Oooooh

Future

(Zaytoven)
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up
Oh, I told that nigga I'd get that popstar (Wizard)
Oh, if she fine, I'll fly her (Tryna tell you)
Oh, and I spend a lot of caca
(Atlanta to motherf*ckin' Atlanta, nigga)
Oh (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Doin' donuts, dash two hundred, oh
I'm on the dash, I'm on the highway, woah
Riding through the hood like hold up, oh
Hangin' out the window, spraying, woah, woah
I do the dash on these niggas, woah
I'm counting cash on 'em, woah, woah
I'm smokin' dope, I'm pourin' lean, woah
I break the bank, I broke the bank, woah

I'm poppin' tags, he poppin' tags, he swaggy and I'm flashy
I drive the Rover like Denali, no exaggeration
Diamonds dancin' on my face and on my bezel face
Presidential status (Rollie)
I just whipped the coupe, the Bentley like I'm on a Banshee (Hold up)
Doin' a donut out of Magic, three-sixty, man (Man)
I'm poppin' tags, I drop a lil' cash, two-fifty, man (Man)
Freebandz, nigga, known to f*ckin' get it, man (Man)
That's on my city, man
Sippin', I'm sippin' this gold rose
Whippin' the coupe like a wide body (Skrrt)
Hangin' out the window like, "Why, why?" (Yeah)
Lettin' it off on the other side (Other side)
I whip the whip from the other side (The other side)
I hit the scene like a homicide (Skrrt)
Splash, splash, I told the jeweler bring everything
My feet to the floor, I'm on everything (Yeah)

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I'm smokin' dope, I'm pourin' lean, woah
I break the bank, I broke the bank, woah (Hah, Young Scooter)

Maserati smashin' out (Smash)
Future ridin' Bentley coupe (Yeah)
Young Scooter ridin' Bentley coupe (Bentley)
We do the shit that bosses do (Boss)
Real street shit, no rap, I'm worth a mil' or two (Yeah)
Scooter always flexin', I'll pull up and embarrass you (Scooter flexin')
Hit up Eliantte, yeah, that's a ice check (Real diamonds)
We don't rock fake gold, real diamonds 'round my neck (Yeah)
Came up in the dope hole, remix out my dope bowl (Dope boy)
One-fifty in the fast lane, I'm smashin' on you broke hoes (Smash)
Black Amigo Gang, we love to count up (Yeah)
BMFBG, we blood brothers (BMG)
Five hundred in my blunt, that's how I roll up (Yeah)

Blow a fifty in the club when we turn up (Count up)

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