

Just Like Bruddas

Future

Chewing on bars, then they call you barbarian
All I see is stars, fly a bitch out from Maryland
Molly on file, and I'm sipping out the styrofoam
Cooking up dope, got more fish than aquarium
Bend it up, pose for a Freeband President
I'm counting up cho', while I'm counting up these Presidents
Slide down on a new diva, that's what we about
Riding 'round with a two-liter, I'm so po'd up
Two seater, plush, few racks in the bump
A few goons in the cut, I treat 'em just like brothers
Treat 'em just like brothers, treat 'em just like brothers
A few goons in the cut, I treat 'em just like brothers
Chewing on the bars, and we call 'em barbarian
I'm on my way to Mars, got the stars in the ceiling
Down South Georgia, boy, we the New Chopper City
We the New Chopper City, we the New Chopper City, yeah (Free B.G.)
Word to my youngin', we gone dump on you
Yeah, that dirty money, I can smell the gun powder
That's dirty money, I can smell the gun powder
He got his hoodie, with his hand in his right pocket
And you gotta watch out or it's lights out
Lights out, hotwire me a Eddie Bauer
And I went and got it poppin', and I let them bullets shower
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Off 2 milligrams, I forgot about my ex-ho
Staying with the gas, fill my blunts up with petrol
Pop a couple double G's and down it with some XO
Trippin' off them bars you forgot when you was dead broke
Styrofoams and mula, yeah, styrofoams and mula
Half a million dollars on a ring, I'm taking Percocets
Down five Xanax and I pray I wake up and forget

I been with the gang cause they love me how I am
Shit ain't been the same, they talkin' bout me on the 'gram
They say I turned my back on my baby mama, I'm on them tabs
And my hood looking up to me, I love them niggas to death
Even in the afterlife, when ain't a breathe of me left

Lyrics provided by

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