

# Afterlife

## Future

I'm popping my shit every morning (Popping my shit)  
Then I go to paradise  
(Wheezy outta here) Cough syrup got me dozin' off, I can see you in my afterlife  
He snapped the clip in then drove off  
He know somebody's 'bout to die tonight  
I leave the baddies in the house, superfly  
That Draco sittin' on the couch, I'm on fire  
But I don't fuckin' miss it though, I'm gon' slide  
I thank Allah I'ma get my money and I don't get tired  
Sit in the back of the Phantom and have a good night  
I had to take Methanol, lit up like a light  
I can't see nothin' in the way, gone outta sight  
I get her lace on daily basis, she my type  
I pop my shit and live lavish, I never switch sides  
You go to college, get a crib off the clothes I buy  
We get on the top of the fuckin' Hills off the Sunset Drive  
I'm a product of the field, I'm just in my disguise  
Hit the trippin' off a pill but don't give me some cake  
I've been jumpin' on these Lears, that's the way I'ma chase 'em  
Franklins comin' by the layers, that's the way we gon' make 'em  
She don't when I'ma pop 'em so she gotta sleep naked  
I can tell the way they treat me, they gon' say I'm the greatest  
Ain't no tellin' if I leave, if I'ma ever come back (Pluto)  
Ain't gon' never let a disloyal bitch hold me back  
I done Goyard my bags so we could hold my racks  
And all the love I got for Atlanta, I got the same for Chiraq  
You can't help who you love nigga (Can't help who you love)  
That's why God made thug niggas (Yeah, straight up)  
Cough syrup got me dozin' off, I can see you in my afterlife  
He snapped the clip in then drove off  
He know somebody's 'bout to die tonight  
I leave the baddies in the house, superfly  
That Draco sittin' on the couch, I'm on fire  
But I don't fuckin' miss it though, I'm gon' slide  
I thank Allah I'ma get my money and I don't get tired I thank Allah I'ma get my checks, fuck  
you niggas  
I need to get off my chest, fuck you niggas  
I got the hittas in the cut, I'm still that nigga  
I got her flattin' out her tummy, I'm that nigga (Super)  
Take my time, my new bank account gettin' taller  
I flood-out Richard,  
that gon' cost me at least a quarter (Least a quarter)

I done been in my bag lately and poppin my collar (My bag)  
I got a good taste in bitches 'cause they swallow (Yeah)  
I done birthed a lotta lil' niggas, I'm their father (Future)  
Can't be responsible, how you woe? 'Cause I taught ya (I can)  
Keep it a thousand, ok bool  
That's how I was brought up (One thousand)  
Lil' nigga had to pay his dues, man, slaughter (ree Lu)  
9 braces on me, baby, hold on, wait (Hold on)  
9 rings on me, baby, hold on, wait (I'm the champ)  
Got that Glizzy on me, baby, hold on wait (That's a Glock)  
Don't be shy with that pussy, hold on, wait (Yeah, mine)  
90 vibes at the crib, pick a race (Yes)  
I would've said at least a hundred to play it safe (Robbin' the safe)  
When it comes to loud, I'ma roll with Grade A (Grade A)  
I don't go outta town unless I'm fillin' up the safe  
I done crocodile my Pradas, just to hold my racks  
And all the love I got for Atlanta, I got the same for Chiraq  
You can't help who you love, nigga  
That's why God made thug niggas You can't help who you love, nigga  
I'm poppin' my shit every mornin'  
Then I go to paradise  
Can't help who you love, nigga  
That's why God made thug niggas

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>