

# 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