

# Different (feat. Yung Bans)

## Future & Juice WRLD

Talkin' it and doin' it a different story (Talkin')  
Just to...  
Yeah, yeah  
Wheezy outta here  
Ahh-aha  
We live this shit for real (For real, forr eal) I blow money on my bitch  
They killed a kid, that bitch my city  
They bad as saditty  
I'd fuck it, I admit it  
Can't wait to hit it  
Money, I'm gon' get it, I'm so terrific  
That's the way I'm livin'  
That's the way I'm buildin'  
Always be gettin' it, panic decision  
Flooded my wrist, you ain't gon' get missed  
Hit it with extended, that pussy gettin' it  
When I pop that Perc, I can fuck that bitch, make her go (Ahh)  
Yeah, yeah, in the sheets  
Call the hotel lobby, tell 'em we need clean sheets  
Knock that pussy out, I kill it, tell it, "Rest in peace"  
And if it smell like water, fuck it, I'll kiss it to sleep  
I'm the realest, feel like 2Pac, call me Makaveli  
It really ain't shit a broke nigga can tell me  
I'm walkin' around with the chopper, it heavy  
Popped that lil' boy, sound like confetti  
Shot that lil' boy, now you in Heaven  
I only like girls, told my mama don't worry  
She hate on my car cause she said it look girly  
Ain't fuckin' these bitches, I know y'all ain't worthy  
Don't play the position, you gon' lose your jersey  
She's a good girl, now she turned bad  
Want a rich nigga? Gotta earn him  
Yeah, want a rich nigga? Gotta earn  
And I'm skraighter than a damn perm  
Bought a million, now done wait your turn  
Yeah... Yeah, talkin' it and doin' it a different story  
I be doin' it, not talkin' it, that's mandatory  
Countin' up blue faces watchin' a lil' Rick and Morty  
Yeah, just chillin, I'm still the richest nigga in the buildin'  
New car got stars in the ceilin'  
AMIRI my jeans, rip in the denim  
New gun, his head rip when it hit 'em

Fuck her, then leave, I'm not sentimental  
Pussy good, I'ma go in raw when I hit it  
Told me she would give it all for a nigga  
Gon' head, suck it through the draws for a nigga  
And take my body case if I get it  
Wockhardt with the Actavis, I'm sippin'  
I still got Molly in my system  
I still got Xannys on my mental  
It's been a couple years since I quit 'em  
I don't wanna relapse but I may relapse, that feelin' I miss it  
I mean, Percs are cool, but I think I'm gettin sick of em  
When I pop that Perc, I can fuck that bitch, make her go (Ahh)  
Yeah, yeah, in the sheets  
Call the hotel lobby, tell 'em we need clean sheets  
Knock that pussy out, I kill it, tell it, "Rest in peace"  
And if it smell like water, fuck it, I'll kiss it to sleep

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