

# Future, Keep On Shinin

100 racks, no diamonds  
I don't know where my mind went  
I can't tell what the time is, I just keep on shining  
100 racks, no diamonds  
I don't know where my mind went  
I can't tell what the time is, I just keep on shining  
I just keep on shining, I just keep on shining  
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I just keep on shining, I just keep on shining  
I just keep on shining, I just keep on shining

I just keep on grinding, stacking up, my long good  
I just keep getting' money, I put that on my mama  
Rackin' up them Benjamins, on blast all like Jetsons  
Plug deal with the Haitians, I keep it real with my Mexicans  
Belt by Ferragamo, shoes by Chanel  
Cook that good dope and I can eyeball a bell  
Crooked bitch, my Rolly, flooded my wrist is  
Sauce on my shoe game, put sauce on my bitches  
All them boys is scalish, ain't got no diamonds  
Everything around me, just can't even stop shining  
Shine like my young niggas,  
They ride with a hundred round nigga  
On the court, no violence  
But you ain't 'bout to take mine, nigga

Bedrock - Fred Flintstone  
Catch me burning rubber when I leave my jeweler  
Michael Jackson high, call me Thriller  
Playin' poker for a hundred bands on the dealer  
Casino – ex drug dealer  
Put the rocks around my neck, I call it ice  
Put the stash around my wrist, that's that china white  
I don't skimp on jewels, bought a lot of ice – Freebandz!  
Fuck wrong with you? Think I ain't got no cash?  
G and Future with me, know I got that pack  
A hundred thousand for the car, no tags  
Shine on everything, see him through the glass

Spend a hundred racks on blue jeans, got good weed, got good lean  
Got five cars they all foreign, got foreign bitches in my cockpit  
Got thirty chains, got thirty rings, ever since the gang moved in this year  
I turnt up, I blanked out, now I'm banked up with a blank check  
Drop top with no head on it, that's brain-dead, family  
My cup cranked with that low key  
I'm turnin' up, you go to sleep  
I pull up in that V12  
I got a hudred bands in my email  
I'm on the 'Gnac, no sea shells  
On tough sand I touch bands  
A Cayenne, an Expedition, I fill 'em up with a bunch of fish  
Hard times, we gon' lace up, my mind stay on stacks  
My niggas movin' them packs  
I ran the stacks like tracks  
And I ain't never gon' look back