

Future ATL

"Usual"

Visit "[Usual](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 fuckin' dimes (it's what I usually do)
Any time a nigga in the VIP (this what I usually do)
Order, hundred rolls, these bottles are on me (and that's usual)

[Verse 1]

My cup pink, my blunt stink
My bankroll, it won't fold
I'm out of here, in Pluto
Have a two-door and a four-door
In the same day, got two bitches go both ways
They eatin' good like a Sunday
I'm a fly guy like a runway
My jacket leather with a little suede
I'm king, baby, David Yurman
I'm a space cadet, I 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 lanes with your main dame
Rock Chuck Taylors with the spikes on 'em
My ear lobes've 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, and I'm a real problem
When I'm in the club, send a hundred bottles
Send a hundred bitches and they all models

Champagne, pour it like it's water
My chain swang, it's H2O
Them clear diamonds, they shine and glow
I'm makin' movies like HBO
I'm strapped up with the four-four
I'm from Lil' Mexico, I'll take your hoe
I fuck with Haiti like Lorenzo

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

I'm on Miley 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 Christian Dior, I'm draped to the floor
I hustle that blow like you shootin' it up
I'm throwin' that money like shootin' it up
I'm Rastafarian Jamaican tough
I'm back, why puff? I'm big in these streets
I'm so high right now I can't feel my feet
I'm in Ferragamo, I'm in Double G
That's Gucci, young Gucci, from head to my feet
I'm geeked 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, hookin' up Peru
More money, more problems - what I'mma do?
I'm inside the zoo, I'm gone off that screw
Guerrilla warfare, chopping it 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 pourin' up fours
My jewelry froze, make commas and Os
It's all I know, me and Franks
Grants and Jacks, I'm playin' with a sack
I take my bitch and let her play with them 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

[Hook]

Visit [Future ATL](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.