

Future, Too Comfortable

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Four or five hoes, stuff 'em in a Lamborghini, yeah
Swapped out of public housing, go and get a genie
Three, four stacks on a chinchilla beanie
Got a cup full of mud and I'm draped in Celine, yeah
Can't think for yourself, gotta think for the team, yeah
Fuck me like a star, gotta treat me like a king, yeah
Gotta roll with a chopper with a certain amount of bling, yeah

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Yeah, swerve in a bulletproof coupe, yeah
If I got to, I'll shoot out the roof, yeah
Turbo 63, shawty look blackanese
I keep it a G, Louis V
Came with a duffle bag full of mulah
I put the fragrance on you, Pucci
Got my attention, stay exclusive
Put her in the Rolls Royce and Givenchy
It's hard to stay sober when I'm spinnin'
It's hard to stay faithful when you winnin'
Showin' you're grateful and independent
Fuck all the danger
Spray all the strangers, you get too close
I said three hundred but the Range really four
You talkin' back to me, I'ma cut your throat

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I'm thinkin' colossal
I'm thinkin' 'bout flyin' the vibes out, goin' tropical
I know I'm impeccable
Seen what these niggas can do when that shit get federal
Caught in between, eatin' up a queen
Eatin' up a bean like vegetables
Step out on the scene livin' like a king
I know this game can be treacherous
They was thinkin' that it couldn't be done
And now it's tangible
Tell me how you get this comfortable
You're wearin' a wild animal
Simply did it because they said it couldn't be done
Then I went beyond

Can't even pay for my son
He on probation, they revoked his bond, yeah
Gotta light another blunt, yeah
I'm not a publicity stunt, yeah
I done been through more shit this month than a nigga been through in a lifetime
Cut a few niggas and bitches off
They were just wastin' my time
Pretty and fine, the way this girl designed
I hope she can read my mind

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