

## Test

# "Wut We Call It"

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(feat. Future & Mexico Rann)

Hook: - Future:

You're drinking on lean, we call it that wafa house  
Your car go one fifty we call it spaceship  
You drunk that door two time, we call it water whip  
You rolling up kush, we call it that gasoline.  
Wut we call it, wut we call it, that's wut we call it  
That's wut we call it, that's wut we call it,  
That's wut we call it, turn up  
You rocking, get diamonds we call it satellite  
You shoot it no chopper, we call it battle life.

Look look, bad yellow bitch call the foreign  
em-empor the body over water, talking Caribbean  
that's the transfer, yeah that's what we call ignore,  
get it transferred, and then ain't pussy money on it,  
Call the play, call the bitch, call the shots, call me rich,  
And somebody calling my phone, blacking numbers,  
what the f\*ck is this?  
Everything so spacious, everybody so anxious,  
Cut your, cut your bitch no been day  
Sip serve no pancakes, I'm just showing up for my fan  
base,  
If the cause, cause one fifty,  
tell shawty to let here mami, you gonna get that  
energy, hey.

Diamonds on my neck, comas in my cheek,  
This water nigga call it, when that lean got me fallin'  
Future tell em

[Hook -Future:]

Bang-bang for that little pistol,  
Brrack for that big chopper,  
Chris pause in that ambulance, that auto.. that  
helicopter,  
Free band, free band, nigga got mess all in they face,  
Ain't no costumes, no mascarade, nigga give it up, you  
ain't got today,

Money all in your top, we invade your block,  
Parade at your spot, let the drums go, look look  
Is that all in my blunt, lean all in my cup,  
I'm in the foreign car and I'm wasting  
This shit you're driving so basic,  
Hold the bitch, I'm talking, let me finish my convo,  
My bitch tell you I'm bossing, that's what I call the..  
Eating good, that's appetite, jury on that satellite,  
Big car that spaceship, bitch molly in it and I'll taste it.

[Hook-Future:]

Two ... on me AKA them sticks,  
I have the square on me AKA a split,  
Louie slip a rock and bear flipping that nigga  
Far cruise swerving with the..  
Melting full of crystals, screaming f\*ck the system  
Room from above, a cup full of mud.  
Class here calling it's time to remove  
so the team squares without an ounce to cup,  
Lean with the molly AKA the monster cup,  
while I'm standing over the stove, f\*cking the debo.  
1-25, 212-24, that's an insta hundred grams damn me  
a foe,

[Hook -Future:]

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