

# Out My Way

Juice WRLD

New nigga on the block  
Yeah I got my Glocky  
Like I been locked up  
Arms kinda stocky  
Wrists on rocky  
Wish a nigga'd try to stop me  
Usain Bolt with the glizzy, it's a track meet  
Make 'em Takeoff like Migos  
In the kitchen, whippin' up the bricks, servin' kilos  
If I gotta get in your door, I pick the key, tho  
Full of shit bitches, boy, these hoes like a-hole  
Every day I wake up thinkin' 'bout the pesos  
Gettin' bankrolls, sayin' "R.I.P. the bank loan"  
Keep the dank rolled  
Codeine in the double-cup, I'm sippin', ay  
Stevie Wonder, it's gon' take away my vision, ay  
007 with that Glock, I got precision, ay  
You be talkin' 'bout this shit when I been did it, ay

Free my niggas in that jam  
I don't give a shit and I don't give a Hoover Dam  
Last bitch, she said I wasn't shit  
She wanna let me cram  
Hit her from the back, oh, yes, I am  
Chopper make your brains turn to eggs, Sam-I-Am  
I had a feelin' they was gon' switch up, will.i.am  
Two pints of Wockhardt, sealed up, in my hand  
Clean nigga, but I'm sippin' till I do the muddy dance  
A broke nigga, I got rich and now I do the money dance  
Feel like Hugh Hefner, these bitches finna do the bunny dance  
On a dig for a trick, then after that she fuck a friend  
I ain't gon' trick off no bitch  
I don't pay, I just get in  
I ain't really usually wanna be talkin' 'bout shit  
But I think I'm finna talk my shit one time for the one time  
Two times, maybe a few times  
Ruinin' careers, man, this shit easy  
What my nigga Davis say "This shit beyond me"

Yo, okay, I'm back in  
Gettin' it crackin' with your broad  
After she helped me get my rocks off, she fucked the squad  
They think I'm a bitch because they heard the sad songs, that's a facade  
I'm one of them niggas that'll have an atheist screamin' out to God  
And I don't want no problems really  
I'm just tryna get my sack up  
But if there's a problem, bruh gon come and shoot you from the neck up  
That bitch a lil giraffe, the way she bend over and neck us  
Got killa TECs, the silver and black Berettas  
If they disrespect us

Way, way, way, way, way, way  
Out my way, way, way, way  
Way, way, way, way, way, way  
Out my way, way, way, way

Yeah, way, way, way, way, way, way

Out my way, way, way, way  
Way, way, way, way, way, way  
The fuck out my way, way, c'mon