

Future, Bitches Gone Tell

Selling bricks on deck like Jackie Chan
Got them hoes on deck like shoestrings
With a brand new Lambo shoestring
I'm a gutter ass nigga I don't do caine
Got a whole lot of Autotune on it, no T-Pain
36 O's in the whip, no keychain
Young ass white bitch, Amy Grant, nigga
Young rich nigga hanging with penitentiary niggas
Motherfuck the feds, fuck Illuminati
Nigga we ain't scared, this a kamikaze
Order more bitches, order more bottles
We doing this shit, we might not see tomorrow
Two hundred bitches from Paris on my timeline
They might have went all the way this time
Treat a nigga like a one of a kind
Diamonds hanging, I'm in Sierra Leone
Fuck with a rich nigga if that's what you want
Come fuck a rich nigga, that's what you want
Ace of Spades and kush, oh that's what we on
You niggas trying to buy me? Know they some clones
Drink your molly, mix it all on up
These Persian bitches know they all want us

I won't trust these bitches, these bitches gon tell
We don't trust no snitch around
None of these bitches, these bitches gon tell
I'm a hood nigga straight out the motherfucking gutter
I serve the whole bail
Motherfuck these police, nigga, my niggas they shooting at 12
Motherfuck these police, nigga, my niggas they shooting at 12
We don't carry no snitch around
None of these bitches, these bitches gon tell
I'm a hood nigga straight out the motherfucking gutter
I serve the whole bail
Got the molly, got white
Got the lean, got the kush
Got the purp and the pills