

## DJ Khaled "Future"

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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 getting money, they making hit records  
They hustling

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]

Okay now Khaled told me kill them  
He just told me kill them  
Hundred for the Beamer  
Kudos to the dealer  
Murder, bet I wrote it  
Kudos to the killers  
Chevy sitting crooked  
Keep the Reggie Miller  
I'm a motherfucking 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  
Blow right through your fitted T  
Pull this through with chemistry  
Hottest nigga around, 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 and neck, anti-freeze, can it be?  
I'm who you dying to be  
Last of a dying breed, tote the Siamese  
Twin pistol, shoot nigga like a 7D  
Big dog, get it? You still on your pedigree  
Yeah, fly nigga with some stupid swag  
Dead faces, keep my money in a body bag  
And I'm G-U-T-T-A, hop in the whip and I got to get paid  
Fuck them bitches, ain't trying to get laid  
Walk in my house, you can meet my maid  
Any given day I'ma push that 'Lac  
Push that Benz on, I'ma push that lake

Hop to the whip, no top on mine  
Hear a nigga hate, man fuck them guys  
Real nigga shit, don't tell no lie  
Private plane, my seat recline  
Top ten charts where I reside  
Come to your house and run inside

[Verse 2 - Meek Mill]

Meek Mill!  
We the motherfucking best  
Word to my mama  
Rock presidential, got me feeling like Obama  
Because all I wanted was 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 that 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 2â€²s on closed curtains  
And that Maybach, let me take them way back  
When I was starving, now it's payback  
Nigga where that cake at?  
Murder all your artists  
And I, I, I can feel that love, but I feel that hate  
When I got that slug, I just feel so safe  
I put it to your mug, it ain't gone wait  
It go away when that thing gone fly  
Got a little kick, but it ain't no tire  
Niggas try murder, but they ain't gone ride  
Let me go hard like I ain't going to die  
Meek Mill!

[Verse 3 - Big Sean]

Smoke until I got no lungs  
Got her going down, no teeth  
I call it "speaking tongues"  
Do it! Do it!  
Now you speaking my language  
From where they twist and talk with they fingers  
Man, but this ain't no sign language  
Yes, fresh out of the ashes it's a Detroit fucking classic  
From where 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  
Because you're most likely to crash  
Fuck it!  
Good thing I got a chauffeur, chauffeur

Going broke?  
No sir!  
Bitch I'm a rap game stylist, because I gave the rap  
game style, bitch  
But I over shine  
Ain't no niggas over shine  
Told them "Roll up five quarters" so I guess we're  
going overtime  
Till we 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, bobbed  
Then land on my throttle  
Bitch, I might make you my baby  
And even buy you a bottle  
Your niggas don't ask how the top feel  
When you keep them right beside you  
My pockets got paper on paper  
This shit just look like a novel  
Hundred thousand worth of ice on me now  
But it don't feel half as good as Grandma say, and she  
proud

[Verse 4 - Wale]

Forever dedicated, made my poetic genius  
Some think they close to seeing me  
Tell them they close to Stevie  
You poser niggas ain't supposed to be here  
We don't believe you  
Double MG, and we put a wreath on niggas' career  
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 is more productive than  
others  
Murray the winner, he think he really Nelson Mandela  
That's fire though, one time for the 305, though  
That hydro make me tired, yo  
My kicking be so Tai Bo!  
My balance be so tight rope  
That's hard to find, quick try flow  
Give up with me, that knife flow  
Hold over me, I'm maestro, shit  
That white whip sit  
Like a slight wrist slit

Suicide shit, you can by shit, if you write this shit  
Nigga, and 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 smoke is Reggie, I'm in the tellie, bunch of noise  
Who gone tell me that I ain't going, that I ain't flowing?  
Young Folarin, you see them puters  
That was my influence

[Verse 5 - Vado]

The towers fell  
Turn into Ground Zero  
Kissing like Reggie Jackson, Nicky Barnes, they hero  
As I play Rothstein  
Corleone like Rob De Niro  
Been through it, but here though  
Dope move in the weirdos  
Dress pimping the toast like let's win  
Your house is on West and 4th pipes and Lex win  
While me in a Maserati bricking his best friends  
When I die, tell them to turn my coffin to stretch Benz  
Rims on it, problems? My man's on  
See him, we stomp him out  
His mouth, my Timbs' on it  
Only smoking a ounce, a mountain, no tens on it  
Spins on it, you have no cloud, the Benz on it  
What the fiends say?  
Few roses, you need spray, on tours, eat straight  
Making sure all your feet sprayed  
Get the pills through, peel through SRT-8  
Trunk on, seats gray, drop tops like release dates  
Vado

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