

# In Her Mouth

## Future

### Super Future

Hey, you know how I wreck her I'm tryna fuck the DA lady in her mouth though  
Hit some R&B shit on the jet though  
I got stacks on me, got stacks on me like Alpo  
As a young ass nigga I was dead broke  
Fuck that fake shit nigga, fuck that fraudulent pretending  
Got young Doolie on the body and I really do miss her  
Let's flip that clip and spray that bitch for big daddy  
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Punching on the gas, I done rented me a bag though  
Two hundred on a the tab, baby this is not a Jaguar  
You don't have to ask, keep that hammer on me, MC  
You show these niggas love and they gonna show you a barrel  
It's Taliban gang, we in a whole 'nother era  
Our money ain't the same, I'm in a whole 'nother bracket  
It's five thousand or better, what I spend on a jacket  
Finesse a nigga momma in the hood when I'm trappin'  
Praying about this karma when a gun on my Franklins  
These niggas don't want drama, they some federal agents  
Run inside your house for them coke leaves  
They gon' shoot you in the head if you the police  
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They got my dawg, violate a hundred bodies  
I'm 'bout to cash out on a new Bugatti  
I'm 'bout to pay the police off, John Gotti  
They mixin' Actavis in with the molly  
Pull a half a million dollar car up in the projects  
You niggas wanna go to war, it's like in ISIS  
That bitch gon' fuck your homeboy 'cause she triflin'  
They got my lil' one down the road on the hummy  
He got Freebandz tatted 'cross his stomach  
I'm 'bout to smash the prosecutor and the attorney  
And I've been hustlin' long time, on a journey  
I wake up, go and blow a dime off in Barneys I'm tryna fuck the DA lady in her mouth though  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>