

Damn Right

Juice WRLD

Uh, huh
Uh-huh
Yeah, yeah
Ooh-oh, uh
Yeah

I'm gon' do what I wanna do
Yeah, time will tell when it turn on you
Yeah, I'm in hell with a bitch or two
The devil pulled up on me, I got to speedin'
Every day, I put holes in my demons
Every day, I get high like an eagle
I was popping pills when I was a fetus
I drive the top on a thot, I pull on a yacht, fast life, shit get real
I wake up in the morning, I roll up, relax, and I plot
Do that make me evil?
Your bitch over here, don't wanna fuck her either
She suck on my dick for a Juice WRLD t-shirt

All alone, hunnid bands in my hand
All alone, sippin' lean, can't stand
Don't get involved, no
Don't get involved, no
We put a hole in your jaw
I'm gonna fuck her, I'ma smash, your lil' bitch call me a dog
Hop on my dick like a muh' fuckin' frog
I give her wood like a muh' fuckin' log
Ferrari headlights help me see through the fog
See me, wanna be me, it come with a cost
See you, wouldn't wanna be you at all
I ain't broke and your bitch did the sauce
She sucked on me and my dogs
I heard you were kissing her all night long
Versace on my robe
James Brown and James Bond
Because I keep a pole, double 'o seven, no James Bond
It ain't my fault your bitch gone
She told me to put my name on it
M&M's, no candy
They see a mask on my face, trick or treat
I told that bitch she gotta pay, no dick for free
Your momma screaming, "Juice WRLD, put that dick in me"
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She's hypnotized by my diamonds
They shine through the night sky
I cannot lie, she too fine
But I can only fuck the bitch when I'm high
She was tryna top me up while I drive
I let her do it one time
Really I'm having the time of my life
Had a show in Japan, almost missed my flight
Gucci robe like a monk, get the feng shui right
If you single then, bitch, put your hand in the air
Like you listenin' to that Beyoncé, right
Am I that nigga? Damn right
Bitches gon' be bitches, damn right
Hoes gon' be hoes, damn right
And women gon' be women, damn right
Fuck them all, then I'm dippin', alright
I'm the sauce, I'm drippin', alright
I done found myself in this music shit, but I lost some niggas, alright
I used to ball hard with these niggas until they turned Austin Rivers, alright
They bitches be giving me brain, smart like a Harvard critter, alright
Shoot him in the face, I seen his brains, he wasn't a Harvard nigga, alright
(Vrahh, vrahh, vrahh)
I pour codeine in my veins, it ain't no partin' with it, alright
I feel like a referee, bitch, I'm official
I'm a thugger like Jeffery, stoner these niggas, yeah

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