

The Future

Mystery Skulls

I'm worried 'bout the future, future, ain't fuckin' with that past shit, baby.

I'm worried 'bout the future, future, future, future...

Ain't got no money for the nice things, I barely got enough for rent.

Ain't got no clue 'bout where I'm going, ain't makin' dollars, but at least I'm makin' sense.

Don't need no cash, I ain't got no soul, don't need to flash, I just want control.

Never growing up, you know it's just the way I do it.

I want the gold, I ain't no sucker, baby.

And when you least expect it, I'll be coming for your rule.

I'm worried 'bout the future, ain't fuckin' with the past.

Ain't got no time to waste on bullshit, you know I gotta keep my head on straight.

'Cause at the rate these times keep changing, I don't really care about second place. Mmhm.

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