Future, Realer N Realer

I like to do what I wanna do
I like to play with these bands
I got the money and fame now,
My family don't understand
Wheezy outta here

Shit getting realer and realer, uh
Came up on a couple of million, uh
I invest that in some buildings, uh
Look at my money, it tripled
Shit getting realer and realer, uh
I lost my bro to the system, uh
I lost my bro to a pistol, uh
They tried to take me with him, uh
I can't go for that, no, no
I stay with killers every day
Keep a 40, it's hungry
I turn yo Glock to a buffet
Yeah, I spend a lot
Balenciaga jacket, Dior shades
I got a lean stain on it, I'ma give it to my maid

Uh, people love to talk about the money that they make
Nobody wanna talk about the money that they save
Who am I to talk about it? I blow money every day
'Cause I know when you die, you can't take the shit to your grave
Gucci and Louis shoes everywhere, I don't got no closet space
Versace drawers, my underwear cost what you make in a week
Uh, big shit, expensive shit, all that shit
12 gauge, hit him, he'll do backflips
40 hit him and he Michael Jackson
Uh, big shit, expensive shit, all that shit
Only wanna fuck one time baby, I'm on the fall back shit
Matter fact, you wanna fuck her
But you on the call back list
But if I hit it already, chances are I ain't finna call back, bitch

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All these tennis chains on, I kinda feel like a slave
Bitch got a cum stain on my Gucci shirt, I threw it away
I'm so fly to you, I'm high to you
I take that to the grave
Having a thrill off these pills
I could OD any day
Shit getting realer and triller, I came up on a lotta M's
Gotta pop on the opps, we shooting out soon as we see 'em
Mobbin' on this G6's, it's gon' very hard to see 'em
I turned a stripper to a maid, bringing her magic to the crib
7 carats on my ring, 7 carats on my ears

Chopper going off like, "ring, ring"
Got a P of the crack, yeah
I got Céline and codeine
I'm going outta here
Got more hoes than Yeezy clothes, they put up like souvenirs

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