

# Future, Lullaby

I got off-topic, I start  
Talkin' about the drugs and all of the profit and (Yeah, DY Krazy)  
Talkin' about the shit I learned, the streets, they gave me knowledge (Yeah)  
See, I saw a nigga get killed back when I was a toddler, yeah  
So how I'm 'posed to love, girl? Now how I'm 'posed to fear? Yeah  
I talk to bitches even when you right here  
I text 'em in the room when we layin' right next to each other  
I try my best just to hug her with my fingers crossed  
'Cause I know deep down inside, I am really doing wrong (Yeah), yeah

Yeah  
And you know me, I'ma just charge it to the game  
Uh-huh

Five, four, three, two, one  
I was 'posed to love you until the sun was done  
Said I changed when the money start comin'  
How the fuck you think I wasn't gon' catch on to all that game you was runnin'?  
See the mula, it got longer, but my mind, it got wider  
That's why you ain't want me to wear no condom  
Now tell me what's that about?  
Why you tellin' niggas about my stash spot?  
She lucky I ain't kill her, could've gave her an ass-shot  
See, I'm not worried about them niggas, 'cause I got boys that's gon' crash out  
See, drive up on your block, do the drive-by, and then smash out (Skrrt)  
Whip it up in the kitchen, no potatoes, got mash out  
Man, you see I don't care about love

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I done fucked all her friends, all her enemies too  
I think her mama even feelin' me too  
You got a million excuse  
When you broke, I just brought me a Richard Mille and this shit cost a deuce, yeah  
Summertime, top off  
But my seats, they all made of goose  
I'm not embarrassed, she sucked my dick and I did not feel a tooth  
I got a lot to lose, but I lost all my moods (Yeah)  
Ever since she fucked that nigga that's older than Snoop  
But I can't blame her because  
Baby girl had to get her bills paid  
They was up and I got my meals late  
Don't give a fuck, nigga, I still feel great  
I still feel weight  
Man, I'm touchin' on your hand and you still don't feel me  
Damn

It's just a lullaby, yeah  
Sometimes you just gotta say bye  
(I don't wanna die young, I don't wanna die young), yeah  
(Put me on my side)

Picture me, broke as shit (What?)  
Not gettin' money, shit, I'd probably be hittin' licks (Yeah)  
Probably be flippin' bricks (Yeah)  
Probably be pimpin' chicks (Yeah)

I don't know, nigga, I'd probably be a hitter or somethin'  
We kill niggas for like fifty G's (Flex)  
I got that nigga hit for a ten-piece (Yeah)  
They shot that nigga broad day, he was boxed in  
See, in Philadelphia, you know I'm really locked in  
Now that boy got a shit-bag on Suboxone  
Shit, man, we kill for fun  
Got a problem with him? Then it's problem with me, 'cause ain't no one-on-one  
That's how I ride for my gang, that's how I ride for my dawgs  
'Cause nine outta ten these bitches, they be frauds (Yeah)  
Yeah, whatever, I jumped off the porch late (So?)  
If you put your hands on me, you gon' get your day  
See, my bitch, she think I'm havin' fun, I'm just cheatin'  
But I'm just gon' stack my money and I'ma attend every meetin', uh  
I ain't worried 'bout love, man, I love the drug  
Drug is the money, stack it up and take care of my family  
I remember I used to stack my money just to cop Xannies  
Now I got bitches from overseas takin' off they panties  
See, I'm a Leo like a lion but my life is oh so dandy  
I walk around five hundred, nigga, don't try jam me (Fresh)  
They'll pull the white sheet off of you like you a piece of candy  
I'm so high, man, I swear I'm never landin', I'm gone, yeah

And it's just crazy how  
The whole time niggas be plottin' on you (Goodbye, world)  
These bitches be plottin' on you (I'm going to Pluto)  
All you got is you at the end of the day  
You came in this world by yourself, you gotta go out that way  
Yeah  
It's just a lullaby