

Drumma Boy "Dat Recipe"

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[Half Hook: Future]

You shouldn't've shown me dat recipe

Now every time I cook me one I cook up a half a key

You shouldn't've shown me dat recipe

Now every time I buy a car I trick it out with the fee

[Verse 1: Future]

You should've left me inna blind

You should've left me Ray Charles

You shouldn't've never let me get on the track with the Drum Squad

You shouldn't've never let me hit the sack, I'm fucking your broad

You shouldn't've never let me hit the studio with the bar You shouldn't've never let me do it, you know I grind

You shouldn't've never let me whip it, turn myself to a star

You shouldn't've never let me struggle, You should never did it

You shouldn't've never ever show me how to remix the fishes

You should've never fucked me over, no you should've never done it

I'mma send them Puerto Ricans through your way and show you who run it

You shouldn't've never let my buy the Benz and get it fully loaded

You shouldn't've never let my dig a whole and then let me owe it

I'mma forge out my wrist

I'mma ice out my chain

After I leave the dealership I'mma go see Johnny Dang I might just whip me a kilo

Then go flex mi amigo

I'mma wrap a whole bail up like a taco burrito

[Full Hook: Future]

You shouldn't've shown me dat recipe

Now every time I cook me one I cook up a half a key

You shouldn't've shown me dat recipe

Now every time I buy a car I trick it out with the fee You shouldn't've shown me dat recipe Cause when I made a mil' I made another one instantly You shouldn't've shown me dat recipe I got foreign bitches on my line and bitches right next to me

[Verse 2: Drumma Boy]

Send a gift to my Gods, for blessing my recipe
Turn that soft to that hard, like addict to Penelope
I'mma king of this game, overruling the mini-me
Can show you the recipe, still can't produce the melody
A magical mentally turn 3 minutes to 30g
The work of Achilles, breakdown the sound of the
synergy

My prago so yayo like I went down to South Italy I rally through ATL, then shoot it through Tennessee I cook it myself, no middleman or the in-between I fall from a strange river and stroke through the industry

I'm so turnt up, can't comprehend what they tellin' me You once was a pro but now don't need what you sellin' me

[Full Hook: Future]

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You shouldn't've shown me dat recipe
Now every time I buy a car I trick it out with the fee
You shouldn't've shown me dat recipe
Cause when I made a mil I made another one instantly
You shouldn't've shown me dat recipe
I got foreign bitches on my line and bitches right next
to me

[Verse 3: Young Dolph]

I got a house full of Jacksons like my name Tito Threw more balls than Tebow, caught more balls than T.O

Word on the street that boy Dolph got that recipe That's why jump flights and greet my plug frequently 2 hoes on my iPhone say they wanna come go to sleep with me

I saw my first hundred thou' and it did something to me mentally

Smokes that come from Compton, my sneakers come from Italy

I'm that same nigga from Castalia remember me? Shouldn't've shown me the game cause now it ain't no looking back

I'm in the last spin lap

My boy Drumma he cooking crack
Call my socket
Got a sack
Spent a quarter thing of sacks
Cop a drop and park it in the hood and make that right back

[Full Hook: Future]
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