

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,

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