

Yeah, I got that super duper iller than any nigga you know flow
Need a helmet stupid sick retarded kind of slow flow
These white boys show a nigga love, no homo
I need a Caucasian girl with a booty as big as Coco's
I go ho, I go ho, I'm going in on every track
I be moving forward, they run in circles, like cul-de-sacs
Coldest raps, go attack, nigga, ain't no holding back
Yeah, this ain't a game and these lames playing balderdash
Know the facts, I stand about five four
Handsome ass nigga and y'all boys eyesores
Walk into my room sixty pairs of shoes on my floor
With thirty snaps and thirty tanks and I'm about to buy more
I said hi whore, my name is, she stopped me and said she knew it
Been following for a minute, been loving all of the music
Looked a dude threw up the deuces, he look like he 'bout to lose it
Don't be stupid, she tryna fuck with Mr. I Had To Do It

How he go so hard, how he go so hard, how he go so hard
He got the coldest bars, the coldest bars, the coldest bars

Alright well, yo, doggie, doggie, do
What the fuck y'all niggas thought? I don't know but it wasn't right
And I be doing this, doing this, doing this everyday and every night
Yeah, dog, yeah, I'm cold
And if you didn't get it, well, now you motherfuckers know
Shout out to my fucking dog, super duper Henry here
And you know that he don't play, but he ain't got no fucking balls
But that don't mean he's fucking gay, fur coats like everyday
And he's got that super nose, he uses it to sniff cocaine
Yeah, but I'm chilling, no, I'm chilling
Like Bob Dylan, peeling, when smoking that penicillin, though
K.I.D the realest, yo, car sounds like Skrillex dog
And at my shows I get my fans hyper than gorillas, dog, yeah

The coldest bars, the coldest bars, the coldest bars, yeah
That's why we go so hard, we go, go so, go so hard, yeah

Let me be frank, y'all niggas suck
Please quit rapping, shut the fuck up
They say a nigga cocky, ya God damn skippy
Cause can't nobody stop me
Rapping ain't a hobby, you need a ticket to watch me
Put a value on ya self, I swear my lyrics is not free
Albums, mixtapes, snapbacks, tees, ringtones
Sold out shows, signing them double D's
Nigga, please, you will never be on the shit that I'm on
They call me Futuristic, so I'm in a different timezone
I call a girl to come and give me head until her mind's gone
She wanna fuck? I'm straight off that, she wet she needs to dry off
And that's the realest shit I ever said
Kill me if you wanna, my music here so I'm never dead
And that's the truth not a lie, how I feel about it is Futuristic or die