

## Dj Khaled

# "Future (feat. Ace Hood, Big Sean, Meek Mill, Vado and Wale)"

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[Intro: DJ Khaled]

I am the streets, the future  
I introduce you to Ace Hood, Meek Mills  
Big Sean, Wale, Vado, this the future  
They gettin' money, they makin' hit records  
They hustlin'

[Verse 1: Ace Hood]

Okay now Khaled told me kill 'em  
He just told me kill 'em  
100 for the Beamer  
Kudos for the dealer  
Murder, bet I wrote it  
Kudos to the killer  
Chevy sittin' crooked  
Keep the Reggie Miller  
I'm a motherfuckin' beast  
See me in your sleep  
Nightmare on any street  
Swear I will mark any beat  
Spread this to the industry  
Lyrics like a chopper piece  
Flow right through your fitted T  
Pull this through with chemistry  
Hottest nigga 'round, they saying  
Greatness is my tendency  
No such thing as sympathy  
More money, my remedy, pockets on, heavy D  
Bitch I'm hot, 3rd degree, whip I drive? Owned by me  
Wrists in the air, anti-freeze, can it be?  
I'm who you dying to be'  
Last of a dying breed, I'm siamese  
Twin pistol shooter nigga like a 7B  
Big dog, get it, you still on your pedigree  
Yeah, fly nigga with some stupid swag  
Dead faces keep my money in the body bag  
And the G-U-T-T-A, hop in the whip and I gotta get paid  
Fuck them bitches, ain't trying to get laid  
Walk in my house you can meet my maid  
And you give a damn you can push that Lac  
Push that Benz on, push that (?), hop to the whip, no top

on mine  
Niggas gonna hate, man fuck them guys  
Real nigga shit, don't tell no lie  
I been paying my secret client, talk to (?), what I resign  
(?) your house, about to sign

[Meek Mill]

We the muthafuckin best  
Word to my mama  
Wild presidential, got me feeling like Obama  
All I want is change  
And my niggas they wanted the same  
I wanted the money  
And never the fame  
I turned into something they never became  
Through all the rain, I kept my flame  
And I kept burning and it's my turn and  
Real nigga my hood confirm it  
Now it's 6 2's on closed curtains  
And that Maybach, let me take em way back  
When I was starving that was payback  
Nigga where that cake at?  
I wan't y'all to see now  
I feel that love, I feel that hate  
I put it to your mug, you gon faint  
When that thing gon fly  
Got a little kick, but it ain't no tire  
? are ready, but they ain't gon ride  
Let me go hard like I ain't gonna die  
Meek Mill!

[Big Sean]

Do it! OK  
Smoke until I ain't got no lungs  
Got it going down, no teeth  
I call it "speaking tongues"  
Do it! Do it!  
Now you speaking my language  
When they twist and talk with they fingers  
Man this ain't no sign language  
Fresh out of the ashes it's a  
Detroit fucking classic from when  
MM got the masses. Trick Trick got them passes  
Bitch I'm from the Motor, Motor  
Yeah that motor be the fastest  
Bitch, they call it Motor City  
Cause I'm most likely to crash  
Fuck it! Good thing I got a chauffeur...  
Going broke? No sir!  
Bitch I'm a rap game stylist, because I gave the rap  
game style Bitch

But I overshine  
Told em it's the quarter so I guess  
We're going overtime. Dumb high, dumb high  
Westside, bitch. I run mine  
I'm rolling around in my old school, I feel like the  
alumni  
Fucking hoes, no strings attached  
So don't ask me why they strung out  
I'm like Jordan to you niggas  
I might need to stick my tongue out  
She wiggled and wobble/bobbled  
Then landed on my throttle  
Bitch, I might make you my baby  
And even buy you a bottle  
That's how they talk to you?  
? people like Versace  
My pockets got paper on paper  
This shit just look like a novel  
100 thousand worth of ice on me now...  
But it don't feel half as good  
As grandma saying she's proud...

[Wale]

Forever dedicated, my poetic genius  
Something they close to seeing  
Tell em they close, they scheming  
You poser niggas ain't supposed to be here  
We don't believe ya. Y'all run them?  
We put a wreath on niggas' careers  
We the best, Khaled  
No need to stress, Khaled  
Know there's a lot of artists  
But I got the best palette  
Multiple colors, my mind's more productive than others  
Murray the winner, you think he really  
Nelson Mandela  
That's fire though. One time for the 305, though  
That hydro make me tired, yo  
My kickin be so Tai Bo!  
My balance be so tight rope  
That's hard to find  
Hold the dough for me, I'm maestro, shiit  
That white whip shit  
On the side, wrists slit  
Suicide shit, you can by shit if you write this shit  
Right this minute, they say I'm buzzing hard  
My driver's out of this world, you playing  
Bumper cars. You niggas under cause  
You should be unemployed  
All you smokers Reggie, ? making a bunch of noise  
Who gon tell me that I ain't going?

Young Folarin, you see them puters  
That was my influence

[Vado]  
The twin towers fell  
Turning to Ground Zero  
Kicking like Reggie Jackson, Nicki Barnes  
Their hero, as I play?  
Corleone like Bob De Niro  
Been through it here though  
Don't move with the weirdos  
Dress pimpin like?  
Your house is on West and 4th  
Mine is on West 6th  
While I ride this Maserati

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