

Draped Up

Berner

[Intro: Future]

Pluto

Berner

Flexing on that bitch, hold up

[?] that cookie [?]

Look at all of this money

Look at all of these twenties

FOREVEROLLIN

[Verse 1: Berner & Future]

Three or four awards

Thirty-four stores

Just seen another cover story on me by Forbes

In a black Cadillac with the bulletproof doors

Lift a hotel mama, white ashes on the floor

Got a Plane Jane Rollie, I don't need a whole kid

Another billion of weed, I don't need a whole brick

Blue building in Toronto, I'ma flood the whole six

Pull a brown bag and gon' blow that whole shit

Like [?] movin' cash [?]

Yeah, that's six million dollars organized, all large

N' tell that bitch to slow down 'cause she f*ckin' with my high

Left the show with five bitches, need a couple at a time

I make palys in Miami, I ain't never [that prime?]

But I shut down eleven, left the cup around nine

Sent your bitch on a mission, made her sign for the box

Dropped the big face at Melrose, there's lines around the block

Looks like a Jordan drop, used to use a Jordan box

'Til I outgrew the safe and put in into Florida rock

'Til I buy my whole street and started digging tunnels up

Back in 2013 I only touched a hundred plus

Back in 2015 I only had a hundred tucked

Just buy another truck if you good to run it up

I bet my enemies are sick pour another double cup

While you're sleeping on the couch I'll run another hundred up (Yeah)

[Chorus: Future]

Dope money, weed money, coke money, blow money [?]

Draped up and iced like I'm serving fentanyl, nigga

Dope money, weed money, coke money, blow money [?]

Draped up and iced like I'm serving fentanyl, nigga

Dope money, weed money, coke money, blow money [?]

Draped up in the ice like I'm serving fentanyl, nigga

I sold up a lil' truck load got a whole hood on [?]

I recruited more shooters just to go know down your shooter, yeah

[Verse 2: Future]

Rich nigga with a blicky and I shoot it myself

Sip, sip, sippin' I get higher than spaceships

Bad bitch, bad bitch swimmin' in like Mike Phelps (Mike)

Average, no that ain't who I am (Pluto)

Bulletproof truck like Obama

I got a stick on me, Osama

Cuttin' chickens, Benihana

Put a Richard Mille on my mama

Feed the streets [?]

Cop a Coupe and it's white as Madonna

Straight out the trenches I'm growin' my numbers

Drankin' Texas better check the persona

She gon' eat it up for a sponsor
Turnin' up drip [?] get a goin'
Turnin' up drip [?] got a flowin'
I put some eighty pointers on your arm
I put them Jerry Rice down his (?)
Ho gon' f*ck a rich nigga for nothin'
I don't pop out without my gun
I'm in Atlanta smokin' California
(?) pop one time for it
That's your bitch, that's my whore
I'm on some rich shit that's for sure
One chain cost a hundred or more
Take the game it was with me on tour
Take a Glock with me to the awards
f*ck the world like a prostitute
Real street nigga I salute
[Chorus: Future]
Dope money, weed money, coke money, blow money [?]
Draped up and iced like I'm serving fentanyl, nigga
Dope money, weed money, coke money, blow money [?]
Draped up and iced like I'm serving fentanyl, nigga
Dope money, weed money, coke money, blow money [?]
Draped up and iced like I'm serving fentanyl, nigga
[?] got a whole hood on [?]
I recruited more shooters just to go knock down your shooter
[Verse 3: Future]
Brown paper bag, that ain't all a nigga had
Bought my main bitch a car 'cause my other main bitch made me bad
And them demons, they tweakin' they ready to attack
Hit your top for a box, I could f*ck up a check
Brown paper bag, that ain't all a nigga had
Bought my main bitch a car 'cause my other main bitch made me bad
And them demons, they tweakin' they ready to attack
Hit your top for a box, I could f*ck up a check
[Outro: Future]
I be in the trenches with dope
I just put APs on my ho
Rather go to hell than before I tell on [?]
Lie to the judge [?]