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 foreigns 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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Got on baguetties 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