole history
Looking in my eyes, you see a demon, flames like fury
Just act like everybody in the game, she said that y'all can share me
See I got the foreign cars, my niggas got foreigners and you know they is not holdin' shit
See me pullin' up, that boy got a foreign and you know that bitch got the ownership
And if I'm in the passenger seat, you know that I got a thirty clip
And look at these niggas, they actin' like gangsters, but they really just on some phony shit
See, I been in the field for a long time
Bad bitches try to fuck on me, I remember when they ain't pay me no mind
I remember when these boys tried to take me off my grind
I remember when these boys said that I would be nothin'
I remember when I had no money and I needed a lil' frontin'
I remember before hundred percent, my boys got the work, had to cut it
I remember I started runnin' this shit, you know I'm gonna keep runnin' it
Niggas, they mad 'cause I'm still sixteen when it comes to this

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I might nail a bad, bad bitch like a hammer, yeah
I'm used to the murders, I'm from Atlanta, yeah
All these bands I'm havin', bitch gettin' silly, yeah
I just popped your bitch like a wheelie, yeah

Got on baguettes like I been surfing, yes, I made it out that dirt
Friends or foes, you never know, put your face on a shirt
Knockin' it straight out the park, yeah, shopping as soon as we land
Sippin' on mud like a trap star, it's a gift, I count my blessings
In the penthouse playing with a hundred like woah
Big old bag like woah

Have a rack go attack like woah
A whole lot of bitches on go
A whole lot of bitches on go
Platinum chain on glow
How many niggas you drop this week?
They'll never let that go
Shit gettin' whacked, nigga tryna get bands
Streets gettin' bloody for these bands
Too corrupted, you can't be carin'
Hit him in the public, topped him and ran
Floodin' the ice 'cause the pain it take
Need a new safe to hide all this cake, yeah
Due to the fact I hustle, I get litty
Puttin' prices on your head like Frank Nitty, yeah
Niggas get killed on camera in my city
When I got them bands, I can't worry

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As long as I got these bands, ain't no worries
Make your bitch my number one fan and rock my jersey
And the way I shoot my shot, oh yes, I'm Curry
I'm my mama oldest child, can't get buried
And a nigga got more stripes in the streets than Burberry