

# 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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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  
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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 fuck shit Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit

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