

Od

Futuristic

You ain't never met another nigga like me (sheesh)
Even if I die, you can't forget about me (sheesh)
Everything that I do is OD (sheesh)
I said, you ain't never met a nigga like me, no

My whip is OD, my chick is OD, too much
My fit is so clean, my kicks OD, too much
I spit it OD, my shit is OD, too much
Futuristic OD, I'm 'bout to OD

Yo, I OD like I'm ODB
I ain't passing the rock you on Kobe's team
Flow cold like your leg in the winter in Illinois
If you walking around with a hole in jeans
I hope to be the nigga that's known as "sheesh"
If it's a part five I'll get a hole in three
Two hands, double fist when I hold my drink
One styrofoam cup make the show to lean
It's only me, labels I demand to speak
So don't come with that man if your plan is weak
Instagram going up a thousand fans a week
Don't need a hand, I need some cash you can hand to me
If you ain't with it, you cut off, amputee
Kicking back, taking shots like a damn marine
I'm Dan Marino mixed with Al Pacino at the casino cause I'm all about my chips, and command the team, whoa

They say I do too much
But I got a lot more coming
She say I'm in too deep
Oh hold on, They say that there's no way
I did it all without no budget
I say I'm way too high
If I ever come down
I'm a hit the ground running
Hit the ground running
Hit the ground running
Hit the ground running

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Yeah, uh, sick!
New women in my new phone
Who's home, it's a new number uno
You know, still swerving in the two door
Pimping, if we talking 'bout eyes, I can do this shit with two closed
I'm too OD, bitch, yeah, you know it's D, bitch
The letter after A, B, C, bitch
You know I ain't never been a bird brain

Y'all dudes mermaids, cause I can see, bitch
30K off shirts (that's easy)
Buy merch make merch (that's easy)
Used to cry over bitches swear a motherfucker know his worth
Yeah, I got some homies and the boys did dirt
But I ain't from the streets, I ain't moving that work
But you know I'm dressing like a dealer
Cause I got some money got it coming
Been eating so good that my top's so muffin
It's okay, I ain't fit like
Chubby boy got a fit wife and she thick, Christ
I get hyped on this shit right, it's the real me no disguise
Now I don't gotta diss guys I don't care what you're doing
I be here for the money, I be here for the music
It's that Brampton boy and they know the coast
And it's Richvale 'til I overdose
Bitch, I'm gone

My shit is OD, my bitch is OD
My fit is OD, your shit is '03
No whip, I'm low-key
But I'm still OD
I'm OD, OD, baby
Come and blow me slowly, Richvale