

Cooking Orders

Juice WRLD

(You'll fly too)
Uh, any way you want it, uh
(TrellGotWings, bitch)

Any way you want it, we can get it for you
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I ain't Chef Boyardee, but I've been cooking orders
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Any way you want it, we can get it for you
I ain't Chef Boyardee, but I've been cooking orders
I ain't Chef Boyardee, but I've been cooking orders, yeah

Huh, Paul Dean with that Ford, whip, whip, whip
Kobe with that torch
Get the fuck up off my court stupid bitch
You know balling ain't really your sport
Sheesh, gun in the bag, gun in the bag, yeah, uh
Keep me a gun in the bag, right next to my mask, yeah, uh-huh
Now it's time to takeoff, ballin' on these niggas like the playoffs
Killer at heart like Adolf
Russian creams with the codeine and the fuego, yeah, uh-huh
Shut the fuck up, nigga listen, ayy, ayy
This shit real boy, no Jiminy Cricket, ayy
Diamonds chandelier, boy
Ball like the Cavaliers, boy
The man of the year, boy
Left my momma in tears of joy
Uh, 20 bands in her pocket, damn
I remember when she ain't have no wallet to put it in, uh
Now the money's comin' in
Hopefully I don't spend it all on percocets again (Spend it all on percocets again)

Huh, Paul Dean with that Ford, whip, whip, whip (Spend it all on percocets again)
Kobe with that torch (Spend it all on percocets again)
Get the fuck up off my court stupid bitch (Spend it all on percocets again)
You know balling ain't really your sport

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