

# News or Something

Future

You know how we be rocking, ya heard

Bright light shining all bright on the Bentley  
Work the Cadillac, panoramic, no panties  
Old school Chevy '55 granddaddy  
Gotta throw some salt on it, 'cause you know I'm getting at it  
Throw the fork on it, then put it in traffic  
Throw the sauce on it, got it flying out of Dallas  
Hope you didn't do it to yourself, that's tragic  
Hope you didn't throw away what we established  
Hope you wouldn't turn your back on your family  
The way a nigga look 'round here, they'll back-stab you  
Word from your motherfucking brother, young nigga  
I just wanna see you happy, I just wanna see you happy  
Coming through the cut, like a known Grim Reaper  
'Bout to get it straight finessed, tryna get a little cheaper  
Hold on to that clip, like a doped up needle  
Girl hang on that strip with a four Desert Eagle

Known to put a bad little bitch in some red bottoms  
Ay, where ya mans at? Heard that the feds got 'em  
I seen you cruise the Land Rover through the west side  
Gold Rolex, better check your peripheral  
It's a full moon in the middle of the day  
Got them wolves out, rock a little Cartier  
Got the trap jammed packed like The Masquerade  
Know a few real ones ain't gon' see their next birthday  
Tell them young niggas grind 'fore you gon' knock someone down, if they're g  
on' shoot, then shoot something  
We better hear 'bout this shit on the news or something  
We better hear 'bout this shit on the news or something  
Man down over yonder, young came through holding on the cane like a drummer  
They done took a boss out, nigga, no wonder  
Niggas getting crossed out, nigga, no wonder  
Hoes getting X'd out and we on ganja  
The police wanna talk, but we won't say nothing  
True to these clips, niggas won't say nothing  
Niggas true to these clips, niggas won't say nothing

Had the Parkay jumping out the Pyrex  
High definition glass on my pinky finger  
Niggas swimming in the water, no paddle  
Niggas trying to walk in my shadow  
The bird on the bezel, I'm a well known rebel  
Told the young nigga, "Freebandz, Roc-A-Fella"  
Told a young nigga, "Freebandz, Roc-A-Fella"  
You can turn this off and I can kick it acappella  
We work the Front Street, where Mama said, "Don't go," we went there  
Trap house embalmed with that crack, then we went there  
Shorty don't fuck with these folks, these niggas be telling these days, be t  
elling these days

Known to put a bad little bitch in some red bottoms  
Ay, where ya mans at? Heard that the feds got 'em  
I seen you cruise the Land Rover through the west side  
Gold Rolex, better check your peripheral  
It's a full moon in the middle of the day

Got them wolves out, rock a little Cartier  
Got the trap jammed packed like The Masquerade  
Know a few real ones ain't gon' see their next birthday  
Tell them young niggas grind 'fore you gon' knock someone down, if they're g  
on' shoot, then shoot something  
We better hear 'bout this shit on the news or something  
We better hear 'bout this shit on the news or something  
Man down over yonder, young came through holding on the cane like a drummer  
They done took a boss out, nigga, no wonder  
Niggas getting crossed out, nigga, no wonder  
Hoes getting X'd out and we on ganja  
The police wanna talk, but we won't say nothing  
True to these clips, niggas won't say nothing  
Niggas true to these clips, niggas won't say nothing

Niggas true to these clips, niggas won't say nothing  
Known to put a bad little bitch in some red bottoms  
Ay, where ya mans at? Heard that the feds got 'em  
I seen you cruise the Land Rover through the west side  
Gold Rolex, better check your peripheral  
It's a full moon in the middle of the day  
Got them wolves out, rock a little Cartier  
Got the trap jammed packed like The Masquerade  
Know a few real ones ain't gon' see their next birthday