

Call of Duty (feat. Castro)

FUTURISTIC

My family struggling, I gotta make all this money for them
I don't pretend, everything that I say is some shit that I seen or some shit that I did
I got arrested for getting too turnt at the bar with a couple of friends
I spit on the cops, I eat turkey bacon, I really don't fuck with the pigs
I had a show the next day with like five-hundred people, you know that I jumped in the crowd
I stepped on the stage, everything that I say, they repeat it, they yelling it loud
If you ain't a bitch then name my dick Futuristic then keep my name out your mouth
I got some niggas that shoot, that's Call of Duty, they aiming them things in your house, sheesh

I'm taking care of everybody in my squad
Do your job, I got you, brah, I swear it ain't no prob'
I hit the booth, I spit the truth and I don't take my watch
I got no time for bullshit, I'm recording and they can't make me stop

Yo, that's on my grandma's grave
I ain't no slave, I'm doing my thang
Created this lane, I paved the way
Stay my lane, remain the same
My bang is bang
A crazy face you make [?]
On the Gambino movie with some bangs to hang
I started picking fruit like orangutang
And telling stories 'bout a dream where babies made
(Dude, what the fuck is this nigga even talking 'bout, bruh?)
Clapping for the wrong reasons
You stink like a dog breathing
Know I get more head than a damn salon
She drew in like a toddler teething
All these niggas hating on me
Salty cause I'm all-seasoned
I be going like every week
Can't reach me like when you call Jesus (Hello?)
Flow so cold my songs freezing
Ball so sick they car sneezing
Videos with a million views
Selling albums in like all regions
They know that I been fly
Been fly like a bald eagle
Yo shows is like resets

That bell ringing and they all leaving
I'm working off of every single thing I can
I came too far, nah, I'm too close, they can't make me quit
And anybody in my way is getting sprayed with Uzi's
Watch me turn this independent rap to Call of Duty

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Back again like I respawned
This shit ain't 'bout the biz, I don't respond
Too much of a king to be punished
And if you in my presence you are hanging around a gift
Like a tree ornament
Won't keep quiet got the piece on my hip
If you pussies keep talking shit
Claiming you tight, won't hesitate to bust first
I pre-cum in this bitch
Fuck you pay me, I'm a jiggalo he comes to get rich
And I'm just having fun with this shit
Finna blow like I didn't see the claymore
They get paid more so I don't have to whip
No Nissan down the strip
Half Latin, half black ...
Ghost Recon in this bitch, wait
Freeze, pause it real quick
I don't even need the beat on when I spit
Always giving it my 300 percent
They want it, he got it
They saw that he bought it
... to get this
And they probably wondering how the fuck C started this shit
I don't even know how they think I rap, bring it back
Imma sing on it real quick like yeeeaaahhh
(Nigga, stop singing! Ahh!)