The Future

Joe Budden

[The Game Intro]
Everything got a future.(everything got a future)
How you gon club or go hood to go back club on the same song[Chorus x1]
Yes I am a bad guy
I can see you like it
You can be the headline, if I can be your sidekick
Baby this can be the future (ture ture tureee)
Baby this can be the future (ture ture tureeeee)Amalgam Digital Baby![Joe Budden Verse 1]
Baby girl is addicted (its okayy!)
OD, you can have any dude in this world but chose me
You can have any chick in this world but chose her
To play that back seat and direct a chauffer (uhhh!)
And that aint just jazz aint that with okir
I can play publicist and give an exposure
(I mean a) Keep in the lastest
(I mean a) Damn they waste less
Body like a porn star
Smile like a waitress
Now she turning me uh uh on, uh uh on
Uh uh on, I mean why not club bed of my mansion
We can just club in the bed of my mansion
Leave for the weekend, jet to the hamptons
Tats on her torso, I love how she ganglion
A shoe game, show off just frontin
But baby dont blink cause you badly miss something (Cmonnn!)[Chorus x1]
Yes I am a bad guy
I can see you like it
You can be the headline, if I can be your sidekick
Baby this can be the future (ture ture tureee)
Baby this can be the future (ture ture tureeeee)[The Game-verse 1]
She wanna roll with a rockstar
Fuck Im him
Coupe 1 air
7-5, 8 cent
California slim
501 blue
Jeans on trim
New York messed the rim
Lower than Manhattan

Lower than my pants saggin
Lower than my baby mama leanin in that Benz wagon
And you can be heard
Jerry bird slip ons
LV clip ons
Haters get shit on!
We roll up
24s so what
Haters all swell up
Haters want my ching, ke ke
Hold upIm not that & that
Im that & that
So jump off, its jump off (uhhhh!)
Once enemies,
my nemesis & I
Was stuck in a genesis
free world of side reply
Let bygones be bygones
Im Gone
let all your pain
Be champagne & patron![Chorus x1]
Yes I am a bad guy
I can see you like it
You can be the headline, if I can be your sidekick
Baby this can be the future (ture ture tureee)
Baby this can be the future (ture ture tureeeee)[Joe Budden-verse 2]
Cmon, cmon, cmon
Cmon, cmon, cmon (talk to em!)
Look she stay back
My baby grown on
Little bit of cologne
Little bit of patron
Thats how I got her home
(I mean a) now you say we spent mad hours on the phone
Like we both aint grown
Wrist kind of heavy, Im a lil well known
Matching crosses, different color stones see
In one line, I got her to come over
Tell her Im done sober
But huuungggg over
She play the club sippin on ma mocha
I can fit ya whole crew in one rover
Just take your shoes off before you step in
(I mean) the cribs mine and Im living like the Jetsons
Well lets let OT cop the runaway

Step off the runway like we on the runway
Have ya girlfriends thinking you a runaway
Never mind, I already know what you gonna say..[Chorus x2]
Yes I am a bad guy
I can see you like it
You can be the headline, if I can be your sidekick
Baby this can be the future (ture ture tureee)
Baby this can be the future (ture ture tureeeee)

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