

Gangland

Future

Future Hendrix

Yeah

It ain't a secret

Straight up

I'm the one who got the presi' flooded
You wear more chanel than anybody?
You the type to get ya man indicted
I'm the type to pull up in a Spider
I'm the type to drive a hummer
Put a hunna round clip in a dirty riffle
It's dirty when it got a homi on it
Fuck that nigga put a bounty on em
I'm the one that put that dirty in the cup
Had you sippin' noddin' off nigga
You was gettin' fronted runnin' off nigga
I made myself to a boss nigga
Put a hundred carats in a cross nigga
Put a 200 thousand on a cross nigga
Could never sleep cause it a cost niggas
They can never see my palms sweaty
You a never seen the hunger in me
I'm sick and tired of being humbled nigga
This money put a lot of demons in me
Went and tatted all these angels on me
Fuck that nigga put a tracker on em
Then we throw a Pat Riley on em
These commas coming in
These haters coming in
The karma coming back from when I was gettin' it in
My baby mama tryna sue again
Bought my littles wins Christian Louboutins
Get my nigga Conversary in the pen
Got the federallies on a nigga chin
Fuck the Benz, imma whip the Spur
Fuck my Spur & bought my bitch a Ghost
I'm full of syrup and I'm seeing ghost
I'm pushing Heroin right through NO

Got that boy boy like New Orleans ya hear me?

Runnin that pack through Chi Town, Memphis, All up through B More & DC

Lil' Mexico turf a gang land

Maybe Kane like I'm Solomon

Does anybody kill a nigga?

Do you have the heart to kill a nigga?

100 thousand for a lawyer, gotta be a Johnnie Cochran.

Take the dope off the border, from the water, put it in the water

Know some Mexicanos down in Georgia(my migos)

We on every channel when we pop it

Hit em in the head and start braggin' bout it

They on 7th street

They gotta bunch of bodies

Gotta bunch of chains

My neck is very crowded

When I flood the street

They have a powder shower
Know the recipe, you need to learn about it
Finnesin' niggas, gotta learn about it
I could cook it in the microwave
I got ya baby momma with the shits
Got ya son sittin' on a brick
My teacher said I wouldn't be shit
She even know what I represent
Free Band Gang President
Money up, everything nigga
Everything else irrelevant