

I Serve the Base

Future

I serve the base, I serve the base
I serve the base, I serve the base
I serve the base, I serve the base
I serve the base, I serve the base You would fuck a rich niggas for the fame, won't you?
You would give that pussy up to a lame, won't you?
Like a old school, I re-did the frame on you
I got my old shooters with me and they land on you
Word to them niggas at the six
A whole lotta lean, my nutrition
They should've told ya I had the drank on me
They should've told ya I brought the bank with me
They should've told ya I keep that molly on me
They should've told ya I got that stick with me
You the one who duckin' from a drive by
My niggas unemployed sellin' pot pies
I serve the base, I serve the base
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I keep a shooter with me like Malone
I fucked around and did it on my own
Come and fuck with me baby, I'm a franchise
Molly and them xans got me aggravated
The hundreds and 'em fifties, get 'em separated
Put them hundreds and them hundreds, yeah we segregated
They tryna take the soul out me
They tryna take my confidence and they know I'm cocky
Fuck another interview, I'm done with it
I don't give a fuck about a ho, I let a young hit it
I play the games of the thrones with you
I can't change, I was God-given
Tryna make a pop star and they made a monster
I'm posted with my niggas, let the champagne flow
A nigga was depressed now my mind back healthy
A product of them roach in 'em ashtrays
I inhale the love on a bad day
Baptized inside purple Actavis
They should've told you I was on the pill
They should've told you I was on the Lear
I serve cocaine in some Reeboks
I'm full of so much chronic, need a detox
I serve the base, I serve the base
I serve the base, I serve the base They should've told you I'm was just a trap nigga
I'm in the white house shootin' crack niggas

I gave up on my conscience gotta live with it
This remind me when I had nightmares
These bitches wanna be here, they'll be right here
They should've told you I'm was just a trap nigga
They should've told you I was gon' lap niggas
They should've told you I was overseas
Say your last words, can't breathe
They sent the ghetto bird out to peep me
They finally did admit it, I was cloned
Because I was ambitious, now I'm on
Five in the mornin' on the corner rollin' stones
I just work for money, I count it on my own, fuck
They should've told you I was on the pill
They should've told you I was on the Lear
I serve cocaine and some Reebok
I full of soo much chronic, need a detox
I serve the base, I serve the base
I serve the base, I serve the base You the one who duckin' from a drive by
My niggas unemployed sellin' Popeyes

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