

## Diddy

### "Future"

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[Diddy]

I can't hear you!

I like it when you say my name

("The Fu-The Fu-The-Future-ture-ture-ture-ture...")

Y'all gon' love me

Feelin it's about to get ugly

Inject this dose of the future

Tap them veins, grab hold, let me shoot ya

Mainline this new Diddy heroin

The Afro-American dream is too evident

The potential to be the first black President

iTunes, download me in every resident

Early, I skip break-fast

Nigga be on his grind like he need new brake pads

We in the hood like black soap and dollar vans

My CD's in 3-D, holograms

The future, y'all need to holla man

The live show's a hard act to follow man

Bronze my likeness, y'all need to follow him

From now to 3000, I'll be a problem man

The future

Always before you

("The Fu-The Fu-The-Future-ture-ture-ture-ture...")

Always ill

With my demeanor, flip, assemble my own team to

Say fuck FEMA in case there's another Katrina

And you, laughed at the past, said I was a dreamer

But it's, back to the future, sold out arenas

We, take 'em to the cleaners, calm ya nerves

This is the man who provided more jobs for blacks than  
armed services

(Let's go) Cut them corners, stay ahead of them sharp  
curvages

Yeah, ya heard of us, hits stay superflous

Man, I extend credit to a vagabond

Run yo' city, and we not talkin marathons

Bang like chitty chitty here to disturb you

New CD, watch it spread like bird flu

America, fall back, you can't stop me  
Got a thing for pigeon-toed chicks who walk knock-  
kneed  
Skin-tight jeans we call that botoxied  
I'm desensitized baby, you can't shock me  
I'm the future

Always before you  
("The Fu-The Fu-The-Future-ture-ture-ture-ture...")  
Always ill

I went from, blocks to greater to fortunes rock related  
Now my entire crib is voice activated  
Television on, Mr. Combs is home  
Solar panel rooftop my, kitchen is chrome  
Dim the lights to a purple haze then answer the phone  
(Hello?) Peep the moon through my retractable dome  
What they thought they assassinated was only a clone  
We about to venture off into the unknown (let's go)  
Where sunrays hook off layers of ozone  
Chips inserted in the brain, the new cell phone  
The future, fuck with me now  
I'm Grammy certified the committee can pick me now  
And they all green with envy like Bill Bixby  
Bow down, kiss the tip of my cane, I paid sixty thou'  
You know the suit stay crispy now  
Hands to the sky and get ready if you wit me now  
The future

Never seen before, never will  
Always before you, always ill  
I AM!!!

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