

First Off (feat. Travis Scott)

Future

Back on the Forbes, shit crazy (Yeah)
I make more than Dwyane Wade, baby
(ATL Jacob)
I'm a street nigga and I stay faded (Pluto)
Never worked in a gym, but I weighed it (Travis)First off, you get the ammo, then you cock it
(Ooh)
First off, we had to blast off like a rocket (Skrrt, skrrt)
I put the Patek water on, but I got options (Yeah)
PJ takin' off and I ain't stoppin', no
Louis V belts, Louis V on my walls
Fishscale, nigga, I can't fuck with no laws (Yeah)
Never fear what's on my lens, I see fugazi
I should pee on this bitch and make her pay me (Yeah)
Started off surfin' on a codeine wave
I don't exchange info with these niggas
They some opps, you can kill 'em, they ain't with us
Ordered a pound of gas to smoke, I need a fill up (Yeah)
Got a line on good Gelato and Gorilla
Hella freaky with me, know you gon' get hit up
Steppin' over dead bodies in Margielas
I touched a hundred M's and I've been gettin' better (Ooh)
In a red Bugatti, gave it right to valet
Shoot his head off right, it get you new Sheneneh
Shootin' dice all night, yeah, me and Dae Dae
We had to work the one on 'em, it was a good payday
It was a teenager, they put him on the news where I'm from
He let off 40 shots, he can't get no bond
Closed on when he shoppin', when he kill him, he young
They ever get caught snitchin', they gon' cut off your tongue
I can't wait 'til they set the rat up, yeah
I was catchin' juugs, now a nigga a millionaire
I get the rap check and I avoid the paps
I get NBA money and ain't been in the draft
Yeah, I'm back on the Forbes, shit crazy (Yeah)
I make more than Dwyane Wade, baby
I'm a street nigga and I stay faded
Never worked in a gym, but I weighed itFirst off, you get the ammo, then you cock it (Straight
up)
First off, we had to blast off like a rocket (Uh)
I put the Patek water on, but I got options
PJ takin' off and I ain't stoppin', no
Louis V belts, Louis V on my walls

Fishscale, nigga, I can't fuck with no laws
Never fear what's on my lens, I see fugazi
I should pee on this bitch and make her pay meBound to cut off where it's dim and pour above
the rim (Yeah)

Get the backend at the door and let the dogs kill (Dogs)
Point 'em out, then turn around, that's how we let 'em in
Paranoid, one conversation, then I switch the SIM (Oh)
This took like NBA business, I ain't talkin' scrimmage (NBA)
You know I'm James Bond with it, Harden with the finish
The whip's got curtain options in it, I don't need it tinted
Just need the option not to see 'em when I'm ridin' in it
Used to spend checks on my Nikes, now they pay me (Yeah)
Got some Bulls cheerleaders and they wavy (Alright)
Number one off in my city like McGrady (Straight up)
Yeah I'm back on the Forbes, shit crazy
Roll some OG gas, I can't let 'em breathe (It's lit)
Pop me ten to three, I can't let 'em sleep (Pop it, pop it)
Flyin' through the clouds in somethin' heavenly
(To these racks, way up, way up)Yeah, back on the Forbes, shit crazy
I make more than Dwayne Wade, baby
I'm a street nigga and I stay faded

Never worked in a gym, but I weighed itFirst off, you get the ammo, then you cock it (Straight
up)

First off, we had to blast off like a rocket
I put the Patek water on, but I got options (It's lit)
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I should pee on this bitch and make her pay meBack on the Forbes, shit crazy (Yeah)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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