

Future

Dj Khaled

[Intro ? DJ Khaled]

I am the streets, the future

I introduce you to Ace Hood, Meek Mills, Big Sean, Wale, Vado

This the future

They getting money, they making hit records

They hustling

[Verse 1 ? Ace Hood]

Okay now Khaled told me kill them

He just told me kill them

Hundred for the Beamer

Kudos to the dealer

Murder, bet I wrote it

Kudos to the killers

Chevy sitting crooked

Keep the Reggie Miller

I'm a motherfucking beast

See me in your sleep

Nightmare on any street

Swear I will mark any beat

Spread this to the industry

Lyrics like a chopper piece

Blow right through your fitted T

Pull this through with chemistry

Hottest nigga around, they saying

Greatness is my tendency

No such thing as sympathy

More money, my remedy, pockets on, Heavy D

Bitch I'm hot, 3rd degree, whip I drive? Owned by me

Wrists and neck, anti-freeze, can it be?

I'm who you dying to be

Last of a dying breed, tote the Siamese

Twin pistol, shoot nigga like a 7D

Big dog, get it? You still on your pedigree

Yeah, fly nigga with some stupid swag

Dead faces, keep my money in a body bag

And I'm G-U-T-T-A, hop in the whip and I got to get paid

Fuck them bitches, ain't trying to get laid

Walk in my house, you can meet my maid

Any given day I'ma push that 'Lac

Push that Benz on, I'ma push that lake
Hop to the whip, no top on mine
Hear a nigga hate, man fuck them guys
Real nigga shit, don't tell no lie
Private plane, my seat recline
Top ten charts where I reside
Come to your house and run inside

[Verse 2 - Meek Mill]

Meek Mill!

We the motherfucking best
Word to my mama
Rock presidential, got me feeling like Obama
Because all I wanted was change
And my niggas they wanted the same
I wanted the money, and never the fame
I turned into something they never became
Through all that rain, I kept my flame
And I kept burning and it's my turn and
Real nigga my hood confirm it
Now it's 6 2's on closed curtains
And that Maybach, let me take them way back
When I was starving, now it's payback
Nigga where that cake at?
Murder all your artists
And I, I, I can feel that love, but I feel that hate
When I got that slug, I just feel so safe
I put it to your mug, it ain't gone wait
It go away when that thing gone fly
Got a little kick, but it ain't no tire
Niggas try murder, but they ain't gone ride
Let me go hard like I ain't going to die

Meek Mill!

[Verse 3 - Big Sean]

Smoke until I got no lungs
Got her going down, no teeth
I call it "speaking tongues"
Do it! Do it!
Now you speaking my language
From where they twist and talk with they fingers
Man, but this ain't no sign language
Yes, fresh out of the ashes it's a Detroit fucking classic
From where MM got the masses, Trick Trick got them passes

Bitch I'm from the Motor, Motor
Yeah, that motor be the fastest

Bitch, they call it Motor City
Because you're most likely to crash
Fuck it!
Good thing I got a chauffeur, chauffeur
Going broke?
No sir!

Bitch I'm a rap game stylist, because I gave the rap game style, bitch
But I over shine
Ain't no niggas over shine
Told them "Roll up five quarters" so I guess we're going overtime
Till we dumb high, dumb high
Westside, bitch, I run mine
I'm rolling around in my old school, I feel like the alumni
Fucking hoes, no strings attached
So don't ask me why they strung out
I'm like Jordan to you niggas
I might need to stick my tongue out
She wiggled and wobble, bobbled
Then land on my throttle
Bitch, I might make you my baby
And even buy you a bottle
Your niggas don't ask how the top feel
When you keep them right beside you
My pockets got paper on paper
This shit just look like a novel
Hundred thousand worth of ice on me now
But it don't feel half as good as Grandma say, and she proud

[Verse 4 - Wale]

Forever dedicated, made my poetic genius
Some think they close to seeing me
Tell them they close to Stevie
You poser niggas ain't supposed to be here
We don't believe you
Double MG, and we put a wreath on niggas' career
We the best, Khaled
No need to stress, Khaled
Know there's a lot of artists
But I got the best palette
Multiple colors, my mind is more productive than others
Murray the winner, he think he really Nelson Mandela
That's fire though, one time for the 305, though
That hydro make me tired, yo
My kicking be so Tai Bo!
My balance be so tight rope
That's hard to find, quick try flow

Give up with me, that knife flow
Hold over me, I'm maestro, shit
That white whip sit
Like a slight wrist slit
Suicide shit, you can by shit, if you write this shit
Nigga, and right this minute, they say I'm buzzing hard
My driver's out of this world, you playing bumper cars.
You niggas under cause
You should be unemployed
All you smoke is Reggie, I'm in the tellie, bunch of noise
Who gone tell me that I ain't going, that I ain't flowing?
Young Folarin, you see them puters
That was my influence
[Verse 5 - Vado]
The towers fell
Turn into Ground Zero
Kissing like Reggie Jackson, Nicky Barnes, they hero
As I play Rothstein
Corleone like Rob De Niro
Been through it, but here though
Dope move in the weirdos
Dress pimping the toast like let's win
Your house is on West and 4th pipes and Lex win
While me in a Maserati bricking his best friends
When I die, tell them to turn my coffin to stretch Benz
Rims on it, problems? My man's on
See him, we stomp him out
His mouth, my Timbs' on it
Only smoking a ounce, a mountain, no tens on it
Spins on it, you have no cloud, the Benz on it
What the fiends say?
Few roses, you need spray, on tours, eat straight
Making sure all your feet sprayed
Get the pills through, peel through SRT-8
Trunk on, seats gray, drop tops like release dates
Vado

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