

Classroom

Juice WRLD

Murda on the beat so it's not nice

Remember when I met her at the dance (Yeah, yeah)
She was cool (She was cool), but her best friend was cooler
I'm tryna go back to my class (To my class)
Rich as hell (Rich as fuck), just to fuck on my tutor
Run up, you get two to the back (Pew, pew)
Catch a shell (Doo, doo, doo), from the front of my Ruger (Uh)
I'ma hit that bitch from the back (Yeah, yeah)
Giver her hell (Yeah, yeah), then I put her in the Uber

I remember back in math class
High as hell, tryna flirt with my tutor
I know that my love never last
Oh well, time to hit on a cougar
Better watch your mom, lil' nigga
Caught her lookin' at my Gucci shoes (Uh-huh)
Better watch your mom, lil' nigga
'Fore I show her what these Guccis do (Uh-huh)
Hey, every time I get high as hell (Hell yeah)
I act a fool (Hell yeah), I don't know no better (Yeah)
Hey, every time I get drunk as hell (Uh-huh)
I act a fool (Hell yeah), then I get your bitch wetter (Hey)

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Told her I was meeting' her in Hell (Up in Hell)
Now I'm here (I'm here), but I really don't see her
Remember when I broke her heart (Her heart)
Oh well (Well), so sad, wouldn't wanna be her
I feel like I'm Bobby (Yeah), Brown (Yeah), Ike Turner (Yeah, yeah)
But I would never beat her
You know I'm gon' ball, I get goals, ha (Yeah)
No Derek Jeter
I'm on top of my game, can't stop me
I am not a Rolex, can't watch me
I am not a Hublot, can't clock me
But I got a gun card, come Glock me

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