

# Bonfire

Futuristic

Yo, WTF gang, pow, you know who I be  
And um, y'all niggas suck, okay

Futuristic get the party popping, like a blackhead  
All these other rappers now be turning into crackheads  
Kill them all, I guess you can call me Mister Black Plague  
I be in the street, moving heavy, like a fat leg  
With that said, all these haters know I rap ether  
They don't listen to a word you're saying, like a bad teacher  
I be on the stage, louder than a fat speaker  
White girls always call me hot, like a bad Bieber  
Justin Bieber, yeah, they biting, like a beaver  
Got a freak under the sheets, got that bitch singing like Aretha  
Make her shake, call that a seizure  
Now she sleep, call that amnesia  
I strapped up, don't want no kids  
My name ain't [?] Angelina, uh  
Hi, Kristina, shout out to my exes  
Silly hoes, no you cannot get up on my guest list  
I don't date, I just pick up and gon' have sex with  
Only see her from the back, it's like I am dyslexic  
On to the next bitch, there's alot at every show  
Rapping is my lucky charm, I came up on a pot of gold  
All my flows is cold, just like I wrote them in a lot of snow  
No, all my flows is sick, just like I wrote them with a snotty nose  
Know your roll, my nigga, I am the best  
My music nasty, like a chick with hairy chest  
They call me Mister Clean, cause I am very fresh  
And I sneeze alot, I am very blessed  
I should stop rapping, y'all niggas can't handle me  
I don't scrap, my goons will come and jump you like a trampoline  
I just make a lady shake it, something like a tambourine  
I be spitting acid, like you squeezing on a tangerine  
You a fan of me? That's cool dog, rep the gang  
I need some more supporters for this giant step to fame  
Tees, hats and chains, so don't forget the name  
They tell me I'm the shit, septic tank  
I bet you thought that I was finished, cut me off when I be spitting  
I'll back hand you, like it's tennis, this is class, pay attention  
Bitches, I'm a take attendance  
Found this chick out there in Venice, she so bad, she got detention  
I be flossing, like a dentist, shining, like a tree on Christmas  
Pass the rock, my name is XO, I be balling out in Memphis  
In the lab, just like a chemist  
Tie your shoes boy, why you tripping?  
Wanna battle me? I'll murder you, somebody call forensics  
And I'm still not done, bitch, my flow is refreshing, Sunkist  
Y'all get swept under the rug, like a crumb, bitch  
Y'all niggas can't see me, like a Nun's tits  
Dumb shit, I call it stupid flow  
Underground? You more commercial than a super bowl  
I'm fresher than the soap I'm putting on my loofah, ho  
Her name ain't Missy or Ciara, but she lose control  
By twenty six I'll be so rich I can retire  
Name on every ticket, poster, billboard and flyer  
Don't know one single nigga that can see me in a Cypher  
Throw all of these niggas in a fucking bonfire

It's a bonfire, cut the lights out  
I'm burning everything these motherfuckers talk about