

# Ooooh (feat. Young Scooter)

## Future

Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up  
Uh I told that nigga, I get that pop star  
If she's fine I'm fine  
Ooh, there are spinning on a cop car  
(Atlanta mo'fucker, Atlanta, nigga)  
Uh (Yeah)Doin' donuts at 200, ooh  
I'm on the dash, I'm on the highway, whoa  
Flying through hood, back ho whoah  
Hangin' out the window, sprayin' oh  
I do the dash on these niggas, oh  
I'm counting cash on 'em, whoa whoa  
I'm smokin' 'dro, I'm pourin' lean, oh  
I break the bank, I blow the bank, whoaI crop them taggy, poppin' tags  
He swaggy and I'm flashy  
I drive the Rover like Denali, no exaggeration  
Diamonds dancin' on my faces, on my preservation  
Presidential status  
I just whipped the coupe, the Bentley like I'm on a banshee  
Doin' a donut out of Magic, 360 man  
I'm poppin' tags, I drop a lil' cash, tote 'fetti, mayn  
Freebandz nigga, known to fuckin' get it, mayn  
That's on my city, maneSippin' and, sippin' this Laura  
Whippin' the hood I go wide back  
Hangin' out the window like why why  
Lettin' in off from the other side  
I whip the whip from the other side  
I hit the scene like a homicide  
Splash, splash, I told the jeweller, "Bring everything"  
My feet to the floor, I'm on everythingDoin' donuts at 200, ooh  
I'm on the dash, I'm on the highway, whoa  
Flying through the hood, back ho ooh  
Hangin' out the window, spraying oh  
I do the dash on these niggas, ooh  
I'm counting cash on 'em, whoa whoa  
I'm smokin' 'dro, I'm pourin' lean, oh  
I break the bank, I blow the bank, whaMaserati smashin', now  
Future ride Bentley Coupe  
Young Scooter ride Bentley coupe  
We do the shit that bosses do

Real street shit no rap, I'm worth a mil or two  
Scooter always flexin'  
I pull up and embarrass you  
Hit up Ele'ante  
Yeah, that's a ice check  
We don't rock fake gold  
Real diamonds 'round my neck  
Came up in the dope hole  
Remix out my dope bowl  
150 In the fast lane  
I'm smashing on you broke hoes  
Black Amigo gang, we love to count up  
BM, FBG, we blood brothers  
500 in my blunt, that's how I roll up  
Blowin' fifty in the club when we turn up (count on)Doin' donuts at 200, ooh  
I'm on the dash, I'm on the highway, whoa  
Flying through the hood, back ho ooh  
Hangin' out the window, spraying oh  
I do the dash on these niggas, oh  
I'm counting cash on 'em, whoa whoa  
I'm smokin' 'dro, I'm pourin' lean, oh  
I break the bank, I blow the bank, wha

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