

Ration

Juice WRLD

It goes down, down, down when the plug is in town
My prescriptions, fill 'em out, pills get passed around
Run, run, run, run away from my pain now
I feel like passin' out, why do I feel irrational?
Runnin' out of pills, now it's time to ration out
Until the plug come back around
Until the plug come back around

Sometimes it just be hard, man
Everybody got they demons, everybody got they vices
Everybody got they own opinion on what life is
When's that beef shit lifeless?

One, two, three, four, five, six hundred
I was just counting my sins
Everywhere I go, I see dark, don't know where to begin
Every morning on my knees, praying to God that we win
Fuck it, let's win it then
I got rich, bought my momma a crib
How much are you willing to spend?
This money don't mean shit
But I still put them diamonds on my wrist to make niggas sea sick
But lately I been on my deep shit
On that life is a mountain and niggas don't know how steep it is
We'll give it all away, just to stay sane
They be playin' the same games
Duckin' and dodgin' all my pain
This clip gun on my waist (Hey)
Shoot a fuck nigga in the face (Okay)
This back inside my brain
Nowadays shit isn't really the same
Super serious, this shit ain't a game
I feel delirious, beast in the cage
Gettin' furious, but I ain't fearin' it
All my demons standin' up in my face
Just poured lean in the Minute Maid
Drank so dirty it need a maid
(Damn, that's some dirty ass drank, ayy)

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