

Don't Drop That...

Futuristic

This beat is so stupid, I can't rap to it
Even though I got bars, mitzvah, Jewish
Oh God that was terrible I'm sorry
I say dumb shit I'm on a roll like a Harley
All my girls barbies, angels, Charlie
My pockets hella fat, Chris, Farley
I don't play games these lames is on Atari
I eat beats till there's none left these dudes starving
My squad is impeccable but don't shit rhyme with that
Except maybe testicle and I ain't gonna rhyme with that
I'm a shot caller these niggas don't ever fire back
Not even Donald Trump would fire Zach
That's my real name if you didn't knew
Mr. Raise The Bar Game Tied Down Like Tennis Shoes
Mr. I Had To Do All The Shit You Didn't Do
Mr. Get Your Girlfriend Wetter Than A Swimming Pool
Mr. Leave Me Alone I Ain't In The Mood
Seventeen tracks on an album no interlude
I'm on the move like a lazy river [?] too
Driving while I'm eating these rappers that's fast dinner food
How frickin' rude, ladies say I'm cocky
I just wanna hit like I'm swinging for the Rockies
I just wanna hit like a boxer named Rocky
I just wanna hit like my name was Jeremy Shockey
That's a hit stick
Take her on a picnic
Make her strip quick, nothing but heels and lipstick
Ride a stick shift, if she break it that's a quick fix
Niggas at the tip getting baked, Bisquick
Pass me the rock, you know I'll probably cock back
Not even Dikembe could block that
You gon need more than a red sign to stop that
My lines go over they heads like a top hat
Ha, Futuristic is the bomb
Hide yo kids, hide yo wife, and yo mom
Put this on your Ipod or your CD ROM
Download at onlyfuturistic.com

Don't drop that thun thun thun
Hey

Aw shit I dropped it
Fuck, Goddamnit