

Aintchu (feat. Juvenile)

Future

Yeah, uh, uh uh, uh! You the little one that got that whole thing, ain't you?

You got them boys around the corner

Runnin' wild on that molly, ain't you?

You pourin' up your cup dirty, ain't you?

You got that mud inside your syrup

You 'bout to pour right up now, ain't you?

I bet a thousand on a thousand, ain't you?

You sippin' mud on that dirty, ain't you?

You ready to ride on these niggas, ain't you?

You put designer on your eyes, ain't you?

You take the nine out them pies, ain't you? You hear that screen door swinging open

But you was servin' all them dimes, ain't you?

You loaded up, you got that iron, ain't you?

You snappin' checks, you on that vine, ain't you?

You tryin' to fuck her 'cause she fine, ain't you?

You pull up West in L.A. Buckin' that boy

You can't get caught, you tryna sell the wrong kind, ain't you?

You sell that yay, you 'bout to go and serve your uncle, ain't you?

You see that yola turn a nigga to a beast, yeah

We on that Kush yeah, poured up on some drank, yeah You the little one that got that whole thing, ain't you?

You got them boys around the corner

Runnin' wild on that molly, ain't you?

You pourin' up your cup dirty, ain't you?

You got that mud inside your syrup

You 'bout to pour right up now, ain't you?

I bet a thousand on a thousand, ain't you?

You sippin' mud on that dirty, ain't you?

You ready to ride on these niggas, ain't you?

You put designer on your eyes, ain't you?

You take the nine out them pies, ain't you? You that little nigga do the murders, ain't you?

You double-cuppin' 'cause you want us to know

You be sippin' syrup, ain't you?

You in them streets and you ain't scared, ain't you?

Your family straight if you get killed in the City

'Cause you insured, ain't you?

You got these niggas in they feelings, ain't you?

You got a bitch that got a booty as big as Serena Williams, ain't you?

You got bananas, ain't you?

For these gorillas, ain't you?

Someone don't pay you, most likely gon' have to kill 'em, ain't you?
You 'bout to move, ain't you?
You got the drop on little daddy and them Future dude, ain't you?
You 'bout to do it, ain't you?
Act like them niggas in Saint Louis in the hood, ain't you?
Got your little Ruger on you, too
You 'bout to use it, ain't you? You the little one that got that whole thing, ain't you?
You got them boys around the corner
Runnin' wild on that molly, ain't you?
You pourin' up your cup dirty, ain't you?
You got that mud inside your syrup
You 'bout to pour right up now, ain't you?
I bet a thousand on a thousand, ain't you?
You sippin' mud on that dirty, ain't you?
You ready to ride on these niggas, ain't you?
You put designer on your eyes, ain't you?
You take the nine out them pies, ain't you?

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