

# 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, 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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