

KTM Drip

Juice WRLD

Perc' me in, let me in
How the fuck you hatin' outside the club?
Drugs knockin' at my door, need to let me in
Need to let me in
You can't even get in
Fuck, yeah

Pills knockin' at my door, I'm finna let 'em in
Ballin' hard, feel like D Rose, I need a Letterman
Can't fuck that bitch if she don't give me her consent
Half of these hoes don't even give me erection
They don't get me hard
If you with that shit, then up your gat, let it split, oh
I know nigga bangin' they flags like Confederate, oh
Slatt, slatt
Brand new house, it's on the hills, just got the settlements off
Rich, rich
Lately I been riding dirt bikes, G Money told me, "Don't fall off"
Yee-haw

That two-door with no tints, oh
She sucked me up in my G-Wagon, no tints, oh
I see all through the shade, ain't no tints, oh
Pull up in that Beamer with the tints, oh
Skrrt
I heard you got a new whip, we shoot the tints off
Grrah, grrah
I know that bitch shakin' ass up out the window
I'm takin' Ws, and her wins low
I order bitches like they on a menu, yeah
Took that bitch to Miami just to have a threesome
What?
I got bad bitches on deck, do you need one?
Matter of fact, I got so many hoes, I'll sell you one, you can keep one
That bitch don't need me, that lil' ho need Jesus, aye
VVS on my wrist, ain't get no Jesus pieces, aye
Need me a chocolate thing, ain't talkin' Reese's Pieces, aye
I don't fuck with none of these nigga like I'm racist, aye
My songs on that bad bitch playlist

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Ballin' hard, feel like D Rose, I need a Letterman
Yee-haw
I can't fuck that bitch if she don't give me her consent
Yee-haw
Half of these hoes don't even give me erection
They don't get me hard
If you with that shit, then up your gat, let it split, oh
Grrah, grrah
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Lately I been riding dirt bikes, G Money told me, "Don't fall off"

I been on my KTM drip, hopefully I don't fall off
Skrrt

In the desert on a dirt bike with an AR, lettin' it all off
Grrah
My lil' bitch'll set you up, yeah, she a dog
She a dog
Get you in the bedroom just to shoot your balls off
Pause
She come back home, tell me you dead, my dick is in her jaw
I could never end up like my dad, I'm too much of a boss
Oxycodone all up in my head, I'm scratchin' through the walls
High as hell on my phone, groupies tryna get in my drawers
Foreign bitch up in my Snapchat showin' ass
What else?
I know she don't love me for real, she just want the bag
What the fuck else?
She gon' do me and my team for a Louis bag
What the fuck else?
Grip the chopper with the beam, this in a Louis bag
Baow, baow
I go shoppin' everywhere, I don't look at tags
Wear it once, then throw it away, I don't take it back
Said she loved me, stupid bitch, you should take it back
I'ma drop you off wherever the fuck I met you at
Call a Uber for that bitch, she gotta go, go, go
She gotta go
Do the dash through her life, I'm on go, go, go, uh
Bitch gotta go
Iffy, uh, sticky tucked, I'm on gummo mode
My closet like a motherfuckin' gun show, oh, uh
I'ma spin her, shawty sweeter than a bag full of apple fritters
Yee-haw
I told her racist-ass dad that she fucked a nigga
Yee-haw
I also told him that it's been my pleasure fuckin' with her
Yee-haw
She said she wanna have my dick for dinner
I'ma serve it to her like a plate of chicken gizzards
Grandma, if you listenin', I'm sorry I'm a sinner
God ain't done with me yet, give him a couple winters
Uh, just became a winner
They wasn't fuckin' me when my pockets was hurtin'
Now I get to pick 'em out, freaky and nerdy
You should take your girl to the dentist or somethin'
'Cause when she come back to you, her mouth gon' be hurtin'
Suck it, ouch

Pills knockin' at my door, I'm finna let 'em in
I'ma let 'em in
Ballin' hard, feel like D Rose, I need a Letterman
I need a Letterman
I can't fuck that bitch if she don't give me her consent
Give me her consent
Half of these hoes don't even give me erection
They don't get me hard
If you with that shit, then up your gat, let it split, oh
Baow, baow
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Slatt, slatt, slatt
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