

Regardless

Juice WRLD

Fuckin' that bitch from the front like I'm Carti
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Yeah, yeah, yeah, bitch (CHASETHEMONEY, CHASETHEMONEY)

Fuckin' that bitch from the front like I'm Carti (Ay)
A real nigga walked in the party (Ay)
Grill a nigga like a barbe', uh
That bitch is fake like a Barbie
Will I still fuck on that bitch? Probably, uh
Make her pop her pussy, no ollie
Knock it out, one-two, one-two, Ali, uh
Dej Loaf if a nigga try me

Bitch, get wrecked, blade to the chest, slit to your neck
Talking shit, up that chopper quick, if you disrespect
Rockin' that Rick Owens, you ain't rockin' that Rick?
You still at Carsons with it
Oh you valeting cars, parking and shit?
Here go, a hundred dollars, come park my whip, bitch
Huh, I'ma let that breathe, ooh
I'ma fuck that bitch, hit her from the back quick then I make her leave, ooh
Got a gun with a stick, some say it's a dick, bullets sharp like a harpoon
These niggas be thinking they real, but they 'bout as real as cartoons, hah
(For real)
Huh, bitch, you know the deal
On the super-motor, I ain't grabbin' the wheel
I love poppin' wheelies when I'm off of the pills
Some of you niggas be screaming out, "Bike life"
I doubt you niggas be ridin' for real
Shout-out to Meek, 'cause he do it for real
Shout-out to Philly, they do it for real
But I'm from Chicago where niggas get killed

Uh, my trap like the Good Burger, nigga
Can I take your order? (Fah, fah, fah, fah, fah, fah, blaow)
Shoot a nigga like five times, bitch
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, bitch

I'm fuckin' that bitch from the front like I'm Carti, uh
I just may shoot up a party
Chopper'll grill a nigga like barbe', uh
That bitch be fake like a Barbie
Will I still fuck on that bitch? Probably, uh
Make her pop her pussy, no ollie
Hit her with a left-right, left-right Ali, uh
Dej Loaf if a nigga try me

Shoot him in the eye like Carly, uh
Tell a nigga momma, "I'm sorry," uh
Ride in the Lamb', not a 'Rari, uh
Rockin' VLONE like I'm Bari, uh
Trees in the woods like safari, uh
Heaters will shoot up the party, uh
Runnin' it up like I'm tardy, uh
Threw the "B" up like I'm Cardi
Industry scarred me, gotta be heartless

If he a target, kill him regardless
My niggas chargin', 'cause they retarded
Bitch, I'm a vampire, but I eat garlic
I'm from Chiraq yeah, we catchin' bodies
Brodie got hats still, he from New Orleans
Ball like a all-star, I'm not from Charlotte
Juice rich as fuck now, pussy, I called it
Swervo told me "We gon' get it regardless," so
Bitch, we gon' get it regardless
Run up on me, nigga, is you retarded, uh?
We dump out shit like the garbage, uh
We call up the gang, you call up the warden, uh
Y'all niggas known for talkin'
Y'all niggas walking targets
Fuck ass nigga, just stop it

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Will I still fuck on that bitch? Probably, uh
Make her pop her pussy, no ollie
Hit her with a left-right, left-right Ali, uh (Uh, uh, uh)
Dej Loaf if a nigga try me (Uh, uh, uh)

You know I'm rich, bitch, look at my audience
Hit my accountant, who want to get audited?
Hop out the backseat, look at that opper hit (Grrah)
Standin' all over him, look at that opper dead (Grrah)
G Herbo, I'm in my prime like Optimus
Juice, when we droppin' this?
We work the millions and we got Glocks with us
Who you know stoppin' us?
Wanted the Lamb' truck, I really copped it (Yeah)
Just to get top in it (Oh, yeah)
New school, double R truck but I bought an old nova to bump, hip hop in it (Oh, yeah)
Herbo say he prime, no Optimus
You know they see that shit far away with no binoculars (Yeah)
We got ice, we got sticks, let's play hockey
Pesos coming in ASAP like Rocky, nigga

N-L-M-B, that's how we rockin' nigga
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Swervo and Juice WRLD, we in the pocket, nigga (Go)
Yeah
Go, go
Man, man, 999 shit
I'm good at math though (Uh-huh)
Put Whiskey in then I pop it
What's 150 plus 999? (Blaow)
Yeah 999, hmm, 150 shit, yeah
I don't know, man, gang
Gang, gang
150 plus 999, it's a W, bro (Gang-gang)
Even though it's L's, we still taking W's
Yeah, two L's make a W
Go, go, go (Ha)
All B's man, how you say all B's, no C's?
But now it's all B's two C's, all B's two C's, yeah, Juice
Yeah, all B's
Even my wrist all B's, all baguettes (Ha-ha)