

## Right Now

Uncle Murda

Right now, right now, right now, right now  
Murda, Future, Young OG right now  
Kiss, hol up

I'm still eating, I'm being greedy  
I rather let them being needy  
Camera man tryna TMZ me, side piece tryna PND me  
Right now I'm too cautious  
Thirsty hoes get too  
You with a loser that's two losses  
Dripping off me, I'm too saucy  
Off white on a off night  
Givenchy lay on a laundry day  
Soft whites going off right  
These diamonds shine like light bulbs  
My shoe closet like flight club  
Treat your ass like, might hit it when I leave the club  
I don't trust them either, I don't blame Metro  
Fuck with OG, not the lame retro  
Told you from the get go, let's go, get go, get low  
Couple niggas, getting sus, that's no bad tho  
If Brooklyn don't trust you like what's up with son  
They throw bullets from where I'm from make you cough up a lung  
If ain't no bad bitches in there I pull up with some  
And right now I'm on some kush and a cup of som'n

100 shooters in the club, 100 bottles  
100 shooters in the club, 100 bottles  
Coppin the whips on these niggas  
Don't fuck, don't fuck, don't fuck with these niggas  
Ain't got no love for these niggas, no love, no love, no love for these niggas  
I just blow the cash on my young hoe, I just blow some cash on my young hoe  
Fucking up this cash with my young niggas, fucking up a bag with my young niggas

I just runned off on the plug (twice)  
If you ain't getting money, you a dub  
I'm lit right now, Fab and Kiss on the remix right now  
For a bag of bricks, I hit you like Rico and Mitch right now  
Got pills on me, got loud on me, got powder  
She got a period, so she want suck it for a hour  
She nasty with it, want me to put it in her anus  
She my Blac Chyna, my Amber Rose, she a stripper, I'm a make her famous  
Got a rollie I ain't paid for  
Get the pyrex, get the baking soda, I'm a whip it, right now  
I'm what's up right now  
I'm Fat Joe, all the way up right now  
If Future don't trust it, bang, bang, I'm a shot you up right now

If Murda don't trust you he gon shoot you  
Lil Mexico don't trust you we gon shoot you  
Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon shoot you  
If Brooklyn don't trust you, they gon shoot you

I don't rep nothing my nigga, I'm neutral  
D-Block, any conflict and I'm making it crucial

If Jada don't trust you then Kiss is gon shoot you  
Funeral entitled the wake is on Youtube  
What they do, they selling hard, puffing wet  
Messing with the credit cards, busting checks  
Pumping in the jets, dumping off the Tec's  
Hopping on the yachts, jumping off the jets  
Like

I just blow the cash on my young hoe, I just blow some cash on my young hoe  
Fucking up this cash with my young niggas, fucking up some bands with my young niggas  
100 shooters in the club, 100 bottles  
100 shooters in the club, 100 bottles  
Copping the whips on these niggas  
Don't fuck, don't fuck, don't fuck with these niggas  
Ain't got no love for these niggas, no love, no love, no love for these niggas

Metro Boomin want some more, nigga