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Futuristic

Ya, lame niggas don't know about you be the same ones gon' hate the most
LOL at my comment section to a dumb question when I make a post
Still sipping that Peach Ciroc in my solo cup, time to make a toast
This one go to your fucking momma, she a real one, she done raised a troll
Talk shit on your web browser
See me in person and bitch up
I bet you sleeping with the lights on cause everytime I'm 'round you, you switch up
All these lil boys acting real tough on they keyboards with they fingers tapping
Meet a nigga in the parking lot with them same hands and we'll get it cracking
Have 'em speaking in pig latin
This track is spitting like six dragons
In fact, I didn't practice, it just happened
Make 'em disappear like I did magic
Bitch is spazzing, hit, then I flip the mattress
Delivery man, got a big package
Live lavish, give your man a kiss after
Tell that Boy Meet World, cause I been Savage, yeah
And you been average
Boy I'm bout to blow like Bin Laden
I need a girl who got a big ass
She don't got class, she been absent
Got the game on lock, put it in the cabinet
I been have bread like a picnic basket
I been killing rappers, put 'em in the casket
I been making hits like a tennis racket, goddamn
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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