

# Irony

Juice WRLD

Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh  
Hollywood J (Hollywood J)  
Yeah

"How you feel?" Bitch, I'm great  
Eating good, steak, shrimp on my plate  
From the hood, wait, get out my face  
If you out of line, I'll put you in your place

Woke up fiending for the lean so I hit the plug  
He got everything I need, all exotic drugs  
I'm runnin' up a check so I'm not runnin' out of funds  
These niggas try to fight, I guess they runnin' out of guns

She all in my cup, red lean  
New Glock, red beam  
Your bitch do the whole damn team  
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Tell me how you want it  
I'ma throw twenties, I'ma throw hundreds when I'm up in Follies  
Baby, your nigga a lame, yeah, that nigga folly  
On Twitter, he just followed me  
While you over here swallowing, can you taste the irony?  
I'm John Cena with this shit, you niggas ain't see it comin'  
Before I pop a Perc, I pray to God that I don't vomit  
I put my soul into this shit, I swear it's all or nothing  
Sippin' real slime, this ain't Robitussin

Had a fun time, almost flatlined  
Was thinking if I take the right drugs, I might die  
Back up for the lean, I'm a high guy  
I fuck with the double G, I'm a fly guy

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Bitch, I'm a dog, I ain't fetch enough  
Bark, bark, woof, I thought I should let you know  
Niggas playing woof, why you actin' extra for?  
Because they know I run it, yeah, they know I run it, run it  
In love with Murakami, I remember Abercrombie  
These niggas told me that I wouldn't make it this far  
Now a nigga glowing, I just need some gold teeth  
VVS on my Rollie, tick-tock

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