

New Sofas

Joyner Lucas

Uh, it's hot in this bitch, I need to turn the motherfuckin' AC on
(Joyner, Joyner, Joyner) ADHD 2
Uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh
Brrr, ayy
Joyner
Yeah, ayy
Yeah, woo, uh

I don't know about you, but I got motion
Can't fuck up my vibe, I'm coastin'
This a big yacht, new sofas
To be frank, I don't even do oceans
Split waves like a nigga knew Moses
I need brains like I need new focus
And Cole told me she ain't wanna be saved
She wanna get trained like she need new coaches

I'm chosen, it's a light work
If the jewelry don't shine, hope the lights work
That's a light verse
If your hands can't bang, hope your knife work
Say you got big bling, what's your ice worth?
Ain't no ice on my chain, it's a iceberg
Throw dirt on my name, then it might work (What?)
But if not, you might end up on a white shirt
Niggas trippin' on lean, I ain't takin' no sips
Fuck a vacation, I ain't takin' no trips
When shit was gettin' real, I was makin' those flips
Was me and myself, I ain't came with no clique
Back outside when the water runs dry
All you niggas get fried, I ain't makin' no fish
2025, I'm breakin' your dish
Takin' your bitch (Bop)
We got smoke, you and your gang versus G.I. Joes
Crazy-ass niggas, let the meat-eyes know
Got a Glock named Ricky, live the vida loc'
Ask 'bout the Lord and we got close
Even Jesus ride with me in the Diablo
You hatin'-ass niggas, just some biatch hoes
Ever since I got rich, they say, "He got chosen"

I don't know about you, but I got motion
Can't fuck up my vibe, I'm rollin'
She don't fuck the first night, I'm ghostin'
They ain't talkin' money, adios then
These niggas gon' lie, we know it
These bitches gon' cry me oceans
Put your drinks in the sky, keep toastin'
They ain't talkin' money, adios then
I don't know about you, but I got motion
Can't fuck up my vibe, I'm coastin'
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These bitches gon' cry me oceans
Put your drinks in the sky, keep toastin'
We poppin' no Ibuprofen, oh woah

Hate to see me comin'
Sippin' on the four to feel somethin'
Yeah, I'm back sippin'
Thousand dollar tee on, bitch
Same as the weave on a bitch
Heaven got a stitch
These hoes be hit or miss
I cannot talk, I'm getting kissed, she not my bitch
I done showed up, I'm on sand, at the beach
Told her gon' cry in your Camry, oh
Tied up my bitches, God as my witness
I'm mindin' my business, OJ and Hendricks, oh
And she sippin' the same thing
Matchin' Cartier plain jane
But we still not the same
I'm in a 500 drivin' the same
Oh, woah
Tied up my bitches, God as my witness
I'm mindin' my business, OJ and Hendricks, oh
And she sippin' the same thing
Matchin' Cartier plain jane
But we still not the same
I come through violent and drivin' the same, oh
Oh, woah