

Future Freshmen

"Last Call"

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[Intro: Classick MC]

[Verse 1: Classick MC (Future Freshman)]

Sun rises through an open champagne glass
Filled too the brim, watched that ass drop
Fortified G in the game, spend the cash spot, ask not
Doing what these niggas canâ€™t, ask God, as for
All these haters here, gonna make a year
Riding slow and turning wheels, sipping lean and
burning bills
This goes out to Vernon Hills, 59th and Midway Fields
Chi-town niggas, still hold steel
What up Dilla, way too ill, Illinois be bumping Kells
Pissed these niggas off with smiles
Looking like they Julia Childs, serving on the interstate
Shit look like we serving pounds, bet you looking
nervous now
Future Freshman, future sound, heavy heads, future
crowns

[Verse 2: Visual]

This is what we say though
This is not a game, joe
Hate is why we lay low

Listen, Iâ€™m so vicious, these cold bridges
Will have you so frigid with no business
You kill your spirit and you got no digits
â€˜Cause you roll with lame bitches that ainâ€™t gifted
I stay lifted, I move and I aim different
I hate critics, they ainâ€™t lived it, I paint vivid
I ainâ€™t image, this ainâ€™t scripted, I stay in it
These fakes winded, gasping with no passion
These cromagnons will stay backwards
I keep it moving till my soul collapses
You canâ€™t catch me, Iâ€™m a bullet from Godâ€™s
gun, Iâ€™m flying fast
Stand here, look around, hope Iâ€™m dying last
I just laugh when I hear their lying ass
My whole circle, 360 with the craft
This is my story from my soul to my head

Here I'm giving you these lessons, hope you follow that

[Verse 3: Rashid Hadee]

Follow that, follow that

Follow that, follow that

Nobody said it would be easy but I take it easy
I'm thinking like I'm Stevie as I wonder about
the music in my mind
Let it play, every day with the trail I blaze
But never this thing like forever in dreams
Look at them tears in the delicate scenes
Lost souls with irrelevant means that never did leave
The life you might have only see on television
I could tell our vision better scenes from where they
living
But I'm still backseat, car full of bitches, they got
liquor and they're sisters
They hard to read like pyramids with hieroglyphics
No consequences, doing what we willing
Like riding raw, don't have a difference, it's all
good till the wings flipping
Halos, no can't go, a praying soul, no bank roll
But what the fuck was we made for?

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