

# Blastoff

## Internet Money, Juice WRLD & Trippie Redd

Internet Money, bitch  
Hahahaha, Nick, you're stupidBaby, come and have a blast with me  
Do everything I say like your majesty  
Fuck with the gang and it be a tragedy  
Fuck with my shooters, they in the back with meFuck with me baby, come get this bag with me  
Been alone for a minute, that shit been dragging me  
Craving your love, it's heart-attacking me  
Tryna get in that pussy, baby, that Mac and CheeseI cannot show these bitches no sympathy  
Who're these niggas? They simps and they hella bitch to me  
I was just fortunate, got the remedy  
Fuck that bitch and then dip, I got them chips to receive, yeah  
Baby, come and have a blast with me  
Do everything I say like your majesty  
Fuck with the gang and it be a tragedy  
Fuck with my shooters, they in the back with me (Uh)You picked that knife up and you stabbin'  
me (Uh)  
Wish it was a paper cut, but it's a gash, I bleed out  
In a way, you keep harassin' me  
It's a shame this the way that it has to be, oh  
Uh, yeah, time is of the essence  
You know damn well you bring hell, I should call a reverend  
Devil horns on a angel, still haven't learned my lesson, uh  
We're a mess and our life's a wreck (Hey)  
Toxic, toxic, toxic  
The most beautiful things grow old and start rottin'  
I should've turned away when I found out you were demonic  
Let's be honest, you're the devil's daughter  
Say hey to your father, uh, he owe me twenty dollars  
We gon' run through hell with like twenty-hundred choppers  
We gon' give 'em hell and I put that on my mama  
Me and Trippie Redd boolin' back in the Bahamas  
Baby, come and have a blast with me  
Do everything I say like your majesty  
Fuck with the gang and it be a tragedy  
Fuck with my shooters, they in the back with meFuck with me baby, come get this bag with me  
Been alone for a minute, that shit been dragging me  
Craving your love, it's heart-attacking me  
Tryna get in that pussy, baby, that Mac and CheeseGang, gang, gang  
Probably fuckin' your mama  
Three K on my wrist like André  
Servin' like entrée

Ha, huh, you dig? You dig? You dig?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>