Future, No Issue

Don't let these bitches get in your head
(Wheezy outta here)
Fallin' outta love with Xanax
Livin' my life on the edge
No sacrifices in this bitch

I do oxy, I don't need alcohol
I pop Rolexes like they edible
Continuin' deliverin' the substance
I'm gon' be there for my bros when I'm gone
Don't you try act just, just like you ain't got no flaws
Don't you try and judge, judge
Why don't you try these drugs first
Yeah, they gon' die, die, die, ain't no issue
She gon' cry, cry, cry, she feel issues

She wanna kick it, she know judo
I cannot save her, I'm not a hero
Bank account commas and zeros
Gucci, Amiri, my apparel
Keep a pistol, let it hit ya
I'm official
Fuck that bitch, a one-night kisser
I won't miss her
Make her cry, cry, cry, she need tissues
I get high, high, high and have no issues
VVS on me, now, igloo
You say we fly, we been flew
Ah

I told that bitch it ain't no way around it
Like Future
Come to find out yesterday she was fuckin' on Future
Stripper bitches callin' on my phone
They wanna know when I'll show up to the club
'Cause I throw hundreds in that bitch, ain't throwin' dubs
Spend that change, oh, money love
Designer clothes, designer hoes, designer drugs
50K for the Birkin bag, did it just 'cause
I'm in Chicago where they drill, drill, drill, dril
Alla my gang with me, yeah, they real, real, real, real
Every G up in here official, real, real, real, real
Perc pop, love the pills
Mix it with Klonopins

Chains on when I walk into the club
Hunnid racks in my pocket, ain't no dubs
Lotta Cripps make me feel just like a blood
Got a million dollar ice just because
Exotic hoes, exotic clothes, exotic drugs
All hunnids in my bag, came from the dirt
Blow some gas, blow that n"""a, he a thug
I can't tell how good it feel, feel, feel, feel
No limit, gang whippin' it real, real, real, real
Rest in peace, you either kill or be killed
Bullets fly, fly, fly, fly
Homicide, 'cide, 'cide
Let's get high, high, high

Make her cry, cry, cry, she need tissue
I get high, high, high and have no issues
VVS on me, now igloo
You say we fly, we been flew
Ah

You can see what we done been through
You didn't see the road we took, it was grimy
You don't know everything that we been through
Bullets fly, fly, fly
Baby cry, cry, cry, cry