

# Jealous (Prod. Scool Boi & Mike Will Made It)

## Future

They hate to see the type of shit that we on  
The ice on chill, shoe game nasty  
The bank roll won't even fold  
These niggas jealous  
I can see it in their faces, they wanna trade places  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Haters coming faster than I ever seen them come before  
Racks on racks they say I was a one hit wonder, where I go  
To the top where I belong, I m from the corner slanging stones  
20 mix tapes in a year, you know the type of shit I'm on  
Fly only, that s just the code that I live by  
Tell me I can't do it, it won't work, and I m a still try  
Try to hold me back and doubted me, they did it several times  
You can never underestimate a nigga like my kind  
I m a rebel, I m a warrior, and I'll destroy ya  
All these dues I paid you go need more than a judge of lawyers  
You put my back against the wall, I m a come out standing tall  
Drive real fast cars, rags to riches  
They hate to see the type of shit that we on  
The ice on chill, shoe game nasty  
The bank roll won't even fold  
These niggas jealous  
I can see it in they faces, they wanna trade places  
These niggas jealous  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Money multiplying, ... flat-line  
Y'all can't even see me in the daytime  
Bank' America on speed dial, I m eatin' now  
Stacking every penny just in case I go to war with y all  
I m just a young hood nigga with a lot of class  
You see the way I perform, these girls is loving my charm  
I love my city and they love me back  
My chain looking like a camera when it flash  
I m hungry for that money, and I m getting cash  
I m in that big body with 200 on the dash  
Drive real fast cars, rags to riches  
They hate to see the type of shit that we on  
The ice on chill, shoe game nasty  
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These niggas jealous  
I can see it in they faces, they wanna trade places  
These niggas jealous  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You want that Hermes shit, I got it for ya  
You want that YSL, I got it for ya  
I went from rags to riches and now I'm spoiled  
I know some Freeband Gang who loyal  
They said we wouldn't be shit, but some finessers  
Now we pulling up in them fully loaded compressors  
And now the tables have turned, I moved on  
It ain't no animosity, I moved on  
And they don't wanna see you make it where I come from  
And they don't like it that I'm famous no  
You need to take a look at what I dun accomplished  
How many you know can turn nothing into something?  
Drive real fast cars, rags to riches  
They hate to see the type of shit that we on  
The ice on chill, shoe game nasty  
The bank roll won't even fold  
These niggas jealous  
I can see it in they faces, they wanna trade places  
These niggas jealous  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Jealous!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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