

Joe Budden

"Future"

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[Intro - The Game - talking]

Everything got a future (everything got a future ...)
How you go club or go hood, but go back club on the
same song?
(club on the same song)

[Chorus - Dominic]

Guess I am a bad guy, I can see you like it
You can be the headline, if I can be your sidekick
Baby this can be the future ('ture, 'ture, 'ture)
Baby this can be the future ('ture, 'ture)

[Joe Budden - talking behind the Chorus]

Hey!
Hey!
Amalgam Digital baby!
Goin, goin, gone (let's go)

[The Game - talking behind the Chorus]

Jump Off
Free World

[Verse 1 - Joe Budden]

Baby girl is addicted (it's okay!), OD
You can have any dude in this world but chose me (oh ...)
You can have any chick in this world but chose her
To play the backseat and direct the chauffeur (uh)
And that ain't just Jazz, ain't down with Okur (I could)
I play publicist and give her exposure
(I mean a) keep you in the latest
(I mean a) damn near waistless
Body like a porn star (whoa, whoa), smile like a
waitress (oh!)
Now she turnin me, uh, uh, on, uh, uh, on, uh, uh, on
I mean, why get Club Bed or Club Med? See (when)
We can just club in the bed of my mansion (cheah)
Leave for the weekend, jet to the Hamptons (hey)
Tats on her torso, (I mean), I love how she handle it
(oh)
A shoe game, show off, just frontin (what?)

But baby don't blink or you bound to miss somethin,
come on

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden - talking behind the Chorus]

Hey!

Hey!

[The Game - talking behind the Chorus]

Jump Off, I got it from here

Double Up! Yeah

[Verse 2 - The Game]

She want to roll with a rock star, fuck I'm him

Coupe, white air, seven five, eight cent

California slim

501 blue, jeans on trim, New York match the brim

Lower than Manhattan (uh), lower than my pants saggin

(uh)

Lower than my baby momma leanin in that Benz wagon

(yeah)

And you can be heard, Toy Bird slip ons

LV clip ons, haters get shit on!

We roll up, 24's, so what?

Haters all swoll up

Haters want my chain (ka ka), hold up

I'm not that nigga, I'm that nigga, so Jump Off or jump

off (uhh)

Once enemies, my nemesis and I

Was stuck in the Genesis, Free World is our reply

Let bygones be bygones, I'm gone

Let all your pain be champagne and Patron

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden - talking behind the Chorus]

Hey!

Baby this could be the

Hey!

Ta ha

Baby this could be the

Come a, come a, come on

Come a, come a, come a, come a, come on (talk to

'em)

[Verse 3 - Joe Budden]

Look she stay back, my baby grownin old

Little bit of cologne, little bit of Patron

Is how I got her home

(I mean a) now you say we spent mad hours on the
phone,
like we both ain't grown (yeah)
Wrist kind of heavy, I'm a little well known
Matching crosses, different color stones
(what?)
See, in one line I got her to come over
Tell her I'm dumb sober, but hung over
She play the club, sippin on Mimosa (hey)
I can fit your whole crew in one Rover
Just kick your shoes off 'fore you step in
(I mean) the cribs mine and I'm livin like the Jetson
Well let's head OT, cop a one way
Step off the runway like we on the runway
Have your girlfriends thinkin you a runaway
Never mind, I already know what you gon' say (uh)

[Chorus - 2X]

[Joe Budden - talking behind the Chorus]

Cheah

Hey

Cheah

Ta ha

Baby this could be the

Come a, come a, come on, come a

Talk to 'em

Yeah (hey)

I mean, I'm thinkin this can be the

I'm thinkin, I'm thinkin this can be the

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