

# Ain't Livin Right (feat. Gunna)

## Future & Juice WRLD

I need therapy for the retail today I spent thousands, ayy  
I'm gonna get my head clouded on  
whatever memory I'm feelin' today (Ayy)  
(I'm not goin' anywhere Nico) Put away every problem (Tryna put away my problem)  
I don't sell drugs, I cop 'em (I got drugs, gotta cop 'em)  
I be livin' life all wrong (I be livin' life wrong)  
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Yeah)  
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Yeah)  
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Yeah)  
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Yeah)  
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Oh)  
I ain't livin' right (Nah)  
We from different sides (Sides)  
I done sacrificed, and it made me a mastermind (mastermind)  
I done switched lanes, Bentley coupe got frog eyes  
We got rich, hey, and I still got mob ties (Mob ties)  
Never sober, I always be high (High)  
I be most likely bangin' a nine (Bangin' a nine)  
Ain't no question, my niggas gon' ride (Gon' ride)  
You a bitch, you throw rocks and go hide (Go hide)  
I just mixed the Ciroc and some red  
Couldn't pick one, it was hard to decide (Hard to decide)  
Hit my niece, then I talk to the don (Talk to the don)  
Got a new Bentley, seat can massage (Massage)  
In the P.H., just me and my niggas we alright (Alright)  
On the P.J., sippin' codeine on long flights (Long flights)  
Damn, I forgot her name, only fucked her for one night  
To give my Rollies rage, know young Gunna ain't living right  
And they put away my problems  
I don't sell drugs, I cop em'  
I be living life all wrong  
I ain't livin' right (uh)  
I ain't livin' right (yeah)  
I ain't livin' right (uh)  
I ain't livin' right (yeah)  
I ain't livin' right (uh)  
I ain't livin' right (yeah)  
I ain't livin' right (uh)  
I ain't livin' right (yah, ohh)  
Forgiatos spinnin'  
They look like my diamonds  
Bitch my Glock got a twin

Man that's two times  
I'm on two perc's again  
Something don't feel right  
But this shit real right, slatt  
This shit real right? uh This that pure white crack  
Yo might need that  
Lord knows she needed then nickle blows to function  
This that new Maybach, I'ma speed in it  
Roll some tree in it  
Fuck a freak in it  
I'm a do me in it  
Timid, all these niggas timid, uh  
All these niggas pussy  
Codeine in my sippy cup  
I chug it, don't sip a lot  
Your bitch on my dick a lot  
I guess that's not your bitch, uh  
Funny, laughing to the bank, and it's, funny  
Perky in my brain I'm a junkie I'm, not a, dummy  
Lotta cash, I'm a dummy  
I'm a, spaz  
Chopper leave your ass in the quick past  
Everyday I dash to the quick cash  
I get that  
Gun on my hip, I can't risk that  
Desert eagle, I shoot, knock my wrist back  
And they put away my problems  
I don't sell drugs, I cop em'  
I be living life all wrong  
I ain't livin' right (uh)  
I ain't livin' right (yeah)  
I ain't livin' right (uh)  
I ain't livin' right (yeah)  
I ain't livin' right (uh)  
I ain't livin' right (yeah)  
I ain't livin' right (uh)  
I ain't livin' right (yah, ohh) Tryna put away my problems  
I got drugs, can I cop em?  
I've been livin' life wrong (yeah)  
I've ain't livin' right at all

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