

Man Down

Juice WRLD

Cannon

Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up

Don't come around here, only real niggas allowed
We'll kill you, one in the head, talkin' that shit then we gon' gun you down
I got a gun with a leg, nah, just a long ass clip
I need some super head, yeah, from a bad-ass bitch

And I pop out with two thousand on my hip
Hermes buckle and a six hundred dollar Glick
And I used to be starvin' on the strip
Now I get twenty cash, that's one deposit go to Phipps
Remember I used to rock Robin's everywhere
Now it's Mike Amiri, I got a closet full of pairs
Used to live in the hood, I thought it was monsters under the stairs
Now all the backyards got swimming pools like Wisconsin Dells
And my mama crib big as fuck like the mausoleum
He disrespect my name, fuck it
I guess I'm gon' have to beat him
Her pussy smell like water, fuck it
I guess I'm gon' have to eat it
Lately I've been gettin' buckets
I guess that's the Kobe in me
Lately I've been Uncle Ruckus, I don't really fuck with niggas
Uh, stars in the roof, you can look in my car
Put the hoes in the back, had to pimp my ride
Four to the face, I lean and drive
Why you over here if you ain't from this side?
Making money by my lonely
That's my one and only

Don't make me get the strap out-out-out
Do-re-mi my gun gon' sing like
Don't make me pull the strap out
I'ma leave you dead, man down

'Fore I hopped up on the plane I was smellin' like a pound
I'm still prolly the richest motherfucker in here hands down
Yo' bitch kept on tryna give me brain, I couldn't even get my pants down
Got a whole bunch of pills, pass 'em out in that state she was talkin' bout
mans down
Remember lil' bro used to blow the trans out, my car from France now
Two-three hundred my jewelry box, I blow your Vans now
Used to hit a lick for profit, put my friends down
Forced to sleep I was fightin' demons, had to put the Xans down
I done came up, these niggas mad now
Now every show I do, nigga, I sell out
But I'ma always remain the same, nah, I can't sell out
My brodies will do a hit for me, they'll drop your ass and bailout
And if they get locked up, yeah, I'm gon' make sure that they bail out (Uh)
I'ma hold my bros down, that just how it go down
Bankroll, bankroll, money don't fold
Uh, it keep growin', it keep growin'
Balenci', bitch I got plenty
Gone off the Perky mixed with the Henny (Uh)
I don't really drink no Rémy but I'm so high that I'm out your vicinity
You catch a shot to the head like you Kennedy

Clinton, Duff money, Hillary
Ain't enough money, you kiddin' me
I really think all this money is killin' me

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