Future, Hitek Tek

(ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob)
Freeband Gang

Yeah-yeah
Hi-Tech Tech, yeah-yeah
Big ol' jet, yeah-yeah
Big ass TEC, yeah-yeah
Big ass bitch, yeah-yeah
Thick lil' shit, yeah-yeah
I'm gettin' my money, yeah-yeah
I'm gettin' this rich, yeah-yeah
Straight out the crib, yep
I'm straight out the trench, yep
I'm straight out the trench, yep
I'm straight out the trench, yep
The trench of the trench (Woo)
The drank on the floor
I started, I pour
But not no more

Hop in that go-go-go-Ghost, I'm on go mode
We drivin' every single car you want, send in the dope, ho
She like to ride when I go jugg, I got a dope ho
Make me sing to your bitch, K-Ci, JoJo
Every day, every night, go to the moon
All of my niggas geeked up in the room
Paradise, shoot my one and two
Astronaut takin' off, I got the proof (Yeah)
Perky medics (Yeah, yeah)
Head from Becky (Yeah, yeah)
Gold baguetties (Yeah, yeah)
Gold presi' (Yeah, yeah)
I be down in Houston like Kareem, I'm a rocket
Drank the drank and popped a couple beans, now I'm cocky
Came through the game and took that shit like I was robbin'
Chain rings, earrings, please proceed with cautions
Courtside, I'm sittin' at the game with a Glock in my pocket
All my niggas bang, brr, clear out the cartridge
Go inside of Chanel store and start poppin'
I told you, I'm rollin' off a bean like Scotty

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Big ass TEC, yeah-yeah
Big ass bitch, yeah-yeah (Big ass bitch)
Thick lil' shit, yeah-yeah
I'm gettin' my money, yeah-yeah (Hi-Tech Tech)
I'm gettin' this rich, yeah-yeah
I'm straight out the crib
I'm straight out the trench, yup
I'm straight out the trench
I'm straight out the trench, yup
The trench of the trench (Woo)
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But not no more

Yeah, I fill up a cup with that red and I know it might kill me (Hi-Tech Tech)
I throwed on the animal print and it got me bougie
I sold my coke in the cold, the sweater was Coogi
I can't forget my bros, we make a zoovie
I am not supposed to be fuckin' these bitches, they jockin' my dick on the low
I got her on lean (Woo), I got her on beans (Woo)

She down to my team, man, I'm cuttin' up a ring, man
Fully loaded magazines, shout out to the gangland
And I can't even sleep
I been already geeked for seven days
Put the wood on that Banshee
I position her more than seven ways
I got black cards and Visas, I'm gettin' paid
I'm sittin' in the dark, ain't got shades
Take all the tablets and go to space

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Thick lil' shit, yeah-yeah
I'm gettin' my money, yeah-yeah (Hi-Tech Tech)
I'm gettin' this rich, yeah-yeah
Hi-Tech Tech
Hi-Tech Tech, Hi-Tech Tech (Yeah-yeah)
Hi-Tech Tech (Yeah-yeah)