

Keep On Shinin

Future

100 racks, no diamonds
I don't know where my mind went
I can't tell what the time is, I just keep on shining
100 racks, no diamonds
I don't know where my mind went
I can't tell what the time is, I just keep on shining
I just keep on shining, I just keep on shining
I just keep on shining, I just keep on shining
I just keep on shining, I just keep on shining
I just keep on shining, I just keep on shining
I just keep on grinding, stacking up, my long good
I just keep getting' money, I put that on my mama
Rackin' up them Benjamins, on blast all like Jetsons
Plug deal with the Haitians, I keep it real with my Mexicans
Belt by Ferragamo, shoes by Chanel
Cook that good dope and I can eyeball a bell
Crooked bitch, my Rolly, flooded my wrist is
Sauce on my shoe game, put sauce on my bitches
All them boys is scalish, ain't got no diamonds
Everything around me, just can't even stop shining
Shine like my young niggas,
They ride with a hundred round nigga
On the court, no violence
But you ain't 'bout to take mine, nigga

Bedrock - Fred Flintstone
Catch me burning rubber when I leave my jeweler
Michael Jackson high, call me Thriller
Playin' poker for a hundred bands on the dealer
Casino - ex drug dealer
Put the rocks around my neck, I call it ice
Put the stash around my wrist, that's that china white
I don't skimp on jewels, bought a lot of ice - Freebandz!
Fuck wrong with you? Think I ain't got no cash?
G and Future with me, know I got that pack
A hundred thousand for the car, no tags
Shine on everything, see him through the glass

Spend a hundred racks on blue jeans, got good weed, got good lean
Got five cars they all foreign, got foreign bitches in my cockpit
Got thirty chains, got thirty rings, ever since the gang moved in this year
I turnt up, I blanked out, now I'm banked up with a blank check
Drop top with no head on it, that's brain-dead, family
My cup cranked with that low key
I'm turnin' up, you go to sleep
I pull up in that V12
I got a hudred bands in my email
I'm on the 'Gnac, no sea shells
On tough sand I touch bands
A Cayenne, an Expedition, I fill 'em up with a bunch of fish
Hard times, we gon' lace up, my mind stay on stacks
My niggas movin' them packs
I ran the stacks like tracks
And I ain't never gon' look back

