## I Serve the Base

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You would f\*\*k a bitch niggas for the fame, won't you? You would give that pussy up to a lame, won't you? Like a old school, I re-did the frame on you I got my old shooters with me and they land on you Word to them niggas at the six A whole lotta lean, my nutrition They should've told ya I had the drank on me They should've told ya I brought the bank with me They should've told ya I keep that molly on me They should've told ya I got that stick with me You the one who duckin' from a drive by My niggas unemployed sellin' bye-bye I serve the base, I serve the base I serve the base, I serve the base I keep a shooter with me like Malone I f\*\*k around and did it on my own Come and  $f^{**k}$  with me baby, I'm a franchise Molly and them xans got me aggravated The hundreds and 'em fifties, get 'em separated Put them hundreds and them hundreds, yeah we segregated They tryna take the soul out me, they tryna take my confidence and they know I'm cocky Fuck another interview, I'm done with it I don't give a f\*\*k about a ho, I let a young hit it I play the games of the thrones with you I can't change, I was God-given Tryna make a pop star and they made a monster I'm posted with my niggas on the champagne niggas A product of them roach in 'em ash tries I inhale the love on a bad day Rap tides the sides of purple activis They should've told you I was on the pill They should've told you I was on the lick I serve cocaine and some Reebok I'm full of soo much chronic, need a detox I serve the base, I serve the base I serve the base, I serve the base They should've told you I'm was just a trap nigga I'm in the white house shootin' crack niggas I gave up on my conscience gotta live with it This remind me when I had nightmares These bitch wanna be here, they be right here They should've told you I'm was just a trap nigga They should've told you I was gonna lap niggas They should've told you I was overseas Say your last words, can't breathe Finally did a minute, now I'm cloned Because I was ambitious, now I'm on Five in the mornin' on the corner rollin' stones I just work for money, I count it on my own They should've told you I was on the pill They should've told you I was on the lick

## Future

I serve cocaine and some Reebok I full of soo much chronic, need a detox I serve the base, I serve the base I serve the base, I serve the base You the one who duckin' from a drive by My niggas unemployed sellin' bye-bye