Gangland (Prod By DJ Plugg Bobby Kritical)

Future

Future Hendrix
Yeah
It ain't a secret
Straight upI'm the one who got the presi' flooded
You wear more Chanel than anybody?
You the type to get ya man indicted
I'm the type to pull up in a Spider
I'm the type to drive a Hummer
Put a hunna round clip in a dirty riffle
It's dirty when it got a homi on it
Fuck that nigga put a bounty on 'em
I'm the one that put that dirty in the cup
Had you sippin' noddin' off nigga
You was gettin' fronted runnin' off nigga
I made myself to a boss nigga
Put a hundred carats in a cross nigga
Put a 200 thousand on a cross nigga
Could never sleep 'cause it a cost niggas
They can never see my palms sweaty
You've never seen the hurry in me
I'm sick and tired of being humbled nigga
This money put a lot of demons in me
Went and tatted all these angels on me
Fuck that nigga put a tracker on 'em
Then we throw a Pat Riley on 'em
These commas coming in, these haters coming in
The karma coming back from when I was gettin' it in
My baby mama tryna sue again
Bought my littles wins Christian Louboutins
Get my nigga commissary in the pen
Got the federallies on a nigga chin
Fuck the Benz, I'mma whip the Spur
Fuck my Spur and bought my bitch a Ghost
I'm full of syrup and I'm seeing ghost
I'm pushing Heroin like right through analYou know we got that boy boy like
New Orleans you hear me?
We runnin that pack through Chi Town, Memphis
All up through B More and DC
Back down south ya hear meLil' Mexico turf a gangland

I'm ABK like I'm Zonaman
Does anybody kill a nigga?
Do you got the heart to kill a nigga?
100 Thousand for a lawyer
You gotta be a Johnnie Cochran.
We'll take the dope from off the border,
From the water, put it in some waterKnow some Mexicanos down in Georgia (my migos)
We on every channel when we pop it
Hit 'em in the head and start braggin' bout it
They on 7th street, they gotta bunch of bodies
Gotta bunch of chains, my neck is very crowded
When I flood the street, they have a powder shower
Know the recipe, you need to learn about it
Finnesin' niggas, gotta learn about it
I could cook it in the microwave
I got ya baby momma with the shits
Got ya son sittin' on a brick
My teacher said I wouldn't be shit
She even know what I represent
Free Band Gang President
Money up, everything nigga
And everything else irrelevantLil' Mexico turf a gang land
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