

Future, That's It

Look through the ice in this platinum, I did a one-eighty, I went up the wrong way
Look at the bezel, it twinkle and glisten and shine, you gon' need you some sunblock
Thousands of grams on grams and certified stones, it came on a timeclock
All of my whoadies coyotes, we stickin' together, we comin' like shottas
Put a tracker on that bitch if you love her, 'cause she comin' through like a goon squad
I put it on, then it's over, I got different designers all over
Coupes on coupes, chop the top off the Rolls-Royce truck, you know it's gon' be over
Bitch do whatever I say, she on front line, come through like a soldier

Now that you got my attention, you 'bout to get put on suspension if I see the greed
Like I'm a part of the lynching, got twenty-one chains on my neck, had to go Dominique
Break the codeine and roll up a leaf, I fuck on his bitch, now she so bossy
Stella McCartney, I'm drippin' so nerdy, my fit was a birdie alone, that was it
Talk a few bales, oh yeah, that's it
Burnin' down Rodeo, oh yeah, that's it
I could put it on a scale, oh yeah, that's it
Ballin' in Chanel, like a player, that's it
Rainbow Rollie, oh no, that's it
Got a bisexual girl, that's it
Do it professional, girl, that's it
Treat me like a mayor, oh yeah, that's it

Put her on a jet at the Clear, that's it
She got no face, and for me, that's it (That's it)
I'm pulling her hair every time, that is it (That's it)
She don't wear no underwear in my crib (My crib)
Every time I'm in it, you know I'm gon' slip (Gon' slip)
Touchin' on the water, start matching my wrist (Woah, woah)
Off an X pill, it look like exorcist (Off an X pill)
I ain't never tell her was ready for this, that's it (Me and Wheezy, that's the wave)

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All of my whoadies coyotes, we stickin' together, we comin' like shottas (Coyote)
Put a tracker on that bitch if you love her, 'cause she comin' through like a goon squad
I put it on, then it's over, I got different designers all over
Coupes on coupes, chop the top off the Rolls-Royce truck, you know it's gon' be over (O-V)
Bitch do whatever I say, she on front line, come through like a soldier (Yes)

I walk around, can't get sidetracked
Walking around with them thigh pads
Movin' so sneaky, my 'Sace, Venini, my body graffiti (Whew)
She's tryna blow off my mind, she's tryna get my release (My release, yeah)
Bought her Chanel No. 9, now my girl smell like a peach (Smell like a peach)
This ain't my second piece, yeah, do you get it?
Don't aim at your tee, we aim at your fitted (Ayy)
We up it up top as we upgrade the blicks (Yeah)
The guns that we got is two seconds, no miss (Baow)

I got two milli' on my chest
Bitches line up like a contest
Smokin' on Keisha, so I sip
I'm gettin' my checks like Nike (Woah, woah)
Molly Off-White, it's lightskin
Countin' up mula like Weezy F. Baby (Mula)
I walked in the jeweler and I had to go crazy (Young Mula)
Surfed in the bitch on the low-low
Now she wanna go do voodoo (Surf)
Rich shit, Balenciaga house shoe (Rich shit)
I trap every day like the rent's due (Trap)
For a milli' or the Richard Mille gloss

Look through the ice in this platinum, I did a one-eighty, I went up the wrong way

Look at the bezel, it twinkle and glisten and shine, you gon' need you some sunblock (Coco)
Thousands of grams on grams and certified stones, it came on a timeclock (For sure, though)
All of my whoadies coyotes, we stickin' together, we comin' like shottas (Let's go)
Put a tracker on that bitch if you love her, 'cause she comin' through like a goon squad (Woah, woah)
I put it on, then it's over, I got different designers all over
Coupes on coupes, chop the top off the Rolls-Royce truck, you know it's gon' be over (Woah)
Bitch do whatever I say, she on front line, come through like a soldier