

Sh!t

Future

Talking 'bout you popping tags, nigga you ain't bought shit
Talking 'bout a hunned bottles, nigga you ain't popped shit
All you talk nana clips, nigga you ain't shot shit
Spending money on these hoes, nigga you ain't fuck shitTalking 'bout you popping tags, nigga you ain't bought
shit
Talking 'bout a hunned bottles, nigga you ain't popped shit
All you talk nana clips, nigga you ain't shot shit
Spending money on these hoes, nigga you ain't fuck shitShit
ShitBought the ho a hunned pair of red bottoms (shit)
That's a quarter milly on a hand job nigga
Blillll stick 'em fuck you and every nigga came witcha, fuck
Gone put a nigga on a picture, fuck
Gone put a nigga on a t-shirt, t-shirt
Back in the day when a nigga sell dope
I'mma slap your daddy all of dem put'em in a hole
Glock forty woo, turn on, turn on
My ambitions as a rider
Sipping on lean getting higher
Nigga im a codein buyer
No you ain't no foreign whip driver
Shout out to the shooters and the shooters only
You never walk around with a lot of money
Bundles falling all out your pocket
When you hit 'em in the head can you keep a solid
Bulletproof whip we'll blow it up
Like some raw uncut don't blow it up
Represent your gain nigga throw it up
I don't give a fuck where you at throw it upTalking 'bout you popping tags, nigga you ain't bought shit
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Talking 'bout a hunned bottles, nigga you ain't popped shit
All you talk nana clips, nigga you ain't shot shit
Spending money on these hoes, nigga you ain't fuckShit, shit, shit
Catch a nigga slipping at the red light
With ya AK, let me see you shoot it, shoot it
You're a goon, you're a goon, you're a goon, you're a goon
Nigga let me see you prove it

Presidential rollie and its glidin'
Love a nigga wrist when its shinin'
Hate a nigga wrist when its blingin'
So I went and added more diamonds
Hot boy nigga, BG (BG)
That's the way these young niggas eat (eat)
Drinking on syrup can't sleep (can't sleep)
Keep a couple standing with ya partner
Blockbuster niggas running around with real choppers
Nigga what's the color of them bottles, they ain't gold (ain't gold)
Now you moving round with ya ho,
You ain't even sticking to the code
Pimps up, pimps up, hoes down, hoes down
A pool full of money and I'm 'bout to drown
I'mma fool on the corner with that Bobby Brown
Button up suits at the Grammy's (Grammy)
Had to turn it up for the family (Hommie?)
Yes I'm a Freebandz bandit Talking 'bout you popping tags, nigga you ain't 'bought shit
Talking 'bout a hunned bottles, nigga you ain't popped shit
All you talk nana clips, nigga you ain't shot shit
Spending money on these hoes, nigga you ain't fuck shit Talking 'bout you popping tags, nigga you ain't
'bought shit
Talking 'bout a hunned bottles, nigga you ain't popped shit
All you talk nana clips, nigga you ain't shot shit
Spending money on these hoes, nigga you ain't fuck shit Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit

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