

## Future

### "Mark Mcquire"

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Yeah, I guess I feel like lance armstrong  
You know I wont the right out, yeah  
We call the tour of streets  
But it s like I m changing yeah  
Cause my shit is on steroids  
You niggas keep wailing out  
I turn on vvs eses and snapped her right on my chain  
After I smash her, I don t care who call next  
I take off in the bentley, and came back in the spot  
My chop on steroids, we swerving Mark Mcquire  
Who you thank you is, who you thank you is?  
Who you thank you is, who you thank you is?  
Who you thank you is, who you thank you is?  
Bitch, who you thank you is  
I think I m big mitch, all my niggas are drop  
Cause I m a rich nigga, she wanna give me a hug  
But she a freak hoe, and I won t show her no love  
Right shoot on mad dick, like I m from nyc  
I m counting for sunglasses, I see my shit in 3d  
I m popping bottles nigga, like its the 4th of july  
I think I m Bill Gates, I m taking over the net  
We shoot them choppas nigga, we don t fuck with the  
tekx  
I think I m young g, cause I motivate thugs  
Yeah, I think I lil boosy, I m bout to start something hit  
Hey future cause ...i m on that mafia shit

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I know my dough raw, I see in it come out her ass  
I wipe that shit off, and throw it right in the back  
Homie, the felony, this shit I do in dream  
Future, yeah arrogant, now think I m the king  
Name a bitch I can t fuck, name a bitch I didn t take  
Name a bitch ... just I ain t want, I ain t want  
Gonna go atoine jameson, I m balling, balling, balling  
Hit them ... and I ride round with that burner

I keep them young gunners, and they gonn squeeze on  
anything  
I think I m ... I think I m... I think I m ...  
A sack fucll of hunned, all this ice on me  
I turn on vvs eses and snapped her right on my chain  
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