

The Future

Mystery Skulls

I'm worried 'bout the future, future; ain't fuckin' with that past shit, baby.
I'm worried 'bout the future, future, future, future...Ain't got no money for the nice things, I
barely got enough for rent.
Ain't got no clue 'bout where I'm going, and making dollars, but at least I'm making sense.
Don't need no cash, ain't got no soul, don't need no flesh, just want control.
Never growin' up, you know it's just the way I do it.
I want the gold, ain't no sucker, baby.
And when you least expect it, I'll be coming from ya, ooh.I'm worried 'bout the future, ain't
fuckin' with the past.Ain't got no time to waste on bullshit, you know I gotta keep my head on
straight.
'Cuz at the rate that times keep changing, I don't really care about second place. Mm-hmm.
Don't need no cash, ain't got no soul, don't need no flesh, just want control.
Never growin' up, you know it's just the way I do it.
I want the gold, ain't no sucker, baby.
And when you least expect it, I'll be coming from ya, ooh.
I'm worried 'bout the future, ain't fuckin' with the past.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>