# Savage

**Blxst**

Ayy, I'm that nigga
Pull up, you can be my bag splitter (Run a check up)
Know the streets say I'm a bad nigga (I'm a savage)
'Cause I'm a savage, not if I sag with you, ayy (Yeah)
Crack that code, maybe I can pass with you (Crack that code)
Get on your toes, probably blow a bag with you, yeah (On your toes)
We got the streets on lock
Forever from the bottom but we still on top

You my top pick (Pick)
Duckin' off on the regular like we not lit (We not lit)
Bimmer, Bentley, Mercedes, we on some hot shit (Some hot shit)
Let's go half on a baby, then split the profit (Choppin' it double)
Yeah, these bitches be on me but they is not it
Won't let them hoes in my circle, this ain't a moshpit (Not at all)
You don't fuck with no Urkel, gotta be boss shit, yeah
Don't only talk shit, I walk it, yeah
That's what I'm 'bout
'Cause they counted me out, but I didn't fold (I never folded)
Back on the wall, stood on ten toes (Ten toes)
Play if you want and get exposed (Yeah)
Not many niggas took this road
I kept it solid but niggas switched codes (Niggas changing on me)
Who knew the streets would get this cold? (Cold, nigga)
Careful who you callin' your big bro (Don't lil' bro me)
That ain't never what it was meant for, yeah

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I'm that nigga
Money, alcohol, and bad bitches
Hop in that Rolls and I do the dash in it
Are you a freak? Is you gon' let me smash in it?
Crack that code, let a nigga pass in it (Pass in it)
Wiggle like a Nike bag in it, uh
Stay the night, I wan' keep stabbin' it
'Cause every day they tryna whack niggas, nah, for real
Counted me out, but I didn't fold (I never folded)
I got it on me, we could go to war
I stay solid, I stand on ten toes (Toes)
Rent that 'Rari and leave it fishbowl, ayy
Thought it was over but I kept it rollin'
It's whatever when I got hundreds on me
Always one hundred when they fronted on me
But now I got that budget on me, shawty, bust it on me

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'Cause I'm a savage, not if I sag with you, ayy (Yeah)

Crack that code, maybe I can pass with you (Crack that code)
Get on your toes, probably blow a bag with you, yeah (On your toes)
We got the streets on lock
Forever from the bottom but we still on top, better know

Young nigga
Young nigga
Oh, young nigga
Don't be ridin' 'round with rubber bands with you
One of ours gon' hit the ground with you


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