

## Why Not

Futuristic

Why not? Yeah, I like, I like that shit  
Why not? Why not? Why not? Why not?  
All this money in my pocket got me

Yo, I copped two bottles and they both for me  
Niggas hating and I bag them quick, like groceries  
Every track I make's a masterpiece  
I make them say, uh, like Master P  
I see what niggas is doing, so fuck it, I'm doing it better  
They taking what's hot, duplicate it and drop it  
They flow be the same, but they're changing their letters  
And then they got one line and one verse and one song  
That people remember that's clever and they go like this, hold  
up  
My bars so cold, I wear one thousand sweaters  
House party at my nigga crib  
I never let a side bitch find out where I live  
I only fuck with fans, I need a dick rider  
I pick her up then drop her off, like a hitchhiker

Why not? Why not? Why not? Why not?  
All this money in my pocket  
Made me feel like why not?  
Why not? Why not? Why not? Why not?  
I know, can't nobody stop me  
So I'm yelling why not?  
Why not?  
My middle finger up, to let these niggas know  
Your bitch sucking on me, like a chicken bone  
I hit that shit, then do my happy dance  
I'm killing all these rappers, call an ambulance  
No, really though, who is you kidding?  
Them writtens is awfully shitty  
It's twenty fourteen, you rap like Mase and Diddy  
There's no marathon, but I'm running my city  
You can find me in the club, just like fifty  
I'm rubbing her tittes, you not fucking with me  
You trying to slang all these singers and models  
My nigga, I'm just trying to bang Oprah Winfrey  
Play her my song, I know she gon' love it  
I hit her at her house, we call that homecoming  
Silk sheets, Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace, Squad  
Fuck all of that shit that you talking 'bout  
I'm never gonna join Illuminati