

Future

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
100 for the Beamer
Kudos for the dealer
Murder, bet I wrote it
Kudos to the killer
Chevy sittin' crooked
Keep the 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, 3rd degree, whip I drive? Owned by me
Wrists in the air, 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, hop 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
Niggas gonna hate, man fuck them guys
Real nigga shit, don't tell no lie
I been paying my secret client, talk to [?], what I resign
your house, about to sign

We the motherfucking best
Word to my mama
Wild presidential, got me feeling like Obama
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 it's 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?
I want y'all to see now
I feel that love, I feel that hate
I put it to your mug, you gonna faint
When that thing gonna fly
Got a little kick, but it ain't no tire
Niggas talk murder, but they ain't gonna ride
Let me go hard like I ain't gonna die
Meek Mill!

Do it! OK
Smoke until I ain't got no lungs
Got it going down, no teeth
I call it "speaking tongues"
Do it! Do it!
Now you speaking my language
When they twist and talk with they fingers
Man this ain't no sign language
Fresh out of the ashes it's 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 I'm most likely to crash
Fuck it! Good thing I got a chauffeur...
Going broke? No sir!
Bitch I'm a rap game stylist, because I gave the rap game style Bitch
But I overshine
Told em it's the quarter so I guess
We're going overtime. 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 need to 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
That's how they talk to you?
people like Versace
My pockets got paper on paper
This shit just look like a novel
100 thousand worth of ice on me now...
But it don't feel half as good
As grandma saying she's proud...

Forever dedicated, my poetic genius
Something they close to seeing
Tell em they close, they scheming
You poser niggas ain't supposed to be here
We don't believe ya. Y'all run them?
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, you think he really
Nelson Mandela

That's fire though. One time for the 305, though
That hydro make me tired, yo
My kicking be so Tai Bo!
My balance be so tight rope
That's hard to find
Hold the dough for me, I'm maestro, shit
That white whip shit
On the side, wrists slit
Suicide shit, you can by shit if you write this shit
Right this minute, they say I'm buzzing hard
My driver's out of this world, you playing
Bumper cars. You niggas under cause
You should be unemployed
All you smokers Reggie, making a bunch of noise
Who gonna tell me that I ain't going?
Young Folarin, you see them puters
That was my influence

The twin towers fell
Turning to Ground Zero
Kicking like Reggie Jackson, Nicki Barnes
Their hero, as I play?
Corleone like Bob De Niro
Been through it here though
Don't move with the weirdos
Dress pimping like?
Your house is on West and 4th
Mine is on West 6th
While I ride this Maserati