

## Future

### "My Wrath"

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Yeah...it's the Future...the hawk is out..  
It's a good look for me man...I'm stronger than ever, I  
feel great!  
Nate Butters, whaddup? It is real, whaddup?  
Nemo, I see you, baby! Let get 'em {?} out, YEAH!  
Platinum, got another one, baby! Let's do it!

[Verse One]

I'm walkin' this walk, I'm talkin' this talk  
The boys they got my back up, walkin' wit' a swagga  
Sneaks stay fresh, white-tee stay cris-py  
Light crease in my blue jeans, y'all try to stay with me  
Nate Butters hook my line up, sharp tape in the sides  
and the front  
Jackie Chan style, I do my own stunts, UH!  
Black man, watch that, man right thurr  
So much dough in my back pocket, I gotta front  
I got favor, my back's watched, how bout your front?  
Neighbor relax please, cause trust me this ain't what  
you want!  
Too many soldiers walk with He, be easy  
The team gives ghosts the heebie jeebies (brotha  
please!)  
I ain't scared of nuthin' under the heavens  
I throw wack suckerz, doggy start hoein' and heavin'  
Listen, yo' flow is +daffy+, start +duckin'+  
Cause my flow is hungry and my bar'll eat your team  
up, AH!

[Chorus 2X]

SECULAR RAPPERS, I'm COMING, uh!  
You hear my footsteps I'm coming..  
and I mean this brotha to brotha, man  
I hope you suckerz got your bags packed  
Cause if not you're gonna feel my wrath!

[Verse Two]

My bible got a lot of +clips+, +baby+ ("Grind-in"  
\*brrrrrrrrr\*) \*Birdman call\*  
So relax, boy, before they ask "What Happened To That  
Boy?"

(Did you catch that one?) Won't hesitate a minute to get  
at that boy  
I make that sin thing diminish and your flesh could go  
wit' it, UH!  
Future's flow quite attractive and dapper  
The chiropractic rapper, I GETS IT CRACKIN', UH!  
He's so focused, it's nothing that could distract him  
Put a low jack on his ankle, y'all still couldn't track him  
I'm not braggin', but the flow is proper  
Any bro' close to Future flow probably with Hoffa (uh!)  
Meaning dead somewhere under a field  
I give props to Pac and B.I.G., but, that's about it, UH!  
And I'm glad Jay finally retired  
He got out the game just in time, to miss this fire  
But the rest of you suckerz get ready  
I'm about to have the whole secular industry,  
+delirious+ like +Eddie+ (WOO!)  
I'm not heady, I'm just so sure  
That Jesus writin' and Future flow sick wit' no cure  
Chitty chitty bang bang, Future doing his thang-thang  
Rappers' movin' they mouth, but ain't saying a DANG  
THANG

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Three]

You secular Iraqi rappers, it's over for you soldiers  
Like Bush and Sadaam, I push buttons and BOMB  
Flow hits so quick, faster than Islam  
And deeper than a Buddhist, I'll show you how to do  
this!  
Matta of fact, I'll show you how to do it the right way  
These ain't just bars of stuff I'd like to say  
But these is bars of stuff you might see  
If you're even in Vegas (Greenville) or anywhere that I  
might be  
And don't think it's a game!  
I'm twenty-plus years old, I stopped playing around  
thirteen  
Am I the only one that's seeing the world is hurt-IN'  
and willin' to spit with substance, not about slingin' and  
frontin'  
Bars is wack and empty, not rappin' about nothin'  
Empty barrels making a lot of noise, and listen  
I ain't scared of none of your BOYS  
I got boys too, and we got favor, what chy'all got is na-  
thin'!  
I'm simply too much for ya!  
You can't fool with the brotha, if you do he'll bust ya!  
Duck tape your flesh up, doggy, and Bible-butt ya  
You better chill before it get real and you get touched

brah!

[Chorus 6X]

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