

Future, Tricks On Me

Yeah

Just got a call from my mom
Tellin' me what the lawyer was sayin'
About the lawsuit
I thought they had had that down, yeah

Big money shit, baby, I just bought a new six, baby
Flintstone in my ears, pissed on my wrist, baby
This song just mutilated, everything decapitated
Deep on new relations, just gotta be brand related
Ain't no sellin' out, no tradin', so you gotta be gang related
Pop stylin' this shit for my shottas incarcerated
Rockstar this shit, a street star, I stay acquainted
Pop stylin' this shit, how you get the high maintenance one?
How she gon' take my love and give it away like it ain't nothin' to her?
How you gon' judge my drugs I take when I never did offer you?
Hawaiian surfin' on the thick one to the PJ
I can just imagine the pain on Bankroll PJ
Murder murder, broad day, I got tears, I can't let 'em out
I can't take it, I can't take it no more, I'm 'bout to spaz out
I'm good on deposits but I gotta have a stash house
I see you bein' greedy and I gotta work my ass off
I chief on gas house, until I pass out
Rollin' in a Phantom, came with an umbrella
Survive the trenches, it thunder today, I'll walk through it
Hurricane Pluto, I'ma drip all through it (Icy)
I was lettin' the shit I can't control destroy me
It was goin' too deep for you, baby, pardon me
I tried to treat that shit just like a party
I'ma feel weak if I tell you sorry

Gotta be a genius, gotta be extraordinary
Gotta plant seeds, nigga, like a florist
I'm Future Hendrix but I'm not a guitarist
I could've been starvin', I'm fortunate

Maybe my mind playin' tricks on me
Maybe my mind playin' tricks on me
Could it be my ex playin' tricks on me?
Someone that's jealous playin' tricks on me
Big boss shit, baby, I just bought a new pent', baby
Butler came with the elevator, greet my guests, baby
IPad high maintenance, everything's unordinary
Grapes and strawberries, nothing's contemporary

Rockstar in this shit, like a popstar in this shit, yeah
Tryna forget the way they did to Bankroll Fresh, gettin' harder
Seen his son at my little boy birthday party, it was harder
The streets of the ATL don't respect nothin' but shottas
Had to look the other way, could be the other way
Hit Yung Mazi up, that was in the broad day
I popped two Xans and I been sleep all day
(Let's go, let's go)

I was lettin' the shit I can't control destroy me
Everything's too deep for you, my nigga, pardon me
I'm Future Hendrix but I'm not a guitarist (Super)
I could've be starvin', I'm fortunate

Maybe my mind playin' tricks on me (I'm so fuckin' hurt)
Maybe my mind playin' tricks on me (Maybe my mind)
Could it be my ex playin' tricks on me?
Someone that's jealous playin' tricks on me (Someone that's jealous, I know, I know)
Big boss shit, baby, I just bought a new pent', baby

Butler came with the elevator, greet my guests, baby
IPad high maintenance, everything's unordinary
Grapes and strawberries, nothing's contemporary