

Jeffrey

Juice WRLD

Watchu on Mike P? Watchu on? Shit
Money on me, hunnid on me (Hunnid)
Money on me, (Hunnid, hunnid)
Money on me, (Ayy)
Hunnid on me (Hunnid, hunnid)
(Woah, ayy, brrp, brrp, skrrt)

Money on me, hunnid on me
Bro gon' catch a body, then he flee the scene
I still put the G-Star on my jeans
She ask me if I love her, only in her dreams
Keep my stick on me, make you bleed
Would have never shot you if you let me be
Young Rich Nigga, that's a guarantee
I be with them killers like Jeffrey

No Dahmer, I'm a problem
You a goon cool, I got goblins
f*ck with me, make you leak like a faucet
Mix the liquor up, skrrt, now I'm nauseous
I don't sip the lean, used to love codeine cause I love to dream
Now mix Henny with the Rémy, 'cause I love to drink
And I don't love to think
Feel like I'm finna puke
Can't do it on the mink, me
Money on the way, what is the hold up, hold up
I can't drive, still hit a donut
Nineteen, multi-millionaire
Ain't no lookin' back, all that broke shit dead

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I get drunk and act a fool
If you want a altercation, put you on the news
With the channel crew
They know I be makin' moves
W Gang, I can't ever lose, like your boyfriend
I can never be a fool, like your boyfriend
He a bitch, nigga I went to school with your boyfriend
Real as hell, I came from my move like your boyfriend
Next thing you know, she want me to be her boyfriend
That's how that shit go, she do coke, I gotta make it snow
Pull up with the pole, like who want smoke
L-O-L to the bank, richer than a joke

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