

Puttin in Work

Futuristic

Gold all on my chain, fuck that, I want gold all on my plaque
Racks on racks, for the raps I rap, y'all niggas all sound so trash
Futuristic independent, I been at it for a minute
All this money, I ain't splitting, I did it without a major
I've been moving, I've been shaking in the face of a generation
In my state and I don't owe nobody any fucking favors, yup
Young player with his eyes on the prize
I've been gunning for the motherfucking top
All these other rappers just like fish out the water
Cause they all gon' flop, I've been putting in work, shows
Speaking of shows, look at all my show
I'm about to hit the stage, all my niggas gon' rage
Catch me in your state, cause we've been all around the globe
I got merch in boat, nigga, wholesale
Hoes at the hotel, but they don't tell, thick as oatmeal
Ask me if I shmang bang, know me so well
Whipping out my snake, like a show and tell
Nigga got bars, no bell, you move like an old snail
Probably got your girl wet, no pale
Leave her face so pale, I'm getting paper, you a hater
Send a nigga a check and you get no mail

I've been moving, I've been staying on my shit
I've been grinding, I've been hustling everyday, I never quit
I've been traveling, get it cracking with my fans at every show
If y'all wonder how this happened then I'm 'bout to let you know
I've been putting in work, work, putting in work, work
Putting in work, putting in work, work, putting in work, work
Putting in work, I've been putting in work, work
Putting in work, work, putting in work, I've been putting in work
Work, putting in work, work, putting in work

Now I ain't gon' sit around and front like I got the pump
Nigga getting slumped, I ain't 'bout that
But I'm all about a dollar making bitches holler make them swallow
Won't see them tomorrow, yeah, I'm 'bout that
Matter of fact I'm 'bout show money
Throw money to get more money
So funny they got no money, fake change running cars
That their label paid for but you acting like it's your money
Flow money on the slow money never that
Never whack with the tracks, ask Aktion, made it happen
Got the city cracking, doing everything I could imagine
All my bitches looking like they coming from a pageant
I ain't gassin, hard work made it happen
Started a movement from how I do it
That nigga Futuristic with WTF gang I'm the Captain
You ain't get a fraction, that's all me
So tell me why would I give away
Leaving haters with a bitter taste
Kill an MC leave flowers on the stone, bitch, get a vase
You wanna collab, you a lil late
You gon' need a lil cake and a lil buzz to negotiate
Then I'm a hop up on your song with a quick sixteen
Eat an MC put them on my dinner plate

Young king but I've never been crowned

Dick rider, you never been down
how the fuck that sound
Still fly even when I touchdown
From the airport, to the Shit they didn't expect from a Spanish boy
Pay me in checks and hard cash of course
Don't pay me in respect, can't cash it boy
I'm the best in New York
The city be showing respect to the boy
Fuck all the rest of the young ones
They so unimpressive, I never been checkin for y'all
I'm J in Chicago, expect me to ball
You're Jordan's in Washington, y'all gonna fall
Shooting and missing and flailing your arms
Looking at all of the rest for applause
Them bitches on my dick but I'm ignoring them
And if they foreign then it look like I imported them
I squeeze the air up out your lungs like an accordion
Emilio and ZFG flourishing, bee-otch