

# Maison Margiela

## Future

We go to magic and we changing the weather  
Sleep with the choppa, I got all on my bezzils (Ni Ni Nigga)  
A cool billion when you see us together (Whoop Whoop)  
I'm still standing in designer forever 1500 on some Maison Margielas  
Freeband Gang, we the new Roc-A-Fellas  
You started making million now they think you worship the devil  
We keep it pimpin' give a bitch to my brother  
So you should struggle when you come from the gotta (Whoop)  
I love to grind cause these stones of Rosetta  
You keep it silent and they think you the devil (Yeah Yeah)  
Spent five thousand on a cashmere sweater We go to magic and we changing the weather  
Sleep with the choppa, I got all on my bezels (Ni Ni Nigga)  
A cool billion when you see us together (Whoop Whoop)  
I'm still standing in designer forever (Freeband Gang)  
I went to Mexico and fucked up some change (Whoo Whoop)  
That shit ain't nothing to me, I fucked up the game (Turn Up, Turn Up)  
They got my finger prints it's no one to blame (Ay Fuck 'Em)  
My family depend on me, I'm slanging cocaine (I swear)  
I called the plug and I went straight to the pot (I swear)  
I did a dounut when I turned out the lot (Skirt!)  
I'm in Margielas that ain't know that I rock  
I'm blowing money, and I'm never gone stop (Future) 1500 on some Maison Margielas  
Freeband Gang, we the new Roc-A-Fellas  
You started making million now they think you worship the devil  
We keep it pimpin' give a bitch to my brother  
So you should struggle when you come from the gotta (Whoop)  
I love to grind cause these stones of Rosetta  
You keep it silent and they think you the devil (Yeah Yeah)  
Spent five thousand on a cashmere sweater I'm Kareem, Jay and Dash (Yeah)  
Put 'em altogether (Whoop)  
I'm Larry Byrd, Kobe and MJ (Yeah)  
I'ma ball forever (Ball)  
And the way a nigga hustle, it's like I got a vendetta (Yeah Yeah)  
It's so many shooters in my circle (What)  
They ready to get creamed  
Bitch, I'd a let it slide off  
I got Baking Soda (Baking Soda)  
You used to let us ride off  
And then shoot up a house

I burnt the tires off this whip, I'm at the gate letting it snart  
But I need diamonds on my wrist  
So I need swagging them out  
Ain't enough amount of money to make me change where I'm from  
I take a half a fucking pound and put it right in my lungs  
I'm moving on and nothing but Louie Vuitton, sippin' that main train  
Like it's Don Pierre, Future1500 on some Maison Margielas  
Freeband Gang, we the new Roc-A-Fellas  
You started making million now they think you worship the devil  
We keep it pimpin' give a bitch to my brother  
So you should struggle when you come from the gutta (Whoop)  
I love to grind cause these stones of Rosetta  
You keep it silent and they think you the devil (Yeah Yeah)  
Spent five thousand on a cashmere sweater.

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