

Draco

Future

You better not raise your voice at me
You know I got a pimp degree
PlutoDraco season with the bookbag
Backpack, got a little kick back
Hundreds on hundreds got a good batch
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
Lamborghini doors, but I never stop
Fuck around got a nigga pissed off
Nice little thot got stiff arm
Did the Heisman on the hoe got the stiff arm
Fuck up that body like Tyson or Holyfield,
wo wo wo wo wo
A Couple of pills and I got my soda filled,
wo wo wo wo wo
Break out a sweat, I go head over heels for these meals,
wo wo wo wo wo wo
She thinks she the one, but to me she ain't nothing but a thrill
wo wo wo wo wo
I've been drippin' like a god with her
I been dodgin' all the fly what else
I been fillin' up garages what else
I gave her a French monage what else
Close your eyes eyes eyes
I'm about to slide slide slide
Wonder why why why
I stay in the sky sky sky
Pink Molly, let me dance with her
Freestylin', let me dance with her
Sky Dweller, it was sentimental
Rose gold, it was sentimental
Draco season with the bookbag
Rat tat, got a little kick back
Hundreds on hundreds got a good batch
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch backFuck up my bitch by the change

Brought me from trap house to stage
I wanna jump in the air
You know the love ain't fair
You killin' then show us the proof
I already got the juice
Chain different colors like fruits
I like to hang out the roof
I got to train my bitches
I'm putting chains on my bitches
I'll put some chain on some snitches
I'm focused I'm back on my mission
Flex on a nigga no apologies
Molly all white, done gotta me
Playing hockey with the ice in the major league
Thirty five bitches at the Saint Reg
Fall back shooter like KD
Back in the kitchen with the curry
Pourin' up xan can't hurt me
Pineapple drink lookin syruppy
Fifty six night I was 30
Styrofoam cups same patient
Heard you been talkin' bout the kid
Knowin' damn well that's a flagrant
I cancel two bitches
I got me some new bitches
Come check out how I'm living
I got me some new jewelry
I got me some new drip
Ain't got nothing to do with it
I'll give my bitch to you
If that what she mean to you Draco season with the bookbag
Rat tat, got a little kick back
Hundreds on hundreds got a good batch
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
Draco season with the bookbag
Rat tat, got a little kick back
Hundreds on hundreds got a good batch
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
You ain't never ever get you bitch back Yeah I cruisin' in the deep
I'm twisted up I got geeked
Misbehaving with ya freak
Can't tell she got teeth

I was in her mouth like veneers
Start comparing my career
Designer flooded through the crib
Business furniture for real
I bought a Fendi couch for my kids
They just want to plug a nigga wig
Charge a half a mil for the gig
Middle fingers up fuck the pigs
Diamonds fallin' off my let me jig
Never falling off and never quit
I retired cookin' up a brick
Certified nigga hot to six
Who was rapping diamonds in the zone
I was chargin' 10 for the strong
Keep on goin' in on this song
Keep an F&N at your home
Lesson learned and we moving on
I got firm niggas, Al Capone
Got my Chi niggas on the horn
Downtown Atlanta I was born

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>