

Hard to Choose One

Future

Yeah, it's Pluto
Pluto (Yeah, Freebandz), you dig, you dig
Yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah (Yeah, 808 Mafia)
Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Motor in the back with the trunk in the front
Smokin' on gas, three-five in a blunt
Poppin' them tags, it's one of a one
I got them chopsticks, ain't going to lunch
Came out the creek, had to drop off a ton
Made it off the streets, I came up from a crumb
Two thousand just for the shoes I put on
Spin out and do a three-sixty for nothin' (Skrrt)
Freestylin' while I got kush in my lung
Crocodile Burberry, that's what I'm on (Brrt, brrt)
Packed out the club, that's a quarter million (Brrt, brrt)
High-priced fashion, Italian, Milan (Fashion)
If she get attached, then I'm goin' on the run (She get attached)
Took the big batch and I can't feel my tongue (Took the big batch)
Hundreds of baddies, it's hard to choose one (Hundreds of baddies)
Green light the shooters, it's already done (Brrt, brrt, brrt)

Green light the shooters, they already on you
Take a few Addies, then go in a coma
Takin' and rappin', them bales my diploma
Drivin' my space coupe, goin' to Daytona
Line 'round the corner like Ronald McDonald's
Count on my llama, you call me Obama
Whippin' that bird like the Number 1 Stunna
Put on reserve, she come when I want her
Hop in the vert, it go over two hundred
She kept it real with her, shout outs to London
I bought her Gucci, she bought me a chopper
Money and sex is bringin' me problems
But I'm at my best when I'm runnin' through models
Look at your rings, you done dipped 'em in vodka
Talkin' Emilio Pucci, I got 'em
Came out the trap, a hood nigga role model

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Hundreds of baddies, it's hard to choose one (808 Mafia)
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Crashed out on pills, but it's makin' me numb (Let's go)
I paid the bill, you consider it done (Pay the bill)
Trap in the field, made a mll' on my own (Trap in the field)
Peel off the seal on that Hi-Tech for fun (Yeah)
Cash out on diamonds, Italian, Milan (Cashin' out)
One hundred bad bitches havin' fun (What's up?)
Rollin' off X and I can't feel my arms
Platinum ice on me, it's clearer than Pátron
Money and power, it got me on meds
Load up my rifle, I don't go to bed
Coppin' a Viper gon' make them upset
Fuckin' rich niggas gon' get you baguettes
Pussy was leakin', I fucked on a jet
We made a bond to never forget
Cancel that ho, she tried fuck up my check
Get in this Lambo', this not a Corvette (Skrtrt, skrtrt)

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Green light the shooters, it's already done (Hundreds of bad bitches)

Brtrt, brtrt
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