

Bash Brothers

"Futuristic"

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[Verse--Ray]

Yea you know what it is
Come to your house
And I come to your crib
A-K 47 rippin' off some fuckin' hollow tips
And when I bust you better duck
Cause they coming live
Little bitty bullet
But I bet it takes 100 lives
We stay on the grind
Stackin' paper from 9 to 9
I'm looking for a dime
So you nines don't need to waste my time
I'm still packin' 9
Oh yea it be more than 9
Make you go blind
But it'll have your body feelin' fine
You musta lost your mind
Thinking I ain't lost my mind
I'm telling you bitch
Fuck with me and I will break your spine
I throwing bombs
Shooting cannons
Watch me lock and load
Futuristic guns with a big ass futuristic scope
And you already know
Bullets headed for your dome
6 feet deep
Momma cryin' at the funeral home
Now watch me get it
Gone get it you can get it son
Party pack or purple pack
We can't even get rid of 'em
You make it rain
My nigga I make it thunderstorm
Float like a butterfly sting like a bee
And man my niggas be ready to swarm
Nigga I'm hot
You niggas warm
Better yet I'm ice cold

When I pull the trigger
You gone feel this shit up in your toes
I spit that poison my niggas
You better cover your nose
I'm a beast
I eat you niggas up
And swallow you niggas whole
With no digestine
Now I'm rippin' out you niggas intestines
Let me catch my breath
Before the K take all your breath and
Like ah ah
I'm on fire
I'm still making hits
No steriods don't call me Mark McGuire
Maybe Barry Bonds
Like hits home runs
I'm still going
Don't come around me
I'm like a river
You might drown
I'm still flowing
And I don't need no chorus
That shit's for you pussy niggas
Like a first round draft pick
Nigga stackin' six figures
I got it made
I'm gettin' paid on my off days
Shoutout to my nigga Pace
That nigga is my DJ
Oh yea I'm rollin like some rims
Sittin' on some wheels
Me and Chop we Bash Brothers
Throw it up for Dolla Bill
We making mils
So pussy niggas better guard your grills
This ain't no video game
Pussy nigga this shit be for real
And if you say I can't rap
You get slapped twice
White tee with black holes
They should call you niggas dice
Cocaine be white like rice
Nigga I'm hot like spice
Watch me so cold like ice
I'm in beast mode nothing nice
I make you pay the price
Oh yea the price is right
Trillest nigga you'll ever meet
I'm not the one you wanna fight
And I'm like

And I'm like
Bitch don't play with me
Load it up
Cock it back
And get all in they face with it
Yea yea you better get your history right
Cause I got some big guns
When I shoot them they sound like dynamite
And I'm on fire
And I know you pussies hate it
Throw it up for Terry boys
And my nigga Andrew David

Hah
I'm done

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