

# Future, Mink Flow

One penthouse, two Benz  
This for shorty and her girlfriend, yeah  
I feel like I'm Hercules, oh  
You gone get paid if you work for me, oh

About to feed my dogs, need pedigree, oh  
Ain't letting no money get away from me, ohh  
TSA ain't ready for me  
These bitches wish they was bartenders, just to get next to me  
The latest coupe, way too fast, you can't get next to me  
And I want the smoke, for real  
These 40's, I tote, for real  
.45, no colt  
Nigga getting left afloat  
Nah, we ain't writing no note  
Never, nah  
I ain't gotta ride to the store no more  
I'ma let the Maybach go  
The pent got a pole in it  
The marvelous Raf Simmons  
Four levels in it  
I ain't even know you was in it

You can make love in the morning  
That Mink flow, I'm warm  
Got milly in the safe, come  
Nigga get turned upside down  
I was rich way before the gang  
I was slime way before the name  
Kill shit like today  
And that's all I gotta say  
Ain't leading you wrong

Runnin' the cars  
Stealin' bombs  
Hope you blow up  
All this ice on my neck will make you throw up (yeah)  
Flew some bitch from Abu Dhabi, ready to go up (yeah)  
Soon as we give it to the streets, the price go up  
Up, up out of here, gone to Mercury  
All Chanel stores around the globe heard of me  
Might as well give it 'em now and catch the first degree  
Steven Spielberg shit with the currency  
Rock them dog collar chains, P. Diddy (P. Diddy)  
I can't let her go nowhere, she too pretty, truthfully  
She gone have a bad day, she ever think about crossing me  
I done paid all the lawyers, but they can't talk for me  
When it come to closing deals, I finger fuck currency  
Pop a half a pill and chill, all my ice is currently (all my ice is currently)  
Plain jane, Richard Mille, I had to let my wrist breathe (breathe)  
Almost got frostbit when I rocked my AP  
Give this bitch a minute to breathe  
Looks can be deceiving, yeh  
Looks can be deceiving  
We going through like speeding  
I fucked this bad European (foreign)  
She took the phone, I think she scheming  
Ain't been to sleep been stopped dreaming  
If it ain't stress, you must be grieving  
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