

# Into The Future

Rockie Fresh

[Verse 1: Rockie Fresh]

I tell my niggas  
Anything is possible, impossible is nothing  
I mean look at the dough we getting, I mean look at  
these hoes we fucking  
I know this shit can get better  
Workin' hard, tryna put myself together  
And tell the world that I'm ready for whatever  
Finna hit the jackpot, I got my hand on the lever  
Going down, gotta let that bitch boom  
New condo, walk in, 6 rooms  
Feelin' good but that shit got a sick view  
If your nigga on the track, should probably get a kit  
crew  
You don't think I'm Uno, skip you  
You ain't got it like me, cause your bitch do  
Talking shit about me, I heard that's a bitch move  
That's another thing a real nigga getting through, gone

[Verse 2: Rockie Fresh]

I just hope it all ends well  
The swag stories my friends tell  
This train wreck that we inhale  
Got me feelin' unstoppable like Denzel  
Anyone, make a nigga get more bucks, more gold, more  
hoes  
Got more trucks, ha  
Throw the De Lorean doors up  
Pretty chick watching me hop out  
You're fucked!  
Man, these wild girls love chill  
Like these fake niggas love real  
But hated at the very same time  
They say ain't fucking with it  
So they trippin online  
Shit, I could be outta my mind  
But it's lookin real smooth  
These nigga pay for pussy  
I'm just trying pay dues  
I don't ever make excuses homie  
I just make moves, yeah