

Flaws

Juice WRLD

She in love with my flaws, put Versace on my draws
That bitch know that I'm a boss
I'ma catch like Randy Moss
I ain't ever off, yeah
All I do is floss, yeah
Double G my outfit, cause it cost to be the boss
Racks up, racks up
I don't fuck with nobody I hate y'all
I'm a killer at heart, like Adolf
Boy that shit dead, like Nate Dogg
Say you want beef trouble, like Steak Sauce
Migos in the trap, like Takeoff
Big guns, they'll take yo face off
Can't see these fuck niggas like Ray Charles

A hunnid bands, spend all that shit
She looked at my whole team, then fucked on them
You say you want smoke
We'll up on him, and we'll bust at them
They don't want no static
Rock my choker, and tote my ratchet
Do a drill, listenin' to Lenny Kravitz
Off a pill, I dunk Shaquille
Tight jeans, bank rolls for sex appeal

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