

Sauvage

Billy Woods

I guess not

Real observant in split-second decisions
Quick to kill a merchant (brr)
Child of God, might stray away at times, though I'm still a servant (Blockworks)
In the hood with the hoodlums where the killers purgin'
Niggas workin' with the Agency, makin' me really nervous
In the hills so far, can't even get no service
Out of range, learned the tricks to the trade and all the inner workings (the ins and outs)
Dug down in my soul and did some soul searchin' (yeah)
All I found was a police report for a missin' person (uh)
Every time I pay the connect, make a bigger purchase
Tryna run this bag up, fuck buying them bitches purses (fuck that ho)
Mirror image of the block, I paint a picture perfect
Our father who art in heaven all a nigga worship (our father)
Movin' at a slow pace, I used to get discouraged
All gas, no brakes, never did reverse it (skrrt skrrt)
Freestylin' on that road, never did rehearse it
On the janky promoter's tour through the Chitlin' Circuit
Where we at?
Game time

Dre shot his uncle for beatin' his mom
Beat the case, started eleventh grade like nothin' was wrong
A few classmates made the news, police pursuits
Reg flew off the dirt bike like a carton of eggs
Came back stutterin' with a limp and a dent in his head
Beautiful dreams he said he had when he was dead, twice on the table
On the bright side, they only gave him house arrest once they seen he disabled (good lawyer!)
Some couldn't wait to kick they kids out
Others had to do it 'fore gangs shot up the house
Annie used to lock her little brother in his room and we'd fuck on the couch
Doggie; she didn't like to kiss on the mouth
Switched schools, the rumors was gettin' loud
Men hate women, make up lies and spread 'em around
I grew up on the line 'tween north and south
I-95, two airports, triangular trade routes
E'rything we say mispronounced, flipped and bounced
Use the wrong word on the phone? SIM cards are switchin' out
Superstitious, cut my face out the pictures
Apartment complex a speed bump for the stick-ups
E'rything smooth but the gun just hiccuped
Central American ubermensches in the bed of a pickup
Building prefab duplexes, human traffic like Department of Corrections
Godless savages, fishbone necklaces

No collar on my neck, no secret (Sauvage)
Kamikaze jets, no leashes (Orage)
Domino effect, no sequence (Dommage)
Holla at me man, no meekness
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It gets in your blood, doesn't it?
What does?
Kingship
I haven't noticed it when I bleed