

High All Week

Juice WRLD

Huh
Cardo Got Wings
Cardo shit, ya know?
Bitch I'm dreamin' 'bout the cake
Choppa with a scope, put it to your face
All I know is hate
I don't wan' hop in the bank
Find a bitch I rate
Uh

I smoke on blue dream, you smoke on irene
Double G my feet, I've been high all week
Hotbox don't live windows up, ridin' 'round in a Bentley truck
Big ass gun, F&N, load it up and let it bust
Pray to God that all these drugs work
And if they don't I'll prolly kill my plug first
The pills I take will prolly take you off this Earth
Outta space off the Percs with a slur

I weigh the money, no countin'
I think I need an accountant
I'm rockin' shit that ain't out yet
Revenge, revenge
I'm movin' slow off the Hi-Tech
Breathe out, breathe in
Choppa, bullets to your stomach
Bleed out, wheezin'