

Horrible

Juice WRLD

I'm sippin' on red dammit I'm a leaner
She say that I'm mean wait until I turn meaner
Pull up on the scene, .40 on me with a beam (Yeah)
You ain't no hard nigga, you a misdemeanor, I'm a felony
Fuck that bitch from heaven her name Angel, pussy heavenly
I be so damn groovy off this molly like the '70s
I'm at double G with it, you shopping at the Dollar Tree
I'ma keep it G with it, these other niggas wannabes

Take the perky with the lean with it, you know I gotta lean with it
I ain't gon' buy a gun if it don't got a beam with it
Ain't no one on ones, bitch I got the team with me
No joke, fuck a pun, pill pop, fuck a blunt
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Oh-oh-oh
Take a deuce to the face, got a nigga slow
Kids don't do drugs they're horrible
Yeah, but if you gon' do 'em, you better go do 'em
Oh-oh-oh
Bullet holes to his face, take away his soul
Fuck niggas on my nerves, I feel horrible
Yeah, so I'ma go shoot 'em and put a few through 'em (Oh)

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