

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