

Healthy (feat. Jazz Cartier)

Larry June

Goddamn

Good job first Get your money up and then you go to war (err, err, err)

Tell it like Sons of Anarchy, biker boy (damn, damn, damn)

Wrist on ten, did it again (yeehee, yeehee)

I might never ever smoke a swish again

Bust-bust-bust-bustdown Rollie, spent

Ask my jeweler (racks nigga)

Orange face on it got a nigga dancing stupid

I wonder how it feel to make a million off of music (god)

The most underrated (ayy bitch, hand me that Uzi)

Six bags for the Chanel bag, she be swaggin'

Balenciaga croptop, goin' crazy

Drop-top, two bops, a Mercedes

Bitch stop, don't play, gotta pay me (yeehee, yeah baby)

Going through the pain, barely see the gain

Hit it when I can, fuck the rap game

Healthy nigga

Fast cars, weed smoke

Bad bitches, yeah I got 'em by the flock

She want a healthy nigga

She want a healthy nigga

Trap, trap nigga

Fast cars, weed smoke

Bad bitches, yeah I got 'em by the flock

She want a healthy nigga

She want a healthy nigga

Ayy ayy ayy

Ay, always on the job, Bentley or the Mas'

First I take my girl to yoga then I take her to the spa

Bitch I'm from Toronto, ain't nobody switchin' sides

Gordon Ramsay in the kitchen when I'm whippin' up a pie

I got two types of hoes, fried chickens and the salads

A stripper and a regular, I gotta keep the balance

I'm posted up in Bali's with a chick I met from Dallas

She said: Cuzzi how come you nothing like all these other rappers?

First off baby I exfoliate

If your Rollie fake, I do not associate

Told my agent up the price, don't negotiate

No no no no, I'm no masseuse baby, but I do do facials (Jacuzzi) Healthy nigga

Fast cars, weed smoke

Bad bitches, yeah I got 'em by the flock

She want a healthy nigga

She want a healthy nigga
Trap nigga
Fast cars, weed smoke
Bad bitches, yeah I got 'em by the flock
She want a healthy nigga
She want a healthy nigga
Ayy ayy ayy ayy I just bought another Rollie 'cause I wanted one (goddamn)
They try to rob me (shit), I keep the forty (yes Lord)
Lemon squeeze, Glock tucked in my bitch bag
That's a Birkin (ayy), my pockets swollen
I got-I got model hoes (shit), I got normals (goddamn)
Hit it from the back, make a porno (yes Lord)
I'm that nigga (real me), I'm that guy (yeehee)
I missed your cup, I was high (sorry sweetie)
I got neck at Benihanas (ayy ayy ayy)
She said she wanna suck it (yeehee), she was honest (good job)
I sent that bitch to Trader Joes for some saké (saké)
She chose up, yeah I got her (yes Lord, sock it to me)
Ayy ayy ayy Healthy nigga
Fast cars, weed smoke
Bad bitches, yeah I got 'em by the flock
She want a healthy nigga
She want a healthy nigga
Trap nigga
Fast cars, weed smoke
Bad bitches, yeah I got 'em by the flock
She want a healthy nigga
She want a healthy nigga
Ayy ayy ayy ayy

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