

# Futura Free

Frank Ocean

If I was being honest  
I'd say long as I could fuck three times a day and not skip a meal I'm good  
I used to work on my feet for 7 dollars a hour  
Call my momma like momma  
I ain't making minimum wage momma  
I'm on momma  
I'm on  
Now I'm making 400, 600, 800K momma  
To stand on my feet momma  
Play these songs, it's therapy momma, they paying me momma  
I should be paying them  
I should be paying y'all honest to God  
I'm just a guy I'm not a god  
Sometimes I feel like I'm a god but I'm not a god  
If I was I don't know which heaven would have me momma  
Let me run this bitch  
I'ma run it into the ground momma, the whole galaxy  
God damn, fuck these lames, they don't want none  
Fuck these lames, they don't want none  
Fuck these niggas  
Fuck these niggas, they don't want none  
Fuck these niggas  
Fuck you niggas  
Fuck me if I hated on you

I'ma stick around  
I'm gon' let my nuts hang  
Nigga you got some just like me don't you?  
Or maybe not just like me  
You know I'm Africano Americano  
And even if you're half Japanese

Roots run deep  
Family tree, throw a big shadow  
Tech company  
Please gimme immortality  
I'm going rapidly  
Fading drastically  
Or pulled the zip down  
Wet your lips first  
Lick the tip now  
Smoke some'n Jamming  
To the rhythm  
It's a face  
To face  
Keep me high  
Castrati  
Poonani fade the stress  
Bugatti left some stretch  
Marks on that freeway  
Marks on that freeway  
They tryna find 2Pac  
Don't let 'em find 2Pac  
He evade the press  
He escape the stress  
La da da da da  
La da da da da

La da da da da

I'll keep quiet and let you run your phone bill up  
I know you love to talk  
I ain't on your schedule  
I ain't on no schedule  
I ain't had me a job since 2009  
I ain't on no sales floor  
You say I'm changing on you  
I feel like Selena  
They wanna murder a nigga  
Murder me like Selena  
You must ain't get the memo  
I don't cut bitches no more  
But your bitch my exception  
Come get her outta my four door  
I only got one four door  
Remember when I had that Lexus no  
Our friendship don't go back that far  
Tyler slept on my sofa yeah  
Niggas go back that far  
I ain't smoked all year  
This the last song so  
I'm finna wipe that off  
Tolerance is so low, still smoke a whole 'gar  
Menage on my birthday  
Tap out on the first stroke  
Cause this ain't no work day  
She don't give head anyway  
Cuz what niggas say  
That's what she tell her man  
What a difference distance makes  
Niggas want fight in the streets now  
Shit starting to make my hands hurt  
Jay hit me on the email  
Said I oughta act my net worth  
Dog this is chess now  
Not fetch I ain't runnin for a nigga  
Ain't ran since track meet  
That's the only time I ran from a nigga  
You could change this track now  
Could've changed this bitch a long time ago  
Know and know  
Know and know  
Shout out to Hollygrove  
I'm from that 7th though  
Twins know and Lance know  
Clark know and Matt know  
Shit went 180 on me  
Please run that back though  
Tucks til 24

You say some shit about me?  
On God he grabbed me  
Had this nigga like...

Interviewer: Make sure you speak up

Ryan: Okay

Interviewer: What's your name?

Ryan: Ryan

Interviewer: Yo, aye be quiet. What's your name? What do you do? What's your first memory?

Ryan: The first word I learned to say or that I ever said

Interviewer: What's the most amazing thing you've ever witnessed?

Ryan: Friendship and how it controls the world

Interviewer: Hahaha, alright, what three superpowers do you wish you had? They say they have to be...

Ryan: Flying, super strength...

Interviewer: Alright, what's your name?

Ryan: I wish I could sleep without being dead but sleep forever at the same time

Interviewer: Yo what's your... stop, stop, stop

Ryan: Being... very very tall

Interviewer: That's fucked up. Start over right now. Best thing about being me is that I keep a pretty clear mind most of the time

Sage Elsesser: Being great

Ryan: I... a lot, probably too much

Interviewer: Talents, got any secret talents?

Ryan: I don't think so, I'm pretty open in everything I do

Sage Elsesser: Talents? I can play the theremin... Tyler... nah actually fuck him. I don't know, probably Dill cause he doesn't have to do anything at all, sits inside his house

Interviewer: What's your name?

Sage Elsesser: Sage Elsesser

Interviewer: What do you do?

Sage Elsesser: I play soccer and go to school. I wanna be better at skating

Interviewer: Alright that's it....

Sage Elsesser: Ever... ever thought about trying...

How far is a light year?

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