

My Name Is

Futuristic

Watch me spit these raps until my lungs collapse
Rap god, put me on the cross with like a tacks
Everybody's on my ball, I got like a hundred sacks
Eating everything just like a fat kid with a bunch of snacks
I grew up on songs by Eminem and Busta Rhymes
Shit that make you crazy then go and commit a ton of crimes
If rappers ever say my name then I'm gonna reply
Then after that they don't say anything like a fuckin' mime
I ripped this shit off Youtube then I started writing
My album much like the mountains because it's always climbing
A secretary on my phone because I'm always typing
I'm like a greasy forehead because I'm always shining
No advertising or a dollar spent
Y'all droppin' millions and you still ain't poppin', you should give it up like lint
I'm a survivor spittin' fire, y'all can hold the flint
A different city every day, I touch down, hold my dick
I'm independent, I don't trust a label
I've been on TV ten times this month so where the fuck's your cable?
Your bank account looks like a bunch of bagels
I might play beer pong with hundred dollar bills, I bet I run the tables
With a white bitch sipping climbing, let her like my maple skin
I pull out the Trojan, she ride it in the stable
Scratched my back until it's almost fatal
I let her bounce on that, I hung her from the ceiling with some bungee cables

Hi, my name is Futuristic
My name is Futuristic
Said it twice incase you missed it
And I'm about my bread, somebody get me a biscuit
I'm just another black guy who's got a really big dick
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Okay, man that's what they all say
But I'm sticking to it, homie that's my stand and I'm not talking about Allstate
I can murder all these rappers on off days
Go to my mums place and then shove 'em in the crawlspace
I'm in the hallways drinking and smoking, crossfaded
My friends are lame as fuck, I'm 'bout to make 'em all famous
And you can bet on that like dog races
I've had a tough life because I'm half-white and my family's all racist (nigger!)
I told my teachers they can lick my balls
And anyone that doubted me then came around you know I missed the call
I'm shittin' on 'em from a different stall
And all my fans see more bars than convicts behind the prison wall
I need bitch that's into dogs, gets applause
If anybody wanna throw their hands at me she gets involved
And she can suck a watermelon through a frickin' straw
And let me backhand her like a tennis ball nigga, oh

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