

Future, Cuddle My Wrist

Zaytoven

Cuddle my wrist, cu-cu-cuddle my wrist
Cuddle my bitch, cu-cu-cuddle my bit'
Cuddle my wrist, cuddle my wrist
Cuddle my, cu-
Cuddle my, cuddle

Cuddle my wrist, cuddle my bitch, cuddle my wrist
Cuddle my bitch, cuddle my wrist, cuddle my wrist

I got that monkey on my back
I walk around with 500 racks
I keep the city on my shoulders
Carry it 'round like a bag of stacks
I put a kit on a Bentayga
Dr. Miami, the ass fat
Nigga wanna play with the Murda Squad
Fuck around, I had to call up Scratch

Goyard as soon as the bag got packed
Zone 6, sure, I ain't showing no slack
Never been a quitter, I'ma turn it to the max
Lean in my liver, I've been taking good batch
Real dope dealers don't hang around rats
Four by four, sitting taller than a 'Lac
Margiela on my toes, sittin' way in the back
Canary yellow gold, Rollie and a Mac
Glock four-oh, plastic gat
VV coated, sitting on my chest
Pussy ass niggas don't call no threat
I'm a big dog, you ain't nothin' but a pet
Weak ass nigga boutta run outta check
Tryna keep up, better step up your neck
Had to eat it up when I caught the baguettes
Snackin' on me, it ain't nothin' to address

Cuddle my wrist, cuddle my bitch, cuddle my wrist
Cuddle my bitch, cuddle my wrist, cuddle my wrist

Fifty-five mil' on my carats
I never had to go in the vault
Fishscale when you speak my status
Future already done picked up the phone
We on a regular line, nigga
I can't talk to you nothin' 'bout the raw
I heard you seen a nigga get flatline
You better not tell them none what you saw
Soon as I drop, I got flexed up
Fuck all that drama, got heat tucked
Ice out the hittas, my cuts up
Yellow gold Presi, it bust up
Young nigga already pushed the Ferrari
I came in with the head off
Jumbo Patek gon' crush your career
All these wheels, got dust on the wheel
So many foreigners, a car dealership
Poured up my cup when I hopped on the Lear
Drippin' severe, the God is here
Dic's in here, I got chartered here

I got that monkey on my back
I walk around with 500 racks
I keep the city on my shoulders
Carry it 'round like a bag of stacks

I put a kid on a Bentayga
Dr. Miami, the ass fat
Nigga wanna play with the murda squad
Fuck around, I had to call up Scratch

Cuddle my wrist, cuddle my bitch, cuddle my wrist
Cuddle my bitch, cuddle my wrist, cuddle my wrist