

Pump

Juice WRLD

Don't give in
Without a fight, lil' bitch, haha
(Joey Rock Marley)

Bitch, we ain't official, these hoes superficial
They say put the guns down, went and got a brand new missile (I
got a gun)

AK-47 with extendo', pull up on 'em, roll down the window
(Interrogate that pussy, boy, fuck-nigga give me all the info)
"Gucci Gang," bitch, no Pump, my hand on my pump
Ain't no workouts over here, but my gun go pump (Pump it, pump
it)

Drop out of school, no flunk, meditate up on these bitches, nig
ga, like Monk

It's a walk through the park, but it's not, bitch, I run
It's alright, it's okay, I don't fight, bitch, I spray
I'm on bullshit with all of these fuck-nigga, Ándale
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I'm on bullshit with all of these fuck-nigga, Ándale
It's alright, it's okay, I take shrooms, need an eighth
Feel like God in a white robe, with your bitch, feeding me grap
es

Head so good, had to call a replay, call a Uber up, put her on
a e-way

Scratch, scratch, scratch, don't mind me

That's them Percs, let me itch my face (Perc 30)

Knock 'em down, domino, pull up with a .40, Lilo, he get stitch
ed, ayy

Live alone, die alone, VLONE on my fit (Lil' bitch)

Balenciaga, no Prada, all on my kicks (My kicks)

I'm gon' dog a ho', grab my dick like I'm Mike, no Vick

Not by the hairs on my chin, chin, chin, could a young nigga fu
ck my bitch

Feel like Wanda, maybe Cosmo, I could grant a wish (I wish)

Pull up on him, Grand Theft Auto, chopper with that stick

That bitch go click-clack (Tut-tut-

tut), put 'em on the floor like, shit, ayy