The Future

Diddy

I can't hear you
(I am the future)
I like it when you say my name
Y'all gon' love me
Feelin' it's about to get ugly
Inject this dose of the future
Tap them veins, grab hold, let me shoot ya
Mainline this new Diddy heroin
The Afro-American dream is too evident
The potential to be the first black President
iTunes, download me in every resident
Early, I skip breakfast
Nigga be on his grind like he need new brake pads
We in the hood like black soap and dollar vans
My CD's in 3-D holograms
The future, y'all need to holla, man
The live show's a hard act to follow, man
Bronze, my likeness, y'all need to follow him
From now to 3000, I'll be a problem man
The future
I am the future
(Always before you, always ill)
With my demeanor, flip, assemble my own team to
Say fuck FEMA in case there's another Katrina
You laughed at the past, said I was a dreamer
But it is back to the future, sold out arenas
We take 'em to the cleaners, calm ya nerves
This is the man who provided more jobs
For blacks than armed services
Cut them corners, stay ahead of them curvatures
Yeah, ya heard of us, hits stay superfluous
Man, I extend credit to a vagabond
Run your city and we not talkin' marathons
Bang like chitty chitty, here to disturb you
New CD, watch it spread like bird flu
America, fall back, you can't stop me
Got a thing for pigeon-toed chicks who walk knock-kneed
Skin tight jeans, we call that botoxied
I'm desensitized, baby, you can't shock me, I'm the future

I am the future
(Always before you, always ill, the future)
I went from, blocks to greater to fortunes rock related
Now my entire crib is voice activated
?Television on?, ?Mr. Combs is home?
Solar panel rooftop, my kitchen is chrome
Dim the lights to a purple haze, then answer the phone
Peep the moon through my retractable dome
What they thought they assassinated, was only a clone
We about to venture off into the unknown
Where sun rays hook off layers of ozone
Chips inserted in the brain, the new cell phone
The future, fuck with me now
I'm Grammy certified, the committee can pick me now
And they all green with envy like Bill Bixby
Bow down, kiss the tip of my cane, I paid sixty thou'
You know the suit stay crispy now
Hands to the sky and get ready if you wit me now
The future
Never seen before, never will
Always before you, always ill
I am

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