

Group Home

Future & Young Thug

[Intro: Young Thug]

I cheated on my fears, yeah

I broke up with my doubts, yeah

Got engaged with my faith, yeah

And now I'm marryin' my dreams, yeah[Chorus: Future]

I don't want it, don't want it if it ain't mint

I smell codeine when I piss

I'm on it, I'm on it, I can't forget

You can't cry over scars, this permanent

I put a Patek in traffic like Pablo Escobar

I adapted, immaculate, I'm goin' extravagant

Hey, say my new tone, Earth tone, I can't do wrong

We change the weather, stick together like we from the group home

[Verse 1: Future]

Off the digital, no small talk, all decimals

Cain and Abel, both brains, one man, too impeccable

I talked to Jesus Christ on my worst day

He made me a millionaire, I'm talkin' to him everyday

All my littles wonder if they can go out in Escalade

I share all my bitches with you besides my main bitch

I left my past behind with new millennium

I left my heart in the streets, I'm imperial

Had to find time to manage my residuals

I deserve royalty, livin' in a castle

I'm hustlin', tryna make rent, you call the popo on me

I pistol whip a J for three dollars, you better not owe me

Yeah, I robbed a nigga in broad daylight the first day I had Jacoby

Yeah, he don't know I finessed him

'Cause the homies, they was 'bout to murder him

Went out the backdoor, took the blame

'Cause I knew T-Money was gon' blow out his brains

I'm back from the grave, I'm damn near insane

I sold so much crack, I got yayo still in my veins

[Chorus: Future]

I don't want it, don't want it if it ain't meant

I smell codeine when I piss

I'm on it, I'm on it, I can't forget

You can't cry over scars, this permanent

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'Bout to WCW my bitch friend, I'm too wrong
Got a black 45 FN, I don't do chrome
Fuck these niggas, I'm kickin' 'em out the loop, woah
I just got a Plain Jane Patek and it's two-toned (Two, two!)
I dress up like it's elastic (Yeah!)
12 cartridge for these bastards (Yeah!)
Swiggy swaggy, I'ma devil (Yeah!)
I got the shits in Cali (Cali!)
I got the kids a Denali (Swerve!)
I bulletproof all the windows (On God!)
I'm bulletproofin' the mattresses (Blat!)
Blue diamonds like an Avatar (Yeah!)
Cut you off and dodge you like a fuckin' Charger (Charger!)
I showed I liked her but I still didn't get her
I got back problems from gamblin' from the night to mornin' (Night to mornin', yeah!)
You can fuck every one of my hoes except my main (main bitch)
It's too hard to dedicate to you, I'm so scared of shame
I don't care to find out you was creepin' 'cause I'm doin' the same thing
My bitches temporary like stitches
You and your mama, your brother, your cousin ain't nothin' but bitches
Yeah[Chorus: Future]
I don't want it, don't want it if it ain't meant
I spill codeine when I piss
I'm on it, I'm on it, I can't forget
You can't cry over scars this permanent
I put a Patek in traffic like Pablo Escobar
I adapted, immaculate, I'm goin' extravagant
Hey, say my new tone Earth tone, I can't do wrong
We change the weather, stick together like we from the group home

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

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