

Don't U Change

D Savage

D, mother, fuckin' Savage nigga
Where the fuck, I'm-I'm your biggest mother fuckin' fan
Nigga on my motherfuckin' momma
I ain't talkin' out my ass nigga, shit
Life goes on and the sun gon' shine (Unh-huh)
Feels like I'm failin', failin', failin'
Please, I need help, help, help
Talkin' to myself, self, self
Life goes on and the sun gon' shine (Unh-huh)
Feels like I'm failin', failin', failin'
Please, I need help, help, help
Talkin' to myself, self, self
Ahhh
(Oh My God)

Aye, look at my chain, bitch look at the watch
She wanna leave with me
I'm feelin' like Roddy, I beat up her box
Sippin' on RXC
I'm fresh out of jail, but I need a Glock
Reppin' that 3-3-3
I'm killin' em dead, don't know what they got
Bitch I'm a Goddamn beast
If froze up his poles, I'm thrombin' through rolls
Make bread in my Goddamn sleep
We hit up the the road, I'm fuckin' these hoes
She hate every time I leave
I bought her Chanel, she hold on my Glock
Make sure the cops don't speak
And if I go down, just please hold me down
Don't you change on me

I been working so I gotta shine
Put in work ima put in the grind
Dog you know I got cash on my mind
I go deep fell in love in the spine
I pull up to yo hood and jump out a bush
And show you this 40 of mine
Aye I got dope in my veins
I'm sippin on mud
I'm trying to kill something I'm high
D Savage
Don't U Change
Put that dumb ass nigga in the sky
I get it poppin like 4th of July
She wanna suck on my dick while I drive
Said you love me bitch why did you lie
Count hundreds and fifties
I promise its litty lil nigga I'm runnin the city
I'm riding big B that's the Bentley
I'm shooting you know that its with me

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I be blowin on gas like a chimney
I got bitch niggas talking bout killin me
I be ridin with sticks are you kiddin me
I'm just hoping they matching my energy
I'm smoking exotic my bitch is erotic
I'm flexing got bands in my pocket
Why you lyin you just need to stop it
I snuck in this bitch with my rocket
I got what you need I'm plugged to the socket
She all on her knees she giving me noggin
Ain't getting no cheese ain't makin no profit
I speak to them all like a prophet
I jump in these streets and don't do no talkin
I'm throwin up B's on the block with my potnas
We just politican and counting up dollars
I can't hit if that pussy got mileage

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Please, I need help, help, help (Woo)
Talkin' to myself, self, self (Woo)