

# 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, bobbled  
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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