

Another Thing To Do It

Juice WRLD

We in motherfuckin' New York, nigga
It's like five in the morning
Pushin' the shades back, lookin' at the city
This shit look brazy, nigga, uh
Alright, haha
Double cup when I...

Double cup when I wake up, Actavis a life-taker
Probably meetin' my maker, smokin' exotic flavors
If I tote the shotty, I'ma blow the shotty
Then I walk around like I don't know nobody
Upstairs, groupies waitin' in the lobby
Got a girlfriend, sorry, I ain't sorry
I ain't come to kick it, with any of these bitches
See money I been gettin'
I fuck up a check, let it blow in the wind
Bitch, check my quota, I'm bigger and bolder and better than all of these niggas that's buzzin'
If it's a problem, my niggas will clutch it
Pretty niggas still shoot up the function
Top of the line, I got my hand on my nine
Bitch, I'ma die about mine
I was told life was about elevations, just pick you a ladder, and start-up the climb
Can't be afraid to take risk after risk, gamble chip after chip, tryna stay on the grind
Was in the kitchen, cooked grits, but they weren't really grits, they were bricks, mom, I'm sorry, I lied
I can make it up to you this time
Bought my mom a car, she listen to my shit while she drive
I owe her the world, send disrespect her way, you gotta die
Feel the same way about my girl, them diamonds, make 'em twinkle like her eyes

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Breakin' pills down, I can't help it, it's a habit now
Piped the fuck up, turnt the fuck up, promise ain't no comin' down
You get burnt the fuck up, choppers on us if you came to fuck around
Look for your mom, she in town, givin' head for some brown
I'm a dog off the leash, bitch, I bite, I don't growl
I don't bark, I'm in silence, I'ma shoot up the crowd
If he want smoke, give him cancer, I'm gon' blow him down
He ain't know it was a problem, then I bet he know it's a problem now
I came from the trenches, was plottin' on riches, I made it, I did it
I'm shinin' on all of these niggas that said that I wouldn't be shit
I was shittin' on them ever since I was in it
Don't fuck with the Rémy, the Henny, need none of that
I pour the codeine, I sip, ain't no comin' back
You caught a play, I'ma act like a quarterback
Got a hundred in cash, I do not need a quarter back

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