

Headlines

Juice WRLD

Yeah, uh, ayy

Realest in the building
Nigga sick as fuck, that's some penicillin
I may pull up, uh, shit on him no Pampers, uh
I shit on the whole rap game, don't got no manners, uh
Flow go so brazy, shake shit like Haiti
I'm not a Xbox, you can not play me
Hit you with that 4 4 4 combo, Jay Z
I am the GOAT please, you can't replace me, uh
Ball like Tracy McGrady, uh
Pullin' up in the Mercedes, uh
That bitch say she know me, uh
She just wanna have my baby, uh
I ain't really got time for it, uh
I'm just rocking Tom Ford, uh
Pull up like Paul Walker, R.I.P. for life, fast forward, uh
I'm in the 4th quarter feelin' like Kobe, uh
Then again, I got that crack, Lamar OD, uh, ayy
Niggas think they know me, know me
Courtside with a bride, she still catching nose bleeds
But that's none of my business, I'm a rap murderer
You gon' need a witness
Snip, snip, cut him off, wordplay with the scissors, uh
Smokin the O.Z., feel like I'm a wizard, uh
You don't know me, but I'm that nigga, uh
She don't call me that at all, I'm just enigma, uh
I'ma ball until I fall, hand on my trigger, uh
She was hopping on my- Uh
That bitch like Tigger, uh
Ayy, I'ma keep going
I'ma keep flowing
In too deep, life is a ocean
I float off the purple potion
If I catch him, fuck it, I'ma smoke him
Police come around, act like I'm a clown
Really, I don't even know him, uh
Disappear, Hocus Pocus, uh
Doing white like Lohan
That's her shit, not my shit
She get low and she ass dance
Pull up on em like damn, nigga
That was your last chance
Now I gotta kill your last man, uh
That was the last stand
I never took no last Xan, uh, nah I don't do Xans
Nah, I'm perc cruisin', winnin' or losin', uh
Eenie, meenie, miney, mo, your bitch was choosin', uh, ay
Hell yeah, had to Tom Cruise it, uh
I made a movie, that's with a groupie
She get it wet like Jacuzzi
Run up on me, then my money be longer
I feel like I'm Lil Uzi, uh
That lil' bitch choosy, that lil' bitch choosy
I'm sippin' Henny, I'm woozy, uh
My flow sick it's sneezing, uh
I- Hold on, hold on, hold on

My flow sick it's sneezing, asthma attack, nigga I'm not wheezing
TRUKFIT shit, nigga, no Lil Weezy, uh
This shit is off of the heezy, uh
Hit my phone if you need me, uh
If you got me, better keep me, uh
Get her wetter than a squeegee, uh
With my brother, like Luigi, huh, ay
Woah, my flow so cold, I'ma O.Z. bro
I'ma dog Toto
Make her pose, photo, uh
Chopper, oh no
Pull up on him like woah, woah
Bitch, I'ma dragon, Komodo, uhh
He a bozo, I'm in this ho's home, gettin' this ho's dome
Like bitch what are you on
Hit me on my trap phone, uh
Grew up robbing, had to take a bad phone
What you on? Uh, ay
You don't want no problem, I'm on that bullshit
I dye my hair like Dennis Rodman
I got a full clip, it works, not afraid to pop it
Feel like Drake "Headlines," started from the bottom
Magnum in my pocket, that's a gun or a condom
Gotta protect myself and I gotta wrap up that anaconda
Pull up, that's okay, I swear to God you want no problem
Like a milli' or something, I'm a goon
What's a goon to a fucking goblin
What's a goblin to a God
And what's a God without a goddess
I'm talking about my girl, ain't being humble, fuck the modest
But then again, at the end of the day
I'm thankful for all my shit, bitch
Life is but a journey
And I'm writing out my wish list
Uh, uh, uh-uh