

Computers (Tutor)

Juice WRLD

It's just one take, that's wild
Shit bro (Oh-oh)
I needa' start some personal lab (I ain't got no personal lab)
May wanna shoot yo' dad (Woo, bitch)
Hahahaha
Bitch we lit, whip, huh
(DJ Victoriouz with me in the building)

Skrr, pull off then I dip (Huh, skrr, skrr, skrr, woah)
Shootin' from the hip (Grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah)
Hip, make him jump, hop, hip (Woah, yeah, yeah)
Hip, fuck her back up, hips (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
.40 got him walkin' like a cripp (Yeah, yeah, yeah, he 6)
Gun so big, you know I limp (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Pink Bathing Ape, bitch I'm a chimp (Yeah, chimp, chimp, chimp)
Complicated, these niggas simp' (Simple ass fuck niggas)
This a race, Tay K (Skrr)
Do the race 'til they free Tay K (Free Tay K)
Bitch I surf on 'em, here's a tidal wave (Shh, shh, shh)
Clothes fresh like detergent, I'm drippin' that tidal way (Oh yeah)
Music came out March 8th (Okay, okay, okay, okay)
Shit's about to do great (Okay, okay, okay, okay)
164 in the first week (Okay, okay, okay)
Tell these other niggas raise the stakes (Yeah, yeah, yeah, bitch)
You want beef?, chef steak (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Out my way, fuck out my way (Fuck out my way bitch, fuck out my way)
Randy Moss, catch any play (Catch bodies, bitch, I catch bodies)
He get tossed, body bag him any day (Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay)
I hang tide, I hang ten but my gun, it hang nine, uh (Let's go, let's go)
Got a thirty in that nine, traumatize 'em (Let's go, let's go)
I'm a pastor with this rifle, baptize him (Let's go, let's go, let's go, let
's go, uh)
I'll divide him (I'll divide him)
He being a dickhead, this choppa circumcise him (Brrah, brrah, brrah) (Okay,
okay, okay)
Bitch I'ma divide him (Imma do what to 'em?)
He being a dickhead, this choppa circumcise him (Fuck that nigga up, brrah,
brrah, brrah)
She on Miley Cyrus (Yeah, yeah, slatt, slatt)
See the cocaina in her, in her eyelids (Yeah, yeah, shh, shh)
In her iris, said just try it (Okay)
Ayy, don't try it, I'm on Percs, baby I'm flying (Not today)
Th-thirty and another, .30 in that choppa, let it go (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
I-I feel like a farmer, all these niggas plants, I let 'em grow (Okay)
Fever yes it's cold, baguettes is extra snow, no Eskimo (Uhh)
Niggas know I cannot trust these niggas too, like Metro, ho, uh-
huh (Okay, what that mean? Let's go)
If they don't trust you, then they gon' shoot you (I'ma shoot you, bitch)
Niggas be beefin' on the computers (On the computers, bitch?)
I went to school to fuck on a tutor (To fuck on my tutor, bitch)
I fucked that bitch on top of the computer (Ta-ta-ta-ta-type)

Ah-type-type
I don't really got no-, uh
On the computer, uh
I'ma let that breathe, uh
Let that breathe, uh

I'ma let that be, uh, cool
Fuckin' that bitch and I'm watching her go, uh-huh
She off the molly and she off the coke, uh-huh
She drop a body like faggots and soap, uh-huh
I hit that bitch like a soap on a-, uh-huh
I take that bitch like the soap on a rope
She got my dick in her motherfuckin' throat
Run up on me, you get hit with the pole
I ain't talking 'bout poker, but I poke
All these niggas a-, oof
Let me hear the whole song from the top real quick