

Gangland

Future

Future Hendrix

Yeah

It ain't a secret

Straight up I'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 anal You 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 me Lil' 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 water Know 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 irrelevant Lil' Mexico turf a gang land
I'm ABK like I'm Zonaman
Does anybody kill a nigga?
Do you have the heart to kill a nigga?
100 Thousand for a lawyer
You gotta be a Johnnie Cochran.
We take the dope from off the border
From the water, put it some water

Songwriters

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