

Stranger Things

Joyner Lucas

Bottles and a bucket full of ice (yeah)
Better make room, vroom hear the Lambo (celebrate)
Bitch better believe that I'ma sniper (yeah)
You know I'm 'bout to take you from your man though (celebrate)
Pop up with the chopper and artificial niggas actin' like bitches, it done started up a epidemic
It don't make a difference, nigga, we winnin', I'm plenty grinnin'
A hundred million platinum, fuck it, you ain't gotta listen (celebrate)
You better step down to me, feel the dick, bitch, open up your mouth for me
Now choke, talk to the dick honestly
I'm dope, bitch, comin' like Eenie Meenie Miney Mo (celebrate)
I don't like when I lose (I don't), if I don't buy her them shoes, I don't like those (regulate)
Do anything that I want to it, think I'm gon' dance on the moon like Michael (elevate)

While I'm drivin', I'm moonwalking in the sky
With some shooters, we jump inside of the Buick
You duck and hide from the Rugers
A couple choppers, acoustic and the guitar
When the music, guess I'm alive and I use it
Get stuck inside of the cubics
I never lie but the truth is
I'm fuckin' tired of these losers
And all my life want the food
When it's summertime and the juice
But I'd rather die than to lose
It's a matter of time 'fore I lose it
And strategize with the movement
Walk in the trap like a boss, ooh
Hoe, you know I'm drippin' with the sauce, ooh
Pretty with a face full of scars, all they did was build me up
Try to take me apart, they ain't never wanna (celebrate)
Like you have a label, call the doctor
Heard the chopper make 'em do the macarena
All you niggas sweet as candy
Chocolate chip and I relate to Jolly Ranchers
Stick to bubblegum and watermelon flavored
Get the paper, I'ma (celebrate)
On the corner
Heard you niggas got the juice, but I got Corona
Got a little Spanish bitch, I call her maricon
Joyner Lucas, bitch, I'm hotter than a fuckin' sauna
Yeah, I make you niggas (elevate)
All you new niggas don't do it for me, look (woah)
Bitch, I'm the professor, you a student to me, woah
Designer shades on, like you cooler than me, wait (ayy)
All we do is win, you a loser to me
Rappers wanna talk about battle me (Joyner)
You can't give me neck with a mouth full of cavities
Bunch of lil niggas tried grabbin' me (grabbin' me)
Five foot five, boy, you niggas like half of me
You don't wanna see the other side of me (yeah)
Hard to make 'em happy, all these bitches stay mad at me
I just might take her 'round to Applebee's (Applebee's)
Give her long dick and a strawberry daiquiri

Order Cheesecake Factory, bubblin', why you mumblin'?
Watch you utter, stop stutterin', what you spend? Let me double it
Lime green 'rari, two twins, call 'em double mints
If all you pussy niggas my kids are in trouble then
Shut up before I spank you for actin' up
Now I'm wakin' up in cabanas 'cause she bad as fuck
And all gorillas don't want bananas 'less your chain is tucked
You wiggity-wack with the strap, you cross-criss, make you jump
I criss-cross with the pump, ain't no bricks in the trunk
Leave that shit for the chumps, I still get what I want
Don't wanna believe in my mind, but you believe in my dump
I'm takin' a knee for my side, could give a fuck 'bout they owners
Nigga, look at my eyes, you 'bout to give me my bonus
And every motherfuckin' record, that's a hit, I record it (celebrate)
And every motherfuckin' snitch up in this bitch, they reported (celebrate)
You paid your way for this fade and can't even afford it
Seventy-five mil', look at me now (celebrate)
And all these bad bitches can't keep their feet down (elevate)
You don't really wanna see Brown
Need to stop all that shit, talkin' put the seat down
Joyner, I don't really feel these niggas
Hol' up, I ain't gotta pay to kill these niggas
Time is money, need to fuck around and bill these niggas
Vet, so I'm finna good will these niggas (celebrate)

I'ma kill these niggas, I should grill these niggas
Take flex, Fresh Prince, Uncle Phil these niggas
Oh shit, I'm the shit, you could smell me, nigga
Break ribs, yeah, you don't want no real beef, nigga
I say As-salāmu 'alaykum when I tear apart some bacon
Hoe, you actin' like a pig, you fuckin' filthy, nigga
Now the police tryna lock me in the prison, said I'm guilty
I said da da da da da, come and kill me, nigga

They must have forgot that I'm pyscho (jheeze)
Oh, you want war? Say no more
Turn your fuckin' block into a light show (Joyner)
[Joyner Lucas & Chris Brown:] You better be sure, better be sure
[Joyner Lucas:] I'm the realest nigga, that I know

And I'm so bored, I might switch cars
Save a lotta money on Geico (jheeze)
And neighbors knockin' on my door, what the fuck you want?
Bitch, I'm Irak (jheeze)
Listen, nigga, mind your business
I'm so sick of niggas tellin' me how I've been livin' my life
Sick of rubbin' shoulders, now I'm runnin' over every motherfucker who ain't
wanna get in my ride
I was watchin', you was shoppin'
Ain't never had the shit in my side
Now I'm poppin', I'm poppin', and your bitch keep hittin' my line

It's complicated, fuckin' up with my main bitch
Givin' it to the side bitch at the same damn time
Puttin' my face in it, never wastin' it
I'ma lay in it, hit it, hit it one more time
And then I'ma proceed and play with the pussy
You know I don't keep my cape on a hoodie
But I give a Uzi, it's a doozie, make a movie if you're actin', so (celebrate)