

Wishawoods

Futuristic

Yo

This that 'I don't give a single fuck
Tell me that my singles suck
Watch me count these dollars
Stack my chips up like a Pringles' cup
I don't have to say a word
I'll be back, I need a month
I just went to Greece, I put that chicken in that pita blunt
That's just how I wrap my food
Rap, somebody had to lose
I've been in my bag like I just got to classroom back in school
My life is a trip and there ain't nothing that I have to do
Always kept it real 'cause if I'm acting then I act a fool
Woah, who the fuck is you niggas?
Ya'll new niggas
Don't dap me up, I ain't cool with ya
Know a couple people who went to school with ya
You a square homie, seen your school picture
My songs got nothing to do with ya
I'm through with ya, what you do is doo doo nigga, you poop nigga

That's some funny shit, punch you in your upper lip
Dump you if you run up, who the fuck you think you fucking with?
Women call me handsome but just know it could get ugly quick
Call up me they all retreat, it's nothing that you wanna get

Where you from? Where you from?
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Where you from?
I'm from the Wish-a-nigga-woods, homie

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I'm from the Wish-a-nigga-woods, homie

Yo

It's that 'I don't give a single shit
Hatin' on me? Eat a dick
Watch me get this money, scoop this cheese like a Tostitos chip
I've been getting high, when I go by then you should read a blimp
Stop at the Hibachi, get the lobster and I leave the shrimp
Been a pimp, I'm dressed in pink
Down the bottle, left the drink
Cookin' crack like it's a trap
I used to make dope out of sink
Studio on tiled floor
That Reaver was my recipe
They miss with me, they rest in peace
You might as well just let me be
Wait, who the fuck ya'll lame niggas?
All the same niggas, for the fame niggas
Can't hang with ya
Know people used to play in a gang with ya
Not a fan, I don't play games with 'em
You a little guy, I can't bang with ya
You can talk it loud, tryin' to shine on 'em

Leave the club and someone took a chain from ya

Yo, that's some funny shit
I be getting money quick
I don't check my bank account
I know that it's coming in
Take my girl on private jets
Mile high, she's loving it
Don't come near my family
'Cause I make her cum, then come again

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