

Never Cared

Juice WRLD

Southside on the track, yeah
Smoking cookie crisp, huh, stupid bitch
Uh, uh, ooh, uh

Let my girlfriend hold a strap nigga no dyke
Doing drive-bys at night nigga no lights
Hating on me fuck nigga got no life
Grew up with niggas that's locked up for life
Slow down on the Percs something don't feel right
Hi-Tech red that shit slime real right
I freestyle this shit they will write
He on the corner stop at the red light
Talking drunk nigga no Bud Light
He on the gram flexing with fake ice
I'ma keep going no time for a hook
They stealing the drip no time for a crook
Yo bitch get picked up then I get licked up
We in a Fisker moving to Cali, L.A. or Vista
She want a mister I want her sister
Shit real crazy
Someone come roll Backwoods I'll pay
Someone talk down on my name I'll slay
I'ma test out my new gun like yeah
Spent two bands gave my bitch red hair
Pull up on a fuck nigga yeah he right there
He location shared
On the way with sticks right now we ain't never cared

Ha, ah, ah
She look at me like I'm a young God
Allah, thank God
Gave me the talent now a nigga go hard
We in yo yard, you ain't here then we in your bro yard
Make it clear, booling in the front lawn
We know you here (Aye aye aye)
Turn your coat red, Paul Revere

Ran the money and run outta fears
Codeine cups we having cheers
What's her name all on my phone, I haven't talked to this bitch in some year
s
Yeah they all run back when the money coming in
That wasn't Givenchy the way that I got it nigga how much you willing to spend,
yeah
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Talk my shit and back it
Rock star from the trap
Run from the cops in my Rafs yeah
Make 'em feel my wrath yeah
I'm pouring up in a Sprite or a Crush
Maybe Hi-C, maybe a Faygo
Call that ironic 'cause all of my demons be ready to give some of these fuck
niggas halos
Oh, oh, I'ma let it breathe, breathe, let it die slow
I'm your greatest enemy, Eazy-E
Fuck the police, they won't let none of my niggas home, oh

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