

# How to Build a Relationship (feat. JPEGMAFIA)

## Flume

Jungle juice music  
Uh, new whips, new whips, uh  
New whip with the top, woah Hold up, not even New whip with the top dropped (Uh)  
Suplex a nigga like ascension, the cop dropped (Uh)  
I ain't got no million dollar deals  
I still make hits  
These niggas got million dollar deals and just take shit  
I'm not with it, scope wide  
I got good vision  
I'm seein' through these fake niggas like Bran  
You niggas too timid  
A little loose-lippin', I'm in the booth sipping  
Cyanide to the head, bitch, I be big sinning  
Fuck is you talking about? I'm into giving coffins out  
I caught him at the coffee house and made him walk it out  
I'm not cool, I'm not nice, I'm not you (Nah)  
There's no friends, no feels, this kid's stupid (No)  
Fresh smile, gold tooth  
Heat to your skull, catch me in a cold mood  
Not cool, I'm not nice, I'm not you  
There's no friends, no feels, this kid's stupid  
Fresh smile, gold tooth, huh  
Heat to your skull, catch me in a cold mood I could never show you niggas all this dirt I'm doing  
Sticks to your face like "Hacksaw" Jim Duggan  
First nigga put you on the ropes, had you looking like a ghost  
'Cause you in my heart but you not moving, nigga  
Look, fuck is you, uh  
Fuck is you vlogging 'bout?  
These niggas actin' stalker now  
I follow you, you follow me, we riding in circles now  
Look, it's a crime mob family  
Guns at the Gawker house  
These arms extended  
I'm not giving daps out  
Pounds, pounds, pounds  
Empty out the safe, put the money on the ground  
Bitch, I love it  
Heartthrob Peggy, I'm above it  
I ain't got no fuckin' tickets, I ain't got no fuckin' money  
I ain't got no fuckin' digits

Can't call me at no office, can't call me at no crib  
You can call me but Peggy-taker  
'Cause I can't let these niggas-  
Aw, fuck!Yeah, nigga (Uh)  
You know how the fuck we coming with it (Uh)  
You are now tuned into the motherfuckin' infamous  
JPEG-motherfuckin'-MAFIA  
A.K.A. Buttermilk Jesus  
A.K.A. DJ Half-Court Violation  
A.K.A. Lil World Cup  
And my nigga Flume, we in the streets, nigga, ahh  
Uh (Catch me in a cold mood)  
Don't, don't, don't call me unless I gave you my number  
(Hahahahaha)  
That's, that's, that's how relationships built  
(Hahahahaha)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>