

# Future, Make It Back

I remember math class, I ain't do shit, I was just Xanned out  
Now a nigga gettin' millions, give a fuck about my teacher now  
Niggas try to cross me, I crucify 'em like that preacher, oh  
All my niggas gettin' money, best believe we spend that on sneakers, oh  
Wheezy outta here

Gucci on my feet, uh  
Only wore it once, I wasted my cash, yeah  
But I don't give a fuck, I made that shit back, yeah, uh  
I made that shit back, yeah, uh  
Dior on my outfit  
Only wore it once, shit, I wasted all my cash, yeah  
I don't give no fuck 'cause I'm gon' make that shit back, yeah, uh  
I'm gon' make that shit back, yeah

Look at your bitch and the way that I hit her, I think she in love  
Talkin' that shit, you get thrown like a double hundred in the strip club  
All of my niggas gettin' money all day, I told ya, I told ya  
You don't want no problems, I'm with soldiers, uh, huh, yeah  
.150 with me, with me, choppers with me, with me  
Tell 'em come get me, get me  
That lil' bitch need to suck my dick, won't give her no kissy, kissy  
Suck on my dick so hard I thought she left a hicky, hicky  
She a thotty thats a icky, vicky  
Wishin' for that burner feel like timmy, timmy

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I'm gon' make that shit back, yeah