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# Future "Same Damn Time"

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(Talking) Yall don't wanna play fair Know wat I mean Aye, Chea

## Chorus:

I wear Gucci I wear Prata at the same damn time
On the phone cooking dope at the same damn time
Selling white selling mid at the same damn time
Fucking 2 bad bitches at the same damn time
At the same damn time, at the same damn time
At the same damn time, at the same damn time
I'm at Pluto I'm at Mars at the same damn time
On the sofa popping bottles at the same damn time
Aye

#### Verse#1

Gucci made in Italy Bally belt I'm killing shit Tha way I'm rocking Jimmy Choo tha word got out I'm dealing it

I fuck her she a immigrant don't touch her she'n got benefits

Bussing down them benjamins fuck it up my Louie kicks
Dats tha way I'm kicking it Ferragamo cover me
Puerto Rican Japanese we laid up at tha doubletree
Yellow ice a bumble bee pinky ring a quater key
Iphone a metro twerking off tha whole thing
My earring a jelly bean gangsta lean an Irene
Red eyes no visine I'm loc'd out on tha drink
Horse shoes on my jeans Robin jeans wit tha Wings
Yellow bone on my team trafficking them yoa mings
Space boots wit tha spikes go to AZ on a flight
Mail a hundred overnight, yea yea yea

#### Chorus:

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On the sofa popping bottles at the same damn time Aye

### Verse#2

I'm in Phipps with the sack going crazy
Got some diamonds round my neck no fugazay
Bad bitches in the suite tryna to bathe me
Just a young hood nigga streets raised me
Working wit a unit tryna stretch it to another one
Drinking on that active and it's tasting like some bubble
gum

Thumbing through a check born on a jet
Talking on the Iphone sipping out tha styrofoam
That dirty got my mind gone that money got my mind
blown

VVS and white stones VVS and white stones I'm rolling like a rolling stone Free Bandz and Al Capone And my cash way long (turn up) I see a bunch of clones

#### Chorus:

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Aye

## Verse#3

Give me apartment and some water and I can swim
Got that Gambino jumping out tha gym
My young nigga serving J's that's how I clear em
Jumping cross me you know your chances slim
In my aviator gucci like I'm driving planes
When I cash that cash money smell like cocaine
Doing Birdman numbers making flips like Jackie Chan
Walk inside tha jewler drop bale on tha ring
Spent so much in Louie gave me free champagne
And Baylor Harp shopping and they doing tha same
thing

And I keep my cup wit me like a pimp I think I'm Magic Don Juan take a clip Spike Lee need to get this shit on film (Movie, future, astronaut)

## Chorus:

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On the phone cooking dope at the same damn time Selling white selling mid at the same damn time Fucking 2 bad bitches at the same damn time At the same damn time, at the same damn time At the same damn time, at the same damn time I'm at Pluto I'm at Mars at the same damn time On the sofa popping bottles at the same damn time Aye

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