

Scrollin

Futuristic

Ya, lame niggas don't know about you be the same ones gon' hate the most
LOL at my comment section to a dumb question when I make a post
Still sippin' that peach Cîroc in my solo cup, time to make a toast
This one go to your fuckin' mama, she a real one, she done raised a troll
Talk shit on your web browser, see me in person and bitch up
I bet you sleepin' with the lights on cause everytime I'm 'round you you switch up
All these lil boys actin' real tough on their keyboards with their fingers tappin'
Meet a nigga in the parkin' lot with them same hands and we'll get it crackin'
Have 'em speakin' in pig latin, this track is spittin' like six dragons
In fact, I didn't practice, it just happened, make 'em disappear like I did magic
Bitch is spazzin', hit then I flip the mattress, delivery man got a big package
Live lavish, give your man a kiss after, tell that Boy Meet World cause I been savage, yeah
And you been average, boy, I'm 'bout to blow like Bin Laden
I need a girl who got a big ass, she don't got class, she been absent
Got the game on lock, put it in the cabinet, I been have bread like a picnic basket
I been killin' rappers, put 'em in the casket, I been makin' hits like a tennis racket, goddamn

Why you all on my shit?
You should get up off of my pics, ho
Why you all on my feed?
You should get up off of my dick, bro, scroll
Keep it scrollin', scrollin', scrollin', bitch scroll
Keep it scrollin', scrollin', scrollin'
I said, why you all on my shit?
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Yo, I got fame but I'm not the type to be outside and deal with the paparazzi
I struggle with lots of issues daily, mostly online from the comments I see
My shit's wack and I should quit rap? If I catch you I really hope you got your posse
Pull up on you quicker than a Maserati with the Kamikaze while your mom is watching
I'm not impressed with my comment section, there's lots of pestin' and monologuin'
"Fuck you Hop, I'm a big fan but I hate you, bruh", that's beyond insultin'
Anger is boxed up in me, shit's tricky, how you gon' compliment me then diss me?
I'm at the top of trendin', it's strictly the skill, can we stop pretendin'?
It's really
Pissin' me off to the maximum, fuck these niggas, I ain't yappin' 'em
I don't even have to pack a gun, when I see 'em face to face they be actin' softer than a pack of gum
I stick my hand through your chest and detach a lung, watch you until you have fallen like Babylon

I been screenshottin' the hate you been yappin', son, so when you see me, uh-oh, little faggot, run
I got way too much that's goin' on in my life to have to deal with these bitch haters
I'll fuck you up, that's the grown men, high schoolers and fifth graders
Don't disrespect, I come new to this shit, don't care if you're a new fan or used to listen
We gon' find you and bruise a disk in your back, go tell your dad it was Hop sin and Futuristic

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Yeah, my ex-girl on my news feed likin' everything, tryna get attention
Quotin' me when she make a tweet, sayin' something sweet, tryna get a mention
I don't even talk to her like she across the room when we in detention
Poke her on her forehead, said, "Sorry girl, you should mind your business"
Miss Independent, get right, nigga, I see through that like Sprite, nigga
Makin' moves, my two and I don't even ride on no bike, nigga
Do whatever I like, nigga, I met yo ass one time, nigga
Now you run around the town just like a clown, sayin' Futuristic that's my nigga
Y'all be delusional, stuck in a cubicle, doin' the usual shit
All up on YouTube with something that's musical, comment like an attitudinal bitch
Your facts don't even be proveable, always disputable, grown niggas actin' like kids
That's juvenile, y'all so removable, I might quit rappin' and come and stab you in the ribs
Keep it scrollin', you promotin' bogus vocals all on my socials
And hope that some hoes will notice then you'll poke 'em, you're boastin' but you're broke and everyone knows it
Exposin' these jokes, now they salty like the ocean, my flow is colder than Ben & Jerry's
Competition get buried in cemeteries, if you hate you can suck on my twig and berries and keep scrollin', nigga