

Big

Juice WRLD

Hmm, uh-huh

(Hit-Boy)

BitchMan, this life shit gettin' crazy, crazy

I done, I done made it

I done made it, made it, yeah

I'm sick and tired of these hatin'

Ass niggas, though

Let my dick breathe for a couple

Seconds, man, shitFuck nigga

Uh, yeah

I'm on a Percocet, yeah, I just had to relapse

Even at my worst, I'm feeling like I am the best

I done Metta Word Peace to

Myself like I'm Ron Artest

I never been a referee but I still got a Tec, Kel-Tec

Shoot you in your stomach

Make this shit hard to digest

Rockstar, listening Jimi Hendrix in the projects, yeah

I'ma turn a nigga block to an art project

Picasso, I paint that, where the fuck is the bank at?

Army sergeant, no rank, yeah, okay

If you ain't payin' a hundred thousand

Get them features out my face

50K to install a codeine fountain in my new estate

I got that pump, it's ironic how that

Pump made him pump his breaks

I ain't Lil Pump but I got double

Glocks on me like Gucci Gang

We ball like Wilt Chamberlain

Like the name of them old Gucci tapes

Yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout Gucci Mane

That lil' bitch like,

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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