

4 da Gang

Future

I get big high
This a big guy, yeah
Yeah, Firk, got you
Woo, yeah We don't never stop at red lights at night, nigga (Nah)
We don't never stop at red lights at night, nigga (No)
Two letters, a P and a J, for all my flights, nigga (Private jet)
Two letters, a P and a J, for all my flights, nigga
I'm drinking a fifth a day, and I'm rocking my ice, nigga
You see my plain Patek, cost Jerry Rice, nigga
I spent over 80k, just last night, nigga
Death can't get in my way
Don't believe the hype, nigga
Now myself impeccable, and I'm so precise, nigga
It can be in the day time, we don't stop at the light, nigga
When I woke up at noon, I had went past the moon
Got a seven car garage, I done ran out of room
Everything over a quarter, Audemar on my daughter
She rocking her third Rolley, I can't help but spoil her
I was born a drug task, when my mom gave birth
I used to show up in class, on Tuesday's and Thursday's
Go check my profile, I beat the verdict
I was kicking it in overdrive, for Seth Firkins
My diamonds certified, my trigger working (yeah, yeah)
Got it out the mud, baby, that's why my cups dirty
Yeah, yeah
Now everything I do for my gang gang
Even though I made it on the Forbes', ain't a thing changed
I got more money than I ever had, I can take some more pain
You got booked for a controlled substance, I want more drank
It's like a funeral when they see me, 'cause these hoes faint
I done got used to dead homies, I stay in the bank
Ain't got one more tear to shed on me, all my son's straight
I put Casino in my will, nigga, I'm a die with this cake I take the plastic off the seal a trillion miles away
I know every nigga with my gone kill, so I stay out the way
I ain't gotta walk around with my steel 'cause the streets made me
I still keep a chopper at arm's reach, 'cause I stay faded
Them percocets got my homie arm itching, I'ma still take 'em
I can finesse him without pulling out my gun, and they gone still hate me
I'm a nine figure nigga, we ain't never worried about murder cases

My slime nigga, buy 'em a Bugatti on your birthday
Every time we plead, we plead not guilty in the first place
I look my demon in the face, I'm booted up the worst way
She want my semen, so she can run with it and take it to the bank
I can't grieve, 'cause ain't none of my grandma bills late
I bought my mom a mansion and it came with a lake
I'm so real, my day one got every code to my safe
I told my ex hoes: Can't nobody take my place
I know I'm a rockstar and that's on everything
Now everything I do for my gang gang
Even though I made it on the Forbes', ain't a thing changed
I got more money than I ever had, I can take some more pain
You got booked for a controlled substance, I want more drank
It's like a funeral when they see me, 'cause these hoes faint
I done got used to dead homies, I stay in the bank
Ain't got one more tear to shed on me, all my son's straight
I put Casino in my will, nigga, I'm a die with this cake (Freebandz)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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