

Future "Usual"

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Hook:

I put VVSs in my ears and rings (and that's usual!)
I buy Louis bags with bitches on my team (and that's usual!)
I just bought a Coupe don't come out 2013 (and that's usual!)
I take mollies and I mix it with the lean (and that's usual!)
Man, I turn up on these niggas every time (it's what I usually do!)
Got a million dollars worth of fucking dimes (it's what I usually do!)
Any time a nigga in the VIP (this what I usually do!)
Order hundred Rose bottles, all on me (and that's usual!)

My cup pink, my blunt stink
My bank roll it won't fold
I'm out of here, in Pluto
Cup of two though, and a four door
The same day got two bitches go both ways
They eating good like a Sunday,
I'm a fly guy like a runaway
My jacket leather with a lil suede
I'm king baby, David Yurman
I'm a space cadet, ain't even human
Get Adios, in sixty seconds
I'm out of here, like George Jetson!
In the air with the Kush and plane
Take a pain killer, take away the pain!
Real street, nigga, take away the fame
I switch lane with your main dame.
Rock Chuck Taylors with the spikes on em
My ear lobes got ice on em
My main thing keep ice on her
With a big bag and some red bottoms
I spit fire, that real lava
I'm a superstar, now I'm a real problem
I'm in the club, seen a hundred bottles
Seen a hundred bitches and they're all models
Champagne, pour it like it's water!

My chain swang it's H2O,
Them clear diamonds, they shine and glow
I'm making movies like HBO
I'm scrapped out with four-four
I'm from lil Mexico, I take you home!
I fuck with Haiti like a real Zoe

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I'm on Molly Cyrus got more style than any stylist
See a pretty face with a bad body
She right beside me like a chain on!
My frames on, they're Christian Dior
I'm graped to the floor,
I hustle that ball like you're shooting it up
I'm throwing that money like shooting it up
I'm Rastafari, Jamaican tough
I'm bad, why puff?
I'm big in these streets!
I'm so high right now I can't feel my feet
I'm in Ferragamo or I'm in double G
That's Gucci on Gucci, from head to my feet
I'm beat off the money like I snorted P
I turn up, I turn up, it's no one can compete
I broke the knob off and they vanished, capisce?
I can't see you, even though you see me
I'm back on my one-two, hooking up Peru
More money, more problems, what am I to do?
I'm inside the zoo, I'm gone on that screw
Guerrilla warfare, choppa let loose!
I hop in the Coupe, 200 on dash
My bitch very bad, my money come fast
The bottle's on fire like the 4th of July
Designer my eyes, designer my hoes,
Designer my clothes, we pouring up fours
My jewelry froze, make commas and Os
It's all I know, Ben Franks

Grants and Jacks, I'm playing with the sex
I take my bitch and let her play with em stacks
I'll take me a blunt and stuff it til it's fat
If it's 1000, that's real facts!
If it's OG, that's that loud pack!

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