

Future, My Savages

I be on the phone with Doe Boy, I be telling him
He inspired me to go harder
You know what I'm saying? Real talk
Will-Will-Will-William

My savages, my savages, my savages
I'm always dressing fresher than a mannequin
I grew up in a ruthless ass environment
I'm on the phone with Yo, I ask him how the trial went
Thirty-five racks is how my day was spent
I gotta cock it back, that's how my day would get
You got me thinking all these bitches artificial
The way you acting, you must don't respect a real nigga
Roll some herb up, pour some syrup up
They tried to infiltrate us and then betrayed us
I told you way before what happened, they was hating on us
You know when we was jugging for it they was mad at us
Ayy, this a letter for my dawgs, how we let the money get between us?
How we let these bitches get between us?
How we let these niggas get between us?
I got love for all my savages with itchy fingers
I got love but it ain't like the love I got for India
She held me down when I was broke, I got her to infinity
My lil' dawg caught a murder, gone for infinity
Dumping ashes on your obituary, I know you feeling me
R.I.P. my granddad Quick, he should have seen this shit
Twenty thousand on some child support, I seen this shit
Riding around with all them choppers, I done seen this shit
These rappers mad at me, but these niggas ain't doing shit
And I just bought a pound of kush so I can smoke that shit
I went and spent a half a ticket at the dealership
The fame is doing a lot of damage to my friendships
If Esco didn't love me, would've been done jumped ship
And it's the love from my fans got me still here

Monster, ah
Say I'm Illuminati
They tryna make me catch a body

I don't know when I'ma flip, nigga
Get me some codeine and sip, nigga
Big Bank saying wipe a nigga's nose
My girl changed the lock on the doors
Said fuck that shit, poured up a four
Ain't falling in love with no ho
That what you want for me?
That what you really expect?
You thinking I'm sitting up depressed?
I'm somewhere countin' up me a check
I hate I had to fuck with any of you niggas, that's my only regret
Drag the mink on the floor
Put Cuban links on my ho
Ten whips in a row, who would think we were poor?
Who would think we was poor?
There's money laying on the floor
Got some hoes laying on some hoes
Got lil' shawty with me, she a pro
Know she'll never meet another nigga, not another nigga like me
Even if he got a billion dollars, he can't make her cum like me
Who compliment you like me? It better be about an image
Tell me all of this a gimmick, they thought the whips got rented
Because the Spur wasn't tinted, I told 'em ain't got nothing to hide
Told 'em I'm through with the pies
Told 'em fuck all of my wrongs, I don't even write

My savages, my savages, my savages
We gon' leave a nigga stiffer than a mannequin

Free all my niggas incarcerated, you heard me?
Loyal for life, you heard?
Freeband Gang
We global now