

Future (feat. Meek Mill & Wale)

DJ Khaled

I am the streets, the future
I introduce you to Ace Hood, Meek Mills
Big Sean, Wale, Vado, this the future
They gettin' money, they makin' hit records, they hustlin' Okay now Khaled told me kill 'em, he just told me
kill 'em
Hundred for the Beamer, Kudos for the dealer
Murder, bet I wrote it, Kudos to the killer
Chevy sittin' crooked, teeth on Reggie Miller
I'm a motherfuckin' beast, see me in your sleep
Nightmare on any street, swear I will mark any beat
Spread this to the industry, lyrics like a chopper piece
Flow right through your fitted T, pull this through with chemistry
Hottest nigga 'round, they saying greatness is my tendency
No such thing as sympathy, more money, my remedy
Pockets on, heavy D, bitch I'm hot, third degree
Whip I drive? Owned by me, wrists and neck, anti-freeze
Can it be? I'm who you dying to be'
Last of a dying breed, I'm Siamese
Twin pistol shooter nigga like a 7B
Big dog, get it, you still on your pedigree
Yeah, fly nigga with some stupid swag
Dead faces keep my money in the body bag
And the G-U-T-T-A, hops in the whip and I gotta get paid
Fuck them bitches, ain't trying to get laid
Walk in my house you can meet my maid
And you give a damn you can push that Lac
Push that Benz on, push that 'Lade, hop to the whip
No top on mine, hear a nigga hate, man fuck them guys
Real nigga shit, don't tell no lie
Private plane, my seat recline, top 10 charts, where I reside
Got me a house ?We the muthafuckin best, word to my mama
Ridin' presidential, got me feeling like Obama
'Cause all I want is change
And my niggas they wanted the same
I wanted the money and never the fame
I turned into something they never became
Through all the rain, I kept my flame
And I kept burning and its my turn and
Real nigga my hood confirm it

Now it's 6 2's on closed curtains
And that Maybach, let me take em way back
When I was starving that was payback
Nigga where that cake at?
Murder all your artists
And I, I, I, I can feel that love,
But I feel that hate
When I got that ? I just feel so safe
I put it to your mug, you ain't gon' wake
When that thing gon' fly
Got a little kick, but it ain't no tired
Niggas talk murder, but they ain't gon ride
Now we goin' hard like I ain't gonna die
Meek Mill!Do it! OK
Smoke until I got no lungs
Got her going down, no teeth
I call it "speaking tongues"
Do it! Do it!

Now you speaking my language
From where they twist and talk with they fingers
Man but this ain't no sign language
Fresh out of the ashes

This a Detroit fucking classic from when MM got the masses
Trick Trick got them passes
Bitch I'm from the Motor, Motor
Yeah that motor be the fastest bitch,
They call it Motor City
'Cause you're most likely to crash (fuck it)
Good thing I got a chauffeur
Going broke? No sir!
Bitch I'm the rap game stylist,
'Cause I gave the rap game style bitch
But I over shine, ain't no niggas over Sean
Toll rollin by the quarter so I guess we're going overtime.
'Til we're Dumb high, dumb high
Westside, bitch I run mine
I'm rolling around in my old school, I feel like the alumni
Fucking hoes, no strings attached
So don't ask me why they strung out
I'm like Jordan to you niggas
I might even stick my tongue out
She wiggled and wobble, bobbed
Then landed on my throttle
Bitch, I might make you my baby
And even buy you a bottle

Yo niggas don't ask how the top feel?
When you keep em' right beside you
 My pockets got paper on paper
 This shit just look like a novel boy
 100 thousand worth of ice on me now
 But it don't feel half as good

As grandma saying she's proud
 Forever dedicated, Maybach poetic genius
 Some think they close to seeing me
 Tell em they close to Stevie
 You poser niggas ain't supposed to be here
 We don't believe ya.

Double MG'er, we put a wreath on niggas' careers
 We the best, Khaled
 No need to stress, Khaled
 Know there's a lot of artists
 But I got the best palette

Multiple colors, my mind's more productive than others
 Murray the winner, he think he really
 Nelson Mandela
 That's fire though.

One time for the 305, though
 That hydro make me tired, yo
 My kickin be so Tai Bo!

My balance be so tight rope
 That's hard to find Quick Tri-Flow
 Get rough With me, that Night flow
 Hoes blow for me, I maestro, shit
 That white whip sit
 Like a slight wrist slit

Suicide shit, you can by shit if you write this shit
 Nigga and right this minute, they say I'm buzzing hard
 My driver's out of this world, you playing bumper cars.

You niggas under-cards
 You should be unemployed

All you smoke is Reggie, I'm in the telly bunch of noise
 Who gon' tell me that I ain't going or I ain't flowin'

Young Folarin, you see them puters
 That was my influence
 The towers fell, turning to Ground Zero

Kids didn't like Reggie Jackson
 Nicki Barnes their hero

As I play Rothstein, Corleone like Rob De Niro
 Been through it but here though
 Don't move with the weirdos
 Dress pimpin' the toast like let's win
 Penthouses on West and 4th, pipes and Mac 6

While me in a Maserati bricking his best friends
When I die, tell them to turn my coffin to stretch Benz rims on it
Problems? My man's on, see him, we stomp him out
His mouth, our Timbs' on it
Always smoking a ounce, a mountain, no tens on it
Spins on it, you have no clout, the Benz on it
What the fiends say?
Few roaches, you need spray, on tours, eat straight
Making sure all your feet sprayed
Get the pills through, peel through SRT-8 truck on, seats gray
Drop tops like release dates, Vado

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