

## Glock Handler

Juice WRLD

She ask why I'm dancin', ask why I'm dancin'  
She ask why I'm dancin'  
Chef J  
This club be dancin'  
Shit I be dippin' 'n dabbin'  
Then I be drippin' the, ayy  
Ha, let's go

She ask if I be dancin', shit I be dippin' 'n dabbin', huh  
Shit I be switchin' the swaggers, huh  
Kel-Tec, let it rattle (Grrrt)  
I know you think that yo' bitch bad  
My bitch badder than badder (Uh)  
And her pockets fatter (Yeah), and she a Glock handler (Brrd)

Okay, talkin' my shit, I guess I did it again, I did it again (Huh)  
I'm finna shit, on every nigga and bitch that I said wouldn't win (Huh)  
Hop on this block, bend (Skrtrt), I bought two Glocks, twins (Brrt)  
Them guns is best friends and they'll slam you like wrestlin' (Okay)  
Enough about my guns, I got a lot, I mean some, I mean none  
I play dumb, only if twelve listenin'  
If he run, up on him, I'm finna nail this bitch  
My girl, say she want some, I'm finna nail this bitch (Let's go)  
Up, up and away, dick in the glizop, fuck what you say  
You sweet as a faggot, soft as a cake  
Got a oven on me if you tryna get baked  
This beat remindin' me of some old Lil Wayne  
Feel like Wayne, to the money I skate  
When it come to fashion I'm always early  
But I still show up fashionably late (Bitch)  
Haha, ayy

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