## Future "Ring Ring"

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C-note after c-note, put the remix on my kilo Thought I wouldn't make it, now I'm winning Timothy Tebow

Fourth quarter, I'm back, fourth quarter, in fact Fourth quarter, that's that, four Ford in all black I said boss and I meant that, advance, you spent that Corvette so clean you'll think Bruce Springsteen rent that

Cars just like sneakers, just got me ten pair
Dubai, I been there, but f-ck that, we in here
Roll up and inhale, I live next to Denzel
Alonzo, my condo cost three mil', this shit real
IPhone and iPad, Amex in my gat
Left hand got ten bands, back pocket, four stacks
All I need is bad hoes, all these niggas gon' rat
Half these niggas working now, they knocked it down,
they're going back
All I need is Benzos, riding on Lorenzos
Stack my money tenfold, make this my new ten-four

[Hook]Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em F-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em F-ck all you haters Watch me f-ck all these b!tches I got eight different Rollies And they all mint condition

I'm screaming f-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em
Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em
I got five different Benzes
This is my deposition
I'm screaming, "F-ck every witness"
Cause b!tch, I'm big business
I'm screaming f-ck em

[Verse 2 : 2 Chainz]Me gon hit my boast
Me gon hit my boast
What you know about walking in the Gucci store and
they salute?
Chain cost a coupe, coupe cost a crib
Riding with the chopper like it's my friend

This for real niggas only, I still bail with Kobe
Got a sign in my garage that say, "Foreign only"
Forces pouring, on mixtapes I'm touring
See my shit that fire shit, and yo' shit boring
2 Chainz smoking loud like it's a newborn
Dad wasn't around, my father figure was Too Short
New Porsche deuced up, two cups got juice in it
Two forks, two pipes, I could whip it both-handed
My girl is bow-legged, just do it like Bo Jackson
Every beat I'm toe-tagging, tune big as a Volkswagon
Money got me sagging, it really doesn't matter

I run circles round these niggas' world like Saturn

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[Verse 3 : Wale]Black Foamposites, it's like we on that outer shit

Riding five deep and I'm as dirty as them congressmen Sixty-two, without no tint, mission roof of my new shit Ironic sense, my drive increased, my driver see the profit

Yeah, word, f-ck you niggas, pay me though Smoke that Mark McGuire strong Oakland ain't no basic smoke Shout-out to your lady, a.k.a. MMG favorite ho Tell that ass the way to go before I show her where to go

No Canseco, and I'm switching lanes at one six oh
A nigga trees fine, a police siren!
Woop woop, nah, that's just Diplo
And you cute, shorty, let's get low
On the low, I'mma talk that jazz
Jungle fever for the night
Horny or white, that's Anglo-Sax

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