

Future, T-Shirt

You woke up feelin way better
Way better than the day you did before
You got the whole world in the palm of your hands
You had to let it go

DJ C-Money in this motherfucker
La Familia
Freeband Gang
We global now

Got my t-shirt game crazy, I'm goin' money crazy
All this money confiscatin' ain't no imitatin
All it took was some patience-Niggas still hatin
Mo' money and mo' problems, ain't no imitatin'
Glock 40, lemme squeeze, why you better tote it
Strippers, money, weed, Young Future I promote it
Like when I was sellin rocks nigga I'm still hungry
Quarter million, all hundreds, got em all on me

Hell ya, bout that lifestyle, products on me right now
Had to pay my lawyer off cause nigga I don't do trial
Bitches I don't do trial, you can keep your comments
I be gettin' this money, bout to fuckin vomit
30 on my stomach, tell me "how bad do you want it?"
Prada's what I'm rockin', Alexander got me cocky
All that damn finessin' and I took off like the Jetsons
All that damn stressin' and a nigga start progressin'
Yeah Yeah

Ain't no sympathy nigga, ain't no sympathy nigga!
You remember me nigga, know you remember me nigga!
I'm a whip up in them foreigners make you envy me nigga
I'm gone whip up in them foreigners make you envy me nigga
I got that sack out the front door and I went skraight through the back
I was fucked up and starvin', I go stand right in that trap
I'm bout to sell me some yayo, I gotta jug out in Clay Co
I won't wear em no more, if those shoes a day old
See I consist and I am, see I persist and I am
I woke up in that Bugatti, went and bought me three Lambs
That's an Aventador nigga, that cost a hundred a piece
I went so hard in the streets, I'm bout to have me a feast