Future "Best 2 Shine"

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I got a bitch stay in the hood With a whole quarter key With that chopper in her name And keep it right on the seat Man these niggas say they fly But they ain't fly like me Turn it up a notch Then they follow my lead They tryin they best 2 shine They tryin they best to take off They tryin they best 2 shine They tryin they best to take off They tryin they best 2 shine They tryin they best to take off They tryin they best 2 shine They tryin they best to take off

I took the profit from the coke And slapped it right on my feet I tried to hide a half million cash It took me some weeks Man that bitch got some head so good You gone swear she ain't got no teeth I mixed that Molly with that Nina We laid up in the suit I'm in the hood posted up I know the police gone sweep I keep a hood hoe So I can keep that dope where she sleep She down for a nigga And she ride with her fo-fif I put the AK in the name But I keep it on me I'm brand new when i step out From my head to my feet These niggas studying my photos Trying they best to compete I got a style so outrageous I come through like a chief I'm the commander on these streets All you niggas know me

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I Put Versace on my denim I'm a lion at heart I was selling dope like everyday Till I topped the charts I serve my same clientele Cause these cars unmarked I'm runnin up to every car Before the car even park We went from Reebok and Girbaund Now it's Louis Vuitton You want to be future I look at you just like you my son I got a rap check And all I hang around is that scum And if I ever get in trouble My bitch gone pay my bond I told that bitch I need a yappa And she went to the pawn And I didn't have to tell her twice Cause it was already done These niggas showing off for me So now they ordering ups one's Been on some futuristic shit Now I'm back where I begun

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Put the codeine in the spite And then I have me a drink Smelling like a pound of loud When I step in the bank Future razor blade sharp In the club with my shank I'm on my rock star campaign And I'm cool as you thank You need to turn it to the max If you want to turn up You brought your girl to the club But she leaving with us I'm mashing off in the coop Getting some head from a slut And she catching everything She wont spit it back up I bought that bitch some Red Bottoms Cause she down for the key And she owns so many guns She worst than Billy the Kid I put that semi automatic in her name And she with it When you pull up with that cash She gone serve you them fishes

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