T-Shirt

You woke up feelin way better Way better than the day you did before You got the whole world in the palm of your hands You had to let it go

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DJ C-Money in this motherfucker...
La Familia...
Freeband Gang...
We global now...
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Got my t-shirt game crazy, I'm goin' money crazy All this money confiscatin' ain't no imitatin All it took was some patience--Niggas still hatin Mo' money and mo' problems, ain't no imitatin' Glock 40, lemme squeeze, why you better tote it Strippers, money, weed, Young Future I promote it Like when I was sellin rocks nigga I'm still hungry Quarter million, all hundreds, got em all on me

[Verse 1: Future] Hell ya, bout that lifestyle Pradas on me right now Had to pay my lawyer off cuz nigga I don't do trial Bitches I don't do trial, you can keep your comments I be gettin' this money, bout to fuckin vomit 30 on my stomach, tell me "how bad do you want it?" Prada's what I'm rockin', Alexander got me cocky All that damn finessin' and I took off like the Jetsons All that damn stressin' and a nigga start progressin' Yeah Yeah

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Ain't no sympathy nigga, ain't no sympathy nigga! You remember me nigga, know you remember me nigga! I'm whip up in them foreigns make you envy me nigga I'm gone whip up in them foreigns make you envy me nigga I got that sack out the front door and I went skraight through the back I was fucked up and starvin', I go stand right in that trap I'm bout to sell me some yayo, I gotta juug out the I won't wear em no more, if those shoes a day old See I consist and I am, see I persist and I am I woke up in that Bugatti, went and bought me three Lambs That's an Aventador nigga, that cost a hundred a piece I went so hard in the streets, I'm bout to have me a feast

Future