

Savages

Royce da 5'9"

I'm barbaric to the fuck tards
I don't compare to the subpar
I'm here to see to it the mourning show
It's your funeral for your mom, plus your pa
I'm on the Russ Parr thus far, to us stars
This is just us rock, use a nigga guts for the guitars (put it on)
They getting bodied by an old nigga
Tell them nigga's their baby mamas tryin' to roll with us
I send it back, 'til you mentally raped
Trying to cut carbs, doing the butt to DeBarge
Fly nigga mayday, tryna touch Mars
Tryna get a payday like a nut bar
Tryna get my own island, fuck cars
I'm without a bus card, living in demise
The record label pimpin' him, cause the raps he be givin' 'em
He can actually deliver them and make a
Motherfuckin' ribbon in the sky
I guess I'm just a specimen with the literacy, special ability
I'm characteristically raised, for everything still paid for
Embarrassed niggas like Kimbo with the steel cage flow
No time to take it in, yet, I'm still thankful
I don't discriminate, I take it in pesos
Tryna to close my curtain, I was in Capers
Now I'm insured by the street, now my stint paid for
Stickin with the papers
Sticking to any shit that I say, bro
This is the Vince Staples
I clearly only target the bosses
Whenever we arrive at your office
I definitely body your authors
I'm Martin Shkreli, everybody audit the auction
About it and cautious, a product of losses
Living modest, dealing with problems
That the cars in his closet is costing
Niggas hearts turn into jelly the second that they have to part with their c
elly
Live life behind real bars
They don't know what it feels like to have a real fight
At night in the dark with your celly
Never take advice from the jealous
Watch your man, even if you got to watch him take an L'ie
You still gotta stand by him like you Omelly
The white girl got you bugging out like Liza Minnelli
My car's on fire, the tires Pirelli
I'm Martin and Eddie
Searching for Taral Hicks
Not to give her a baby, but to put a life in her belly
I'm barbaric with the nine and all
Am I in everybody's top 5? Not at all
You could find a nigga name in the ladies room
On a lot of walls, topic of vagina monologues
I write a lot of bars, that's why I'm poppin' like an adderall
I'm duplicated, more than Audemars
If you could take the beef home with you
You could make a goat out of ours
If you can take the bars and the rhymes home you can make a soap out of ours
These are breaks you had to be casted

Fatality to flattery flaccid
You bleed blood, I leak battery acid
There's no wrath that you can accurately battle me after
I'm that great
After Adam and Eve ate the apple
I evaporated, came back a cadaver
You can't assassinate me
Name: abracadabra
Guns is named Latimer
Got the little kids doing dirty things in the hood for me
I ain't talking about the same as the Vatican
If it ain't immaculate it ain't adequate
I heard your dog switching genders, ain't that a bitch
Banana clip on an automatic, take that and split
This that lyrical, acrobatic, straight savage shit

Straight savage shit
Straight savage shit
Ant Man what's up
Let's go get these niggas

The whole hip hop game need a rap lift
Surgery to the trolls and the catfish
Say my name five times, I'm showing up to your home
To your computer room and your blow up little mattress
In the big black whip
Let your bitch lick my dick sack five times and take her to Saks Fifth
Everything I say is like an 8th in a transit
And just waiting to wrap you in plastic for a rapper to come and take it and
spastically pass away
She fucking with you
She definitely could fake an orgasm
She fucking with me
She definitely could take a giraffe dick
And I'm just hustling like I'm at a cabaret
Straight savage
Anywhere I'm goin' land is the exit
If it ain't lavish
I'm my own man like Stedman
I took my life into my own hands same way I take matters
Listening to Coltrane on average
With a no name bad bitch
Took her to my home, laid it down on the table
In powder same way cocaine gathers
Oops, I mean pounded her
You can either get down with us
Or let the ground come up and get you like Hank Gathers
Niggas think they've seen the things that I've seen
Just cause we on Instagram in the same glasses
Just cause we in the YSL same jacket
Doesn't mean that we're cut from the same fabric
What the fuck, is you high as hell?
You know nothing about the iron in the tire well
All you know about is the obvious shit
Like Kanye riffing or what? He'll probably yell
And I bet you probably one of the old creeps helping Kylie Jenner little body
sell
Mermaids, water, good diver skills
Sandwiches in the Desert with a side of mayo
Transcriptions in the present got a lot of mail
Still getting money off the books like Galileo
I'm in the Panamera listening to Pantera
The bitch with me, sipping on caberna and [?]

I keep a narcotic in the car by the teaspoon
I give her a G-Unit, I hear she a fan of Yayo
I got to roll with a gat in the back
I get pulled over and they ask who I am
Oh, because the accent is black?
I tell them I'mma poet cause it's a dead giveaway
That I'm much more than just a Cat in the Hat
I be laughing at your guys while laughing at you
If you ask who I am nigga, I'm laughing at that
I'm a bullseye for time to laugh and attack
Kiss my ass and after that I put your ass in the crack
Speaking of crack rock, my pocket line with that
You could step on my pocket and break your momma back
Every weapon of pound I got is Floyd Mayweather
Doing a movie definitely ready to counter act
Got your bitch jumping 'round on the boat
Looking like when flounder flap
And it ain't because she found a map
We savages
If your bitch with us and you call her and she tell you that she tied up
She might be literally bound and gagged
I'm sick, I'm sick and permanent
Like the doctor opened me up and found a mask
Close me up, left inside of me an ounce of hash
I exercise for dumbbells hanging onto the gun rail
While I'm pressing up piles of cash