

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

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