**Future** 

(DJ Eskimo City the coolest DJ on the muthafuckin planet) Wicked tunes, you know what I'm sayin'? (Southside) Wizard (Metro Boomin want some more Nigga)

Wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Hold up, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Wooh, Wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Hold up, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Stand up in the motor, bust the dashboard
Stand up in the motor, bust the dashboard
Hold up, wicked, wicked, wicked
Wicked, wicked, wicked

Candles burning, money burning, graveyard these niggas Phantom parkin', big dawg barkin' hey
Lortabs on me, oh-oh-oh-oh
Shawty want that wave, oh-oh-oh-oh
I'm drippin' Cartier, oh-oh-oh-oh
Put a gold bird on you, that's what's happening
I put that lingo on her, she was Spanish
I fill a one liter up with Xannies
This continental and it's panoramic
It's complimentary to the savages
You fuck around with me, it be a tragedy
I want green, green, no asparagus
I drink lean, lean, lean it ain't embarrassing

Wicked, wicked, wicked
Hold up, wicked, wicked, wicked
Wooh, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked

Now she going, now that bitch going I purchase Avianne and now she lit, huh Wedding band rings on me lit, huh Married to the game, I'm the shit, huh Woah, woah, woah, woah Bitch we made men We ain't pullin' up at cribs that we can't get You can't pull a bitch on Instagram I ain't hit, huh And then she tellin' lies about me cause she ain't shit, uh She want that big-big dog status I was in the alley with them nickel bags, tally Now I'm Taliban gang status, that's what's happenin' And you niggas can't get close cause you don't know me It ain't no more dip and dabbin', hangin' low key These bitches see me and they panic I can't believe it, I was on the corner gamblin'

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Hold up, wicked, wicked, wicked