

## Perkies

Future

Pluto!

Yea Yea

I don't play no games, nigga no facade

I got every car you want in my garage

She gotta fattie on her like Nicki Minaj

I copped a car and then I fucked her cause I'm naught

(Yea nigga)

I was ridin' round my hood with narcotics (Yea nigga)

I got 36 ounces in my pocket

I'm saucin' yea I'm hard to kill I got these mils yea

I took the gang off planes and jumped on Leers, yea

I told the jeweler [?] this our year yea

Zona stacked his first mil I'm so proud yea

Metro spent 3 on a crib he so out here

Ain't no sauce, ain't no loss, [?] oou!

Push to start, man fuck them narcs, we take off

I got activis, color Randy Moss

30 chains on, ten rings on

Zona stacked his first mil, told ya I'm proud of him

Poppin' them seals, in Beverly Hills

My clarity clear (yea yea)

My diamonds are real (let's go)

Serve you some whip

Then take me a trip

I rap over scores, like it's a gift

It came with a stem

A thousand-one grand

I left in a Rari

Came back in a Lamb

I'm truly excited

My niggas get money (I'm that nigga)

Stash in the walls

All one hundreds

The coupe got frog eyes

I'll get ya hog tied

I know when one ride

Nigga we all slide

I'm trying to keep it so real with you

We kinda pulled off a miracle

We need some fresh new material

Cause niggas ain't got nothing to live for

You can't be throwin' up money

I'll keep it all the way real with you

I love to see when my niggas get money

I'ma keep it all the way real with you

Whole lot of loyalty, love, and honor

We gonna be hard to deal with

If you gotta put a hit out on your honor

Just know, nigga I'm still with you

Left, right wrist glowin

I can't keep it no more real with you

I keep codeine pourin'

Let me pop a pill with you

My young nigga locked behind the bars

I was trappin' first, then made myself a star

Baking Soda, cocaina on your heinous  
Fuck being neutral, I'm exclusive  
You can't find us  
Cuban links, [?] diamonds  
Change the climate  
That molly exclusive  
Fuck yo bitch, cause she basic  
I catch you hatin'  
I'ma stab you up, like Jason  
We got drug relations  
Can't hear our conversations  
We do home invasions  
But that's just on occasions  
Know what they do to snitches  
When they sign them papers  
Heard they found yo momma  
But I din't tell em rape her  
Rather have my dogs with me  
Than have them in the cages  
Make you get all of this pain  
To feel the rock and cradle  
Cut it off you fucking snake  
You motherfucking traders  
My words will have you devastated but how can you blame us  
You need to be decapitated boy you tried to play us  
I'm having evil thoughts about you, better come and pay up  
I'll pop a Desert Eagle at ya, ain't no one can save ya  
Check my [?], I'm so loaded  
Fuck yo bitch, she so bogus  
My lil bitches yea  
I buy them Rollies  
Fuck yo clique, fuck yo OG  
Stuff my blunts, three grams of OG  
Shake em off, can't let you hold me  
I came to stunt so hard on you, call the police  
She swiped the card, I fucked her with my brothers  
A pound of OG, I smoke it I ain't sell it  
I know some felons, take furs and melons  
Buss down the prez  
Bussin' down a prez  
I hit the gas  
Black ski mask  
Stop acting  
Going Bentley spazzing  
Good addys, I can buy your baby daddy  
Blatt, blatt, blatt  
You don't want no static