

Call You Back

Futuristic

(Oo-oh, oo-oh)
(Oo-oh, oo-oh)
(Oo-oh, wah-oo)
(Oo-oh, oo-oh, AYE AYE AYE)

Yo, always mad 'cause I'm stylin' on 'em
Painted green like scallions on 'em
Young boy the Jimmy Fallon on 'em
Got sauce I'll prolly put a Callon on 'em
Can't skate with the balance on
The boy Sharp like talents with talent homie
More afraid than Italians italics on me
I lean off the shot Ray Alan on 'em (uh)
Yo, who dat be, in my zone all the time like two dats three
To cure me? You want me to get a new vaccine
Now wash your mouth with the flow 'cause I do that clean
My own line in the stores, cool ass tee
Come shut the spot down for a cool last beat
I'm thinkin' of giving them a hit in a minute they need a cool ass beat (oo)
This might be it let's record that heat, you know?

All I really need is a little 808 you can feel it in your jaw
Made a little beat from a little bit of shit up in the crib
And my nigga play a little of that guitar
Yeah I wanna sneeze
A little bit of song, been up in the game way before you was involved
Had to get it on my own
I was sleeping on the floor
With a little bit of paper I was writin' all my songs, oh

Million dollars in my pocket got it
Thinkin' you can touch me you should stop it
Get it independent had to watch it
Sorry if I get a bit obnoxious
Had to leave my family for a while
Had to teach my family how to smile
Haven't seen my family in a while
(Hey nephew, I'm just callin' to tell you, I love you, man)

(All the time, got you all in my mind
I know in time, you will see)

Wait, don't be mad 'cause I'm stylin' on 'em (gave 'em)
Painted green like scallions on 'em (Yo)
Young boy the Jimmy Fallon on 'em
Got sauce, I ain't even mean to drown 'em though
Yo, can't skate tryin' to balance on 'em
Boy Sharp like talents with talent on 'em
More bread than Italians, italics on me
I lean off the shots Ray Alan on 'em
Yo, they like who dat be?
In my zone all the time like two that's three
To cure me, you need to get a new vaccine
She wash my mouth with the soap, now they do that clean
My own line in the stores, cool ass tees
I come shut the spot down for a cool last beat
My family tree lose leaves if I don't bear seeds

But you can see through the branches
But now you sleep

I didn't wanna leave
I, had my future in front of me
Yo, you ain't even fuck with me
Now you can't get enough of me?
You askin' wassup with me
You don't know how to run with me
So, I gotta pack up and then go on a trip to get shit that you never had
It's Futuristic, forget the past
You don't even call me that
All of your friends want an autograph
Your compliments have a favor attached
You never check-up 'less you need the cash
You wonder why I never call you back