Off That

Mykestro

Welcome to the future, uh
Hey, count me in
Find me a nice soft place to land
I'm so high, find me a place to land
Yeah, right there, yeah
I'm so tomorrow the Audemar says yesterday
Which means you on time than late
So even if I slow it down
My sound is fast forward, hold up
I'm just a runway show
But I wear that so my plane need my runway clothes
Cashmere sweats, they come out next year
But these my last year's sweats
And my hoe's so sick
Your new chick can't fuck with my old bitch
And you know this shit
I'm professional, they know this is
I just may let you borrow this
This 'The Blueprint' nigga follow this
This what what tomorrow is
Welcome to tomorrow B
Whatever you about to discover we off that
You about to tell her you love her we off that
Always wanna fight in the club and we off that
But you can't bring the future back, back
Y'all are steady chasin' the fame and we off that
Over sized clothes and chains we off that
Niggaz still makin' it rain and we off that
'Cause you can't bring the future back, back
Tell them haters get off me, the Cris' we off that
Timbs we off that, rims we off that
Yeah, we off that, is you still on that?
And we still makin' money 'cause we still on that
This ain't black vs. white, my nigga we off that
Please tell Bill O'Reilly to fall back
Tell Rush Limbaugh to get off my balls
It's 2010, not 1864
Uh, yeah we come so far
So I drive around town, hard top and that's all

Uh, in my TriBeCa loft
With my high brown ah and my high yellow broad
Uh and my dark skinned sis
In my best white mink, say what's up to Chris
Uh, how's that for a mix?
Got a black president, got green presidents
'Blueprint's' in my white iPod
Black diamonds in my Jes

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