## 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, cuCuddle 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

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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 foreigns, 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

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