

I.O.F.W.R.

Futuristic

Back (Call you back, huh?)
On the track (On what?)
Where that nigga Zack?
Oh he whack

Maybe off on 'em
You can suck it 'til it's soft on 'em
Flow sick, gotta cough on 'em
I'ma bite, what's a bar from 'em
Take shots, perfect dock on 'em
Nintendo with the flow
Gotta pretty center fold
Let me get up in my mode
And she lick it, let me stick it
Put a nigga in control
Up, down, left, right, cheat code with the pole
I can do this all night in the winter when it's cold
I can spit it in the cold, hit it in the snow
I can get you in the zone up in the heat and have a stroke
I can leave you on the boat
We can drink until we sober
Get away, she need a coaster
I'ma genius with the flow

Uh, she like how I spit
She want the meat, primp, poppy
Like I get when I have a sip
She wanna top me
I told her "Meet in the lobby"
Had her in the low and she already got me
Girl I'm about to blow like a kamikaze
That's when she said

I only fuck with rappers (Aye)
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I'm a rapper who brings after
I'm an MTV fucking actor
Had her Wild 'n Out when I waxed her
She went from basic to bougie, then I passed her
Wild Style on the I'm a savage
Said she really love me and the challenge (Okay)
Had a lip lock when this shit popped
She was bullshitting
Then I road the beast like I was booth-spitting
Said she loved all my bars (Okay)
And that she seen me on Sway (What else?)
She said she'd die for these five fingers
And I'm like okay
Show me how you rock when you doing that thing, mama
I'ma roll the papers now, pass me the flame

She wanna shoot her shot, and she aiming for my box
Said she really wanna scissor and we playing that game

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Hold on bitch, just quit (Quit)
I ain't into that groupie shit (No way)
But your best friend kinda bad
Can you tell me who she's with? (Okay)
I'm lit
Nigga really came from the scary streets
On the curb, talking birds like a parakeet
Model chicks, roll kiss for a pair of sneeks
New shows, new hoes, that shit every week
Niggas' so lame that they hating on me
Hottest in the game, they been waiting on me
Getting head in Applebee's where the waiters don't see
Said she was down if we make it lowkey
But you so sweet
Nigga play with me, that's the day you 'gon sleep
Killing every beat, that's the way we gon' eat
Cash Money shit, Lil Wayne in '03
Sheesh