

Carry It

Juice WRLD

Uh-huh, yeah...

I'ma talk some shit (Gezin), uh-huh, yeah

I'm in the cut with an aerial (8-8-8-808 Mafia)

Um, I'm bound to blow up like a aerial (Yeah)

The niggas with me don't really speak no English

They scream and they shoot like barbarians (Oh yeah)

I just saw a pussy, I just saw a rat

Who just let Tommy and Jerry in? (Oh yeah)

These niggas don't really be niggas

These niggas be bitches (Sheesh), who let Tyler Perry in? (Gleesh)

Um, the gun I'ma carry it (Gra, gra)

Wet 'em up, no aquarium (Yeah, yeah)

Thirty clip hanging out the .45 (Brra)

Make it look scarier (Let's go, brra)

Ain't been this high in a long time (Yeah)

Everyday my money on time (Yeah)

Your woman blowin' up my phone line (Yeah)

Told her I'll fuck her on my own time (Let's go)

Strap, aim at your noodle, yes, yes

That's what amateurs do (Brra, brra)

Bitch, I'm a dog, bitch, I'm an animal, I'm out the zoo

I up the Glock, make 'em jump like hopscotch (Brra, brra)

Leave his ass sick like the flu

Bad bitches, need two, yeah

Don't trust him, he fool, yeah

Hangin' out the roof in Balenciaga shoes

Virgil Abloh on me too (Come on)

Fresh ass nigga, all these pest ass niggas

I'ma press that nigga, I'ma shoot (Boom)

I'm a vet ass nigga, up a 'Tec ass nigga

Tryna find peace, Ron Artest ass nigga (Ayy)

They see blonde dreads, try and test that nigga (Sick 'em)

I'ma have to cardiac arrest a nigga (Sick 'em, sick 'em)

Do 'em dirty like Old Yeller (Yeah)

Money the age of an old fellow (Yeah, yeah)

Nicknamed my .45 Mayweather

It's a thot, it's a ho, a Hugh Hefner

Got the pot on the stove, super chef

I'm 2Pac with the juice, Makaveli

Hundred shots in the tool, battle-ready

Dunk on the bitch, I'm rim-rattle McGrady

Ice on your bitch in a tinted Mercedes (Uh-huh)

Dick so good, she started to pay me (Uh-huh)

I got the cup like I came from the '80s (Uh-huh)

There's white in my cup like I came from the '80s (Ayy)

You sittin' in coach with your bitch and your baby (Ayy)

I'm up in first with my first fuckin' lady (Ayy)

She been lovin' the way I been fuckin' her lately (Ayy)

Fuck around, fuck around, give her a baby (Ayy)

Um, the gun I'ma carry it (Yeah)

Wet 'em up, no aquarium (Yeah, yeah)

Thirty clip hanging out the .45 (Blaow)

Make it look scarier (Let's go)

Ain't been this hot in a long time (Yeah)
Every day my money on time (Yeah)
Your woman blowin' up my phone line (Yeah)
Told her I'll fuck her on my own time (Yeah)

Uh, um, I remember I was on the run
I was hitting licks just for fun, even though I was broke
No, I ain't have no dough so I was tryna get me some
Tryna rob me, nah
Tryna rob me, nigga, you dumb, best believe I'm gon' keep one
Got a 30 and a drum, got a horny ass gun on me
I'ma up it, get to bustin', make it cum
Got a horny-ass ho on my phone, wonder what she on
I'ma make her bust it open, make her cum, yeah
Fendi coat help me hide gun, yeah
Wet 'em up, fire hydrant, yeah
Call my Draco Neji, yeah, sixty-four shot tri gun, yeah
So many drugs around me, if you with me you gon' try some, yeah
I dip the blunt in the Actavis
I pour a four with a potion, I'm passionate
I'm wreakin' havoc, I'm chillin' with savages
Shootin' like Mavericks with them automatics
Radical but I move highly irrational
Beat a nigga ass in the club like Raditz
Guess I forgot all of my home trainin'
'Cause everywhere we go, we keep the ratchet

Um, the gun I'ma carry it (Yeah)
Wet 'em up, no aquarium (Yeah, yeah)
Thirty clip hanging out the .45 (Yeah)
Make it look scarier (Let's go, Gezin)
Ain't been this hot in a long time (Yeah)
Everyday my money on time (Yeah)
Your woman blowin' up my phone line (Yeah, 8-8-8-808 Mafia)
Told her I'll fuck her on my own time (Yeah)