

# Future, Hard To Choose One

Yeah, it's Pluto  
Pluto (Yeah, Freebandz), you dig, you dig  
Yeah (Yeah, yeah)  
Yeah (Yeah, 808 Mafia)  
Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Motor in the back with the trunk in the front  
Smokin' on gas, three-five in a blunt  
Poppin' them tags, it's one of a one  
I got them chopsticks, ain't going to lunch  
Came out the creek, had to drop off a ton  
Made it off the streets, I came up from a crumb  
Two thousand just for the shoes I put on  
Spin out and do a three-sixty for nothin' (Skrrt)  
Freestylin' while I got kush in my lung  
Crocodile Burberry, that's what I'm on (Brrt, brrt)  
Packed out the club, that's a quarter million (Brrt, brrt)  
High-priced fashion, Italian, Milan (Fashion)  
If she get attached, then I'm goin' on the run (She get attached)  
Took the big batch and I can't feel my tongue (Took the big batch)  
Hundreds of baddies, it's hard to choose one (Hundreds of baddies)  
Green light the shooters, it's already done (Brrt, brrt, brrt)

Green light the shooters, they already on you  
Take a few Addies, then go in a coma  
Takin' and rappin', them bales my diploma  
Drivin' my space coupe, goin' to Daytona  
Line 'round the corner like Ronald McDonald's  
Count on my llama, you call me Obama  
Whippin' that bird like the Number 1 Stunna  
Put on reserve, she come when I want her  
Hop in the vert, it go over two hundred  
She kept it real with her, shout outs to London  
I bought her Gucci, she bought me a chopper  
Money and sex is bringin' me problems  
But I'm at my best when I'm runnin' through models  
Look at your rings, you done dipped 'em in vodka  
Talkin' Emilio Pucci, I got 'em  
Came out the trap, a hood nigga role model

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Hundreds of baddies, it's hard to choose one (808 Mafia)  
Green light the shooters, it's already done (Brrt, brrt, brrt)

Crashed out on pills, but it's makin' me numb (Let's go)  
I paid the bill, you consider it done (Pay the bill)  
Trap in the field, made a mll' on my own (Trap in the field)  
Peel off the seal on that Hi-Tech for fun (Yeah)  
Cash out on diamonds, Italian, Milan (Cashin' out)  
One hundred bad bitches havin' fun (What's up?)  
Rollin' off X and I can't feel my arms

Platinum ice on me, it's clearer than Pátron  
Money and power, it got me on meds  
Load up my rifle, I don't go to bed  
Coppin' a Viper gon' make them upset  
Fuckin' rich niggas gon' get you baguettes  
Pussy was leakin', I fucked on a jet  
We made a bond to never forget  
Cancel that ho, she tried fuck up my check  
Get in this Lambo', this not a Corvette (Skrrt, skrrt)

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Green light the shooters, it's already done (Hundreds of bad bitches)

Brrt, brrt  
Hundreds of bad bitches  
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