Warzone (feat. Future)

DJ ESCO

I got the Rollie from outta the shoebox,
I brought 'em back out
I just got through from smashin' on two em,
i blew they back out
I'm on a pill, ridin' my top off,
I got that Mac out
I got a four and half of white,
I'm in a crack house
You ain't never had to on no caper,
you don't know them licks 'bout
Finesse the same nigga three times,
then had to take the plug out
I took the same pill three times,
I feel like I took off
This my young nigga that grew up in the warzone
He tryna take care his own family, they puttin' a lot on 'em
I'm in Fendi, but my bitch, she from the island
It's extended because these niggas they been eyein', yeah, yeah
Before we admit it, we will get acquitted, yeah, yeah
They gonna pull up on my best days, got a pocket full of racks
I got Mariam, I got Kida, that's my fourth and fifth bitch
They been ridin' with me from the beginnin' when I started this shit
I been lyin' to 'em from the beginnin', and it's hard for me to quitI got the Rollie from outta the shoebox,
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This my young nigga that grew up in the warzone
My young nigga don't smoke on swishers,
but he got a Swiss account
They tried to sue the kid on battery,
had to switch accounts

We gon' turn this shit to a murder scene,
fuck what they think about it
I clean my jewellery off with the Listerine,
I done made it up
I put my fat stacks and some 1010s at my granny house
We go and start a fire up anywhere like Boy Scouts
Sonny told me go hard so went I caught the Lamborghini truck
That was after, I copped the Maybach
That was after, I copped the Rolls Royce
Got a 458 Spider, matte black,
shouts out to the red one
We had to black migo run and then the feds come
Went threw the black Migo money when platinum was 21
We turn a money fight in the club,
nigga, to a thunderstorm
I done got tired throwin in the air now, throwin' under arm
I should just bust out and,
started cryin' from all this jewellery on
I still can't believe that's me when I turn the TV on
How I'm gon' give up on me,
I came out the murder zone, yeahI got the Rollie from outta the shoebox,
I brought 'em back out
I just got through from smashin' on two em,
i blew they back out
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We turn a money fight in the club nigga to a thunderstorm
I done got tired throwin it in the air, now im throwin' under arm
I should just bust out, started cryin' from all this jewellery on

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