

Lair

Juice WRLD

I'm a player
Got a brand new gun, it got a Major Lazer
I took her to my lair
In the Himalayas

I took her to my lair, in the Himalayas
Her boyfriend hatin' on me, got a Glock with a lazer
Ain't worried 'bout a god damn thing
I'm all about the paper
I'ma do my god damn thing, fuck all of them haters
Your momma found out you was suckin'
She like jesus save her, mmm
I may fuck that bitch, but I won't never save her, mmm
Pussy so good, damn I had to save it, mmm
Just so my lil thot can eat her out later, mmm

Can't organize my thots, don't need no note paper
Off the dome shit, smoke creative, anyways
You late to the party, have you belated
And if you want smoke, leave you cremated anyday
Put the bullet holes, in his windshield
Even if I'm havin' a bad day, I win still
Wake up, pray to god
Even thought that I sin still
Devil weighin' on my shoulders, like an anvil
Perky got a nigga itchin' uhh, ant hill
Fuck that bitch, then put her on my ad libs
You happy fake, bitch I'm mad real
Make that choppa masturbate, like a porn film

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