Future, Photo Copied

Yeah, you lucky

Yeah, I'm on savage time nigga
I'm on savage time
I'm on ratchet time
I'm gon' smash her she so outta pocket
I'm gon' smash her but she photocopied

Once I adapted I got more options
I told her ignore that bitch she told me "yes daddy"
Man she, tryna get at me
Hoe you telling they business so tacky
We don't cuddle with none of you bitches
We don't wanna hustle with none of you niggas
Uh, I'm cool on them, don't even dap them niggas
Uh, I was in the trap they tried to trap a nigga
I pull up in that new Maybach and they wave
These niggas won't show no deuces they got hoe-waves
I walk inside the club and they wave
I put headshots and more hits out on my enemies

I got love for all my niggas who got love for me
I got bloods, crips, and GDs in my family tree
And everywhere I go them vice lords with me
You don't want no static we just got these things established
Bobble head bitches, they just smash automatic
Your baby-momma outta pocket knowing I'm a savage
I told you I don't give you the dope
I told you I don't give you that dope
You niggas don't exist we eat filet mignon
Go brazy with your bitch she try to stay the night
The first thing in the AM send her on a flight

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I passed her off like "oh bitch I'm him"
I'm seeing the way she actin' on a gram
You misrepresenting who I am
Oh, hold up
That photoshop making me nervous
I told you what's making me nervous
I know you ain't saving that pussy
You know somebody play in that pussy
And it's o, it's okay though

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