

Codeine Guzzler

Juice WRLD

Codeine guzzler, on another level (DY Krazy)
Yeah, codeine guzzler, on another level
Bickin' back in the A', sippin' on codeine like, "Hey"
Bitch, yeah

I'm a codeine guzzler, on another level
In a Tesla, rollin' off a Tesla
Niggas tryna catch me lackin', get the best of me
But I got my hand on my Smith & Wesson
This a wave, I'm the ocean
Shorty like a slave, with my chains on
Percocet at the rave, get my rave on
Flyer than a rave (Yeah)

Countin' the riches, handlin' my business (Ooh, ooh)
Bitch you trippin', get out yo feelings (Ooh, ooh)
I been winning, winning and winning (Ooh)
Hop on my dick, bitch, like Tigger (Ooh)
I need a thick bitch, good figure
Wi-wi-wipe me down (Down, down, down)
Got it on me right now (Now, now, now)
Ask where I'm from, baby, I'm from Chi-Town (Town, town, town)
Five racks, whip it up, wipe it down (Down)

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Flyer than a raven (Watch this)

Birkin Bag (Uh-huh)
They gon' stop and stare (Uh-huh)
Like, what you got in there? (Uh-huh)
None of your business (Uh-huh)
Half a brick to share (Uh-huh)
With my niggas (Uh-huh)
Got some swishers (Uh-huh), yeah, filled with killer (Yeah)
And a Beretta, it's ready to drill, yeah (Grrah)
Niggas say that they some killers
But they can't do it if they don't got a pill, yeah (Uh-uh)
Uh, peel 'em back like a Banana (Grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah)
Banana clip on me, the Draco is real, yeah
Shoot him twice, ask how him how does he feel, yeah (Grrah, grrah)
Make him eat the bullets like a happy meal, yeah (Yeah)
New watch cost damn near half a mill' (Gleam, yeah)
I can show you how to rap for real (Uh)
And I can show you how to trap for real (Bitch, trap)
I'm in the trap with the Raf's for real (Yeah, what else?)
With a nigga that'll shoot to kill (Grrah)
I know they feelin' me like I'm made of braille (Uh)
Keep talkin' brazy, then I send him to hell (Uh)
I'm off the Perc, it got me just like a snail (Uh)
If my nigga fight, I'm fighting like Holyfield (Yeah)
This shit right here is a show out (It's a show out)

Rich like a white bitch, yeah, I'ma show out (Uh-huh)
Amiri jeans, ass out (Oh)
I don't like to sag, but these money bags
Ain't givin' my belt a fuckin' chance (Let's go, let's go)

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