

## Empty Out Your Pockets

Juice WRLD

Empty out your pockets, I need all that  
Yeah, yeah  
G-Money said, "We need all the money, man"  
Pennies and all that  
With G-Money, if I don't care if he got a million in all pennies, I'm  
a be countin' Abe Lincolns all day

Yeah, yeah, uh  
Empty out your pockets, I need all that  
I get the millions, then I fall back  
Niggas chameleons, they'll change for some change  
The days ain't the same, niggas switch for the fame  
Louis Vuitton, I'm in my bag  
Get high, then my memory gone, I've been hurtin'  
I rock like electric guitars, I be ragin'  
Count big knots, look like "yellow pages"

I run it like a race  
Get in the way, brodie got the aim  
To blow you away, the next day, you in the newspaper on the front page  
Prayin' for forgiveness 'cause it happened on a Sunday  
Back to the cash, rack after rack  
So many racks that I sag  
I just bought a bike, catch me doin' wheelies in the backstreet  
Like I'm from where Meek Mill be  
Put the "dead" in dead serious, you try me, then you will be  
On my wrist, it's a ICEE, no, it ain't meltin'  
Turned my closet to a freezer, AP on the shelf (Gleam)  
Everybody doubted me, they ain't give me no help (Please)  
So all this money in my pocket, I'ma spend it by myself (Self)  
I bet you never felt this pain I felt  
When mama ain't had no money and them bills brought hell  
That's when G-Money hit my cell  
Next day, would've fucked up and ended up in a cell

Uh, oh, hell (Fucked up and ended up in a cell)  
Ended up in a cell (In a cell)  
Oh, hell

Yeah, yeah, uh (Ended up in a cell)  
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