

Foo Foo

Juice WRLD

Hmm, uh

Hmm, uh

Yeah (Me and Swervo hit the turbo) (I want some Juice)

I won't love you, bitch, I use you

All these percocets I do, ayy

I won't love you but I'll use (You ain't got no use, DJ Victoriouz with me in the building)

All these Perkies that I do

I don't trip about it no more, I got used to it (Trip)

You can't give me too much baby, I might use you (I'm gon' trip)

I gotta get this money, if not, I might lose you (I'm gon' get)

Told them drugs, "I love you, that's why I abuse you"

I fuck on them other bitches, but I choose you (I just fuck)

'Cause at the end of the day, you know them bitches foo-

foo (They don't mean nothin')

You would ride for me, that's something they won't do (You would ride)

I don't entertain that fuck shit, I amuse you (I don't)

When you say you love me, is it true?

'Cause I ain't been seein' the same, baby, I need visuals

Why you always beefin' with me? Why's it always an issue with you?

I don't feel like yellin' right now

I can't text while I drive, I keep a pistol with two, uh

How you think I'm rich? I get to it, uh

Work like a bitch, I get to it, uh

Still have time to talk about you on my interludes

Look at this shit that we've been through

Right now, I'm with Swervo, swervin' up in the turbo

Saw your text message I cannot get to, yeah

But when I touch down, bitch, top me down

In my car with the roof, drop-top when the top is down

I got a confession, I'm usin' them Perc's when we fuck, they help me knock you down

We got the neighbors pissed off, they hear the boots knockin' loud

But, ayy

We gon' still get it brackin' either way

Don't hit my phone right now, bitch, I'm busy

Me and Swervo smokin' out the P's, ayy, huh

Make it look easy

Uh, uh, man spinnin' my shit, who the DJ? (Where the DJ at?)

Swervo, yeah, that's my shit, it's on replay (That's on replay, ayy, you dig?)

Runnin' laps 'round you fuck niggas, no relay

I can't wait for the check, I'ma hop on the jet 'cause that bitch don't delay (That bitch don't)

One-fifty sport mode on the freeway (Woah, woah)

Slidin' through traffic whenever we late (Woah, woah)

Time is money, no we ain't late

Two hours back, now we in LA (Uh, uh)

I'm with 150, they makin' it spray

Yeah, please stay out of my way

Get around to it, we'll make it your way

We really got no limits, ayy

Me and Juice WRLD plottin', making a play

I pass it to Swerve, he fade away
Playing basketball for 10K
What's your yearly salary? We spend in a day
Broke niggas my allergy, get 'em away
If they in the way, catch a shot to the face
Slang you like that slang, yay
Killin' shit in the game, wait
Shot at your niggas, don't come through straight
We gon' get money anyway
Why you hatin' on me? You gay
And this ain't no boxing, this plain as day
Your bitch came too, she's doin' the most
Pass her around, now she's doin' the bro
She ate my bitch in the back of the Rolls
How she drive and give top to a passenger, though?
In the Bentley truck, now that's the Aston, the Ghost
We don't go no respect, we gon' ash on the floor
Pull up on your ho', get that ass, then I ghost
Back to the studio, back to the dough

I don't trip about it no more, I got used to it (I don't trip)
You can't give me too much, baby, I might use you (I'm gon' use)
I gotta get this money, if not, I might lose you (Yeah, yeah)
Told the drugs, "I love you, that's why I abuse you"
I fuck on them other bitches, but I choose you (I just fuck)
'Cause at the end of the day, you know them bitches foo-
foo (I just know it, yeah)
You would ride for me, that's something they won't do (You would ride)
I don't entertain that fuck shit, I amuse you (Nah, nah, nah, nah)