

# Future, My Collection

I've been in the stu late, workin', no residuals  
If we never speak again, I'm just glad I got to tell the truth  
I ain't done countin'  
You wanna come to paradise?  
Matter of fact, you wanna come to Pluto?  
Haha

She told me she was an angel  
She fucked two rappers and three singers  
She got a few athletes on speed dial  
I'm tryna get the case dismissed before I see trial  
And these codeine habits ain't got nothin' to do with my lil' child  
No this codeine ain't got nothin' to do with my lil' child  
I used to sell dope at my grandma's house, as a rude child  
All these cameras on, fuckin' with my mood, wild  
And these chains clinkin' back and forth, they too loud  
They know damn well this wasn't promised  
I know damn well this must be karma  
Left every pair of Margielas at the condo  
Technically I never packed up and leave  
Left 80 racks in the dresser, you can keep  
And I got this bad ting at disposal  
I cooked it up and then I went global  
My baby mama push a Range Rover  
Had to make sure I got it fully loaded  
Can't be the one and then you get exposed  
If you the one, then God will let me know  
But at the same time, I like to vibe with one  
I'm paranoid, I gotta ride with one  
And I had to 'splain to her last night  
Had to send this one freak on the last flight  
Had to send this one freak on the last flight

Won't get a response from me, ain't no confessions  
Before I tell a lie, won't tell you nothin'  
Any time I got you, girl you my possession  
Even if I hit you once, you part of my collection  
Even if I hit you once, you part of my collection  
Even if I hit you once, you part of my collection

Standin' on Black Sox, meet me at the yacht dock  
Icin' out the clock, watch, bitches on my cock  
Yeah, maybe it's the drop, yeah  
We get in our feelings, yeah  
I don't know how you would feel about if I ain't have millions, yeah  
I'm conversin' with you, I hope you hear me, yeah  
Keep my promise, take my love with you everywhere  
And hell no it ain't about no braggin' rights  
But even if it was, shit I got it  
Pinstripes on a hardtop Bugatti  
She told me she was an angel  
She fucked two rappers and three singers  
I'ma keep it genuine and tell the truth to you  
I got this jawn, she know what to do with me  
And right now I don't know what to do with you  
I don't wanna sound like I'm bein' rude with you  
She caught a red eye, leavin' L.A  
I shoulda gave her to the valet  
And I had to tell her 'bout Miami  
After she came with no panty

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