

Blood On My Jeans

Juice WRLD

And I try to stop, oh
Baby
(808 Mafia)
Baby, baby, baby (Baby, baby)
(That's my baby)
(Gezin)
HaBaby, I've been on the run
But I would never run from your love
If you feel on my dick, there's a gun
Not right there, just a little above
I value my relationship, it's forever
But I've been cheatin' on the drugs (Yeah)
Pour a cup of codeine in the new plug (Yeah)
And them hot rod pockets I need two of 'em (Ay)
Lean
Put Biscotti in my lungs
I'm smokin' green
Chopper on me, I don't talk, I just up the beam
Let my gun bust a nut then leave (Yeah)
I ain't leave a clue on the scene
Close range so I got blood on my jeans
Saints Row cup, ain't no red in my lean
Bank rolled up, I been swimmin' in green
Still the blue face king
Benjamin Franklin come dirty and clean
I know my haters hate to see me succeed
If they get the chance they'll end up murderin' me
This shit got me laughin', ha-ha
KelTec get to rappin', gra gra
Fuck nigga, I'm yo' father
Don't matter if you older
They say age is just a number
If that's the case I'm way older
Then who? (These niggas)
And these bitches that think that they get it
For a backstage pass she can suck a dick, bitch
I got a bitch better, get you a ticket
Walk through the night with my gun like a creep
But my shirt Maison Mar, and my shoes double C
I don't know what it's gonna take you to believe
That I ain't goin' nowhere, I ain't gon' leave you (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
I ain't goin' nowhere, I ain't gon' leave you

You stuck with me, apologies for my fuckery
Baby, I've been on the run
But I would never run from your love
If you feel on my dick, there's a gun
Not right there, just a little above
I value my relationship, it's forever
But I've been cheatin' on the drugs (Yeah)
Pour a cup of codeine in the new plug (Yeah)
And them hot rod pockets I need two of 'em (Yeah)

Lean
Put Biscotti in my lungs
I'm smokin' green
Chopper on me, I don't talk, I just up the beam
Let my gun bust a nut then leave (Yeah)
I ain't leave a clue on the scene
Close range so I got blood on my jeans (Freestyle)
I ain't leave a clue on the scene
Close range so I got blood on my jeans (Ayy)

I shot a nigga in the club, double cup next to me, I got his blood in my lean (Uh)
Choppa on me with a beam, Freddy Krueger show up in yo' dreams (Uh)
Things ain't not what they seem (Uh), shorty wanna ball on the team
Bitch I'm the best, freestyle off the top
Got a bitch in the crib, she been givin' me top
Every day bitch, I'mma count up the guap
Run up on me, just like a zit, nigga get popped
I'm on the block with my niggas, with choppas
I'm getting this money so I had to move

I'm in the 'Burbs for my momma, I bought her a mansion, a house and a dog, it's cool
I don't give a fuck about you, just me (Yeah, ayy)
You know how I be (Ayy, and)
Wait I ain't goin' nowhere, I ain't gon' leave you (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
I ain't goin' nowhere, I ain't gon' leave you

You stuck with me, apologies for my fuckery
Baby, I've been on the run
But I would never run from your love
If you feel on my dick, there's a gun
Not right there, just a little above
I value my relationship, it's forever
But I've been cheatin' on the drugs (Yeah)
Pour a cup of codeine in the new plug (Yeah)
And them hot rod pockets I need two of 'em (Yeah)

Lean
Put Biscotti in my lungs
I'm smokin' green
Chopper on me, I don't talk, I just up the beam
Let my gun bust a nut then leave
I ain't leave a clue on the scene
Close range so I got blood on my jeans

