

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?

How far is a light year?