

# NO FUTURE

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Yeah, yeh, uhm, hey, I eat it like dinner  
You see this shit I gotta deal with from these beginners?  
I ain't circusin' around with these clown ass n-ggas  
You snappin' at the heels of a world class sprinter  
Some may call this bullyin', some may call this bossin'  
Check the letter, man, you know I'm all city varsity  
Walk up on my field, you will get carried off it  
We gon' need a body bag and we gon' need a coffin  
Who am I battling? I ain't even exhausted  
You can call me sick, you can even call me nauseous  
A sea of great whites, you are a dolphin  
If I was you, I would be a little more cautious  
I'm way too high for you to look at  
The future ain't lookin' promising for these rookies  
This is target practice but I don't even pull the f-cking trigger anymore  
Cause it's just a waste of bullets  
Come and get these p-ssy's, wipe them off the floor  
I'm guessing they was hoping for some different results  
I'm guessing they was guessing cause they wasn't really sure  
But f-ck it, I guess I'ma have to let these n-ggas know  
So I think it's time for these haters to get off my dick  
Got my own city, you can call it Bobtropolis  
Eastside representer, reppin' with authority  
And I ain't talking congressmen and I ain't talking politics  
  
Lookin' for freaks, freaks lookin' for sausages  
But we already know that, so that is all to get  
Check the name tag, you know who the roster is  
ATL brand, Hustle H.A.M squad in this bitch  
Like I ain't never had a mic  
Fresh to death, I see you in the afterlife  
I eat bars, eat beasts for my appetite  
You wouldn't know about that, you never had a bite  
What I gotta do to get some solidarity?  
Apparently, I need to speak with some more clarity  
No luck needed, know no charity  
And I'mma grown man, don't need p-ssy to take care of me  
B to the O, I said it once befo'  
If I ain't on your channel, go and look for the remote

Already graduated, yeah, you see the cap n robe  
But now you couldn't see me 'less you had a telescope  
I'm Bedrock bumpin', three strikes sumpin  
Call me Jack o' Lantern, I get head like pumpkins  
It's nothin', roll up the stuffin'  
Put it in the oven, gettin baked like muffins  
If you ain't know, I guess I have to introduce ya  
To my side of town, somethin' you ain't really used to  
Body blow, uppercut, I do more than brusin'  
Keep f-cking with me and you ain't gon' have no future

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