

4 To 5

Future

Yeah, they doubted me, now I need security in your city, yeah I'm popping, right? (Yeah)

That bitch, yeah she used to hate me, now she love me over night

That bitch, yeah, she used to ride and hit it, quit it over hyped (Yeah)

Late night now she slide it when I hit her up, don't over type

(Yeah, over type, over type, over type—)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Pluto

I'll take bitches all the way to Jupiter, Pluto (What?)

I'm with gang members and the shooters (Okay, yeah)

Your bitch loving me your bitch love me (What?)

For the pretty bitch drinking on muddy (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Yeah, they doubted me (Yeah), now I need security in your city, I'm popping, right? (Yeah)

That bitch, yeah she used to hate me, now she love me over night (Huh)

That bitch, yeah, she used to ride and hit it, quit it over hyped (Yeah)

Late night now she slide it when I hit her up, don't over type (Yeah)

That bitch say she love me but she love money, I know their type (Huh)

Pop a Perc', I'm flying, not dying, yeah, bro, I pop 'em right (Yeah)

I'm sippin' on the lines behind, my highest four-to-five (Aye)

Used to do some crimes but now I smoke the four-to-five

When I settle in my back, you know I used to cut it right (Yeah)

Inches in my suitcase when I fly domesticated type (Yeah)

Oh, why that's when I roll up, you know my blunts are hitting right (Yeah)

Up in cash, when I call up, you know my plug is sitting nice (Aye)

Roll up so much in the studio, they thought it's [?] (Yeah)

Blow up so much smoke that it looks like I kissed a poltergeist (Yeah)

Diamonds on my neck, it look like I pulled off a jewelry heist (Yeah)

I don't have a piece so how they gonna find a jury right (Yeah)

Broke my only piece so I stay working 'til the morning light

Coking until my lungs are blacker than the dead of night (Yeah)

Used to talk to shit but now these bitches want to flutter me (What? Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Yeah, they doubted me, now I need security in your city, I'm popping, right? (Aye)

That bitch, yeah she used to hate me, now she love me over night (Yeah)

That bitch, yeah, she used to ride and hit it, quit it over hyped (Yeah)

Late night now she slide it when I hit her up, don't over type (Yeah)

That bitch say she love me but she loves money, I know their type (Yeah)

Pop a Perc', I'm flying, not dying, yeah, bro, I pop 'em right (Aye)

I'm sippin' on the lines behind, my highest four to five (Aye)

Used to do some crimes but now I smoke the four-to-five

I blew up like a dynamite, rock the same ice, call it China White

Flew a group of bitches on the same flight, flew the hitters on the same flight

Twenty-four on the grind, do it in the dark, get it in the daylight

One hell of a life, living this life, nigga gotta pay a price

Mad bitches, got mad riches, got habits can't let go

Livin' lavish, got karats certified baguettes

And all black like, getting a lot of cash like Pedro

A few stash spots in San Diego, got a new broad on my payroll

They had doubted a nigga before but now they'll never do that no more

In your window like Kool Joe, made a million off

From a trio, got Brazilians by the trio, get dinerio from Rio
Just jumped off from PJ to plug talk in Creole
Got dog shit on me, got dog shit on me, nigga
Try to love the man, bitch trafficking for a nigga
I done hit the lottery, I hit my numbers, I'm bigger (Pluto)
Out of poverty, it's still a part of me

Yeah, they doubted me, now I need security in your city, I'm popping, right?
(Ooh)

That bitch, yeah she used to hate me, now she love me over night (Yeah)
That bitch, yeah, she used to ride and hit it, quit it over hyped (Yeah)
Late night now she slide it when I hit her up, don't over type (Yeah)
That bitch say she love me but she love money, I know their type (Yeah)
Pop a Perc', I'm flying, not dying, yeah, bro, I pop 'em right (Ooh)
I'm sippin' on the lines behind, my highest four to five (Aye)
Used to do some crimes but now I smoke the four-to-five