

## Built To Last

## Future

I went to sleep with a sweat, woke up popping tags  
Couple hundred thousand cash, wipe me down with a rag  
Got two hundred on the dash, put piranhas on your ass  
Real niggas built to last, this the future, fuck the past  
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Went to sleep on Ferragamo  
Got a closet for a condo  
I might wake up in a penthouse like I'm inside Neiman Marcus  
Popping tags and I'm heartless  
I'm a hustler and a artist  
I roll me up a forest  
I can freestyle a portrait  
A couple hundred thou' cash, coming for the fortunes  
I'm living in the skybox, Louis V, Porches  
Purple drink endorsing, horseshoe, no horses  
Six gear Porches, y'all niggas extorting  
Lesson for a check, Corvette on my neck  
Catch me running to the guala, bet I won't break a sweat  
Bad bitches, good sex, good bottom, good neck  
Give her two thumbs up, real niggas rock baguettes

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It's like peace up, A down  
Rich nigga, cash cow  
My ice, bling-blaow  
Fuck later, we eating now  
Stack white boys, Ace Miles  
Make it rain like grey clouds  
Bad bitch, front seat, ass up, face down  
Fear the black cats, I'm superstitious  
Swagger right, true to my religion  
Glass pot, metal fork, whole block water whipping  
Haters hate every day, wishing they could play my position  
Came up without a pot to piss in  
Bent ends we hitting  
Foreign coupes, we whipping  
Playing around, your ass end up missing  
Dunked out, found by a fisherman  
Smoke your ass like a swisher  
Rose by the pitcher, got lean by the liter  
Treat every day like it's my birthday  
Fresh like every day we [?]

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You living in the past, I'm making moves for my kid's kids  
New era, no lens, put piranhas on your wig  
You will never think again, your whole face sinking in  
Put your brain in the wig  
At the bottom of the lake pussy niggas can't swim  
At the top of the fountain, you tryna soak it in  
Banging on this Colombian chick, I'm praying for my sins  
Can't fold in the trenches, won't break, won't bend

Future setting trends  
Let him blossom, no kid  
Paper tags, wipe me off  
Poor nigga, high class  
No Pistol, no mask  
Future coming for your stash  
Went to sleep counting cash, woke up in a Jag

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