

# Future, First Off (feat. Travis Scott)

Back on the Forbes, shit crazy (Yeah)  
I make more than Dwyane Wade, baby  
(ATL Jacob)  
I'm a street nigga and I stay faded (Pluto)  
Never worked in a gym, but I weighed it (Travis)

First off, you get the ammo, then you cock it (Ooh)  
First off, we had to blast off like a rocket (Skrrt, skrrt)  
I put the Patek water on, but I got options (Yeah)  
PJ takin' off and I ain't stoppin', no  
Louis V belts, Louis V on my walls  
Fishscale, nigga, I can't fuck with no laws (Yeah)  
Never fear what's on my lens, I see fugazi  
I should pee on this bitch and make her pay me (Yeah)

Started off surfin' on a codeine wave  
I don't exchange info with these niggas  
They some opps, you can kill 'em, they ain't with us  
Ordered a pound of gas to smoke, I need a fill up (Yeah)  
Got a line on good Gelato and Gorilla  
Hella freaky with me, know you gon' get hit up  
Steppin' over dead bodies in Margielas  
I touched a hundred M's and I've been gettin' better (Ooh)  
In a red Bugatti, gave it right to valet  
Shoot his head off right, it get you new Sheneneh  
Shootin' dice all night, yeah, me and Dae Dae  
We had to work the one on 'em, it was a good payday  
It was a teenager, they put him on the news where I'm from  
He let off 40 shots, he can't get no bond  
Closed on when he shoppin', when he kill him, he young  
They ever get caught snitchin', they gon' cut off your tongue  
I can't wait 'til they set the rat up, yeah  
I was catchin' juugs, now a nigga a millionaire  
I get the rap check and I avoid the paps  
I get NBA money and ain't been in the draft

Yeah, I'm back on the Forbes, shit crazy (Yeah)  
I make more than Dwyane Wade, baby (Pop it, pop it)  
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First off, you get the ammo, then you cock it (Straight up)  
First off, we had to blast off like a rocket (Uh)  
I put the Patek water on, but I got options  
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Bound to cut off where it's dim and pour above the rim (Yeah)  
Get the backend at the door and let the dogs kill (Dogs)  
Point 'em out, then turn around, that's how we let 'em in  
Paranoid, one conversation, then I switch the SIM (Oh)  
This took like NBA business, I ain't talkin' scrimmage (NBA)  
You know I'm James Bond with it, Harden with the finish  
The whip's got curtain options in it, I don't need it tinted  
Just need the option not to see 'em when I'm ridin' in it  
Used to spend checks on my Nikes, now they pay me (Yeah)  
Got some Bulls cheerleaders and they wavy (Alright)  
Number one off in my city like McGrady (Straight up)  
Yeah I'm back on the Forbes, shit crazy  
Roll some OG gas, I can't let 'em breathe (It's lit)  
Pop me ten to three, I can't let 'em sleep (Pop it, pop it)

Flyin' through the clouds in somethin' heavenly  
(To these racks, way up, way up)

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