

Relapse

Juice WRLD

This bitch, Taz you hear me fool? I'm finna eat! (808 Mafia)
G-Money you hear me fool? I'm finna eat!
Max Lord you hear me fool? I'm finna eat, ha!

My niggas all in, ballin'
Fucking hoes we ain't calling or talking
They follow us, they get to stalking
She gonna top me up right after I park it
She asked to hit my blunt, bitch, I just sparked it
This-this that Kimbo OG, this that cough shit
I bought a zip of that stank, smell like toxic
Hair-trigger on that choppa, like a off switch
Red beam on your head, you a target (You a target)
I walk my shit, I don't talk it
I'm a dog, bite down, I don't bark it
Oh, make a sci-fi if we fighting
I'ma get to stomping, I'ma get to stomping
Put the slimes on your ass, like Bompton
Fuck nigga cross the line, then it's slaughter
Old niggas hold on to your daughters
Cause if she hear one song, that bitch a goner
D-D-D-damn, stutter of the Percs like, ye-yeah
.40 make 'em jerk like that Cali dance
Versace palm trees, I'm rocking these Cali pants
Me and Max Lord taking the Klonopins
That's a Benzo, Xan for the dumb niggas, they ain't ever understand
I done took a lot of Xans
Cut it out for a while, get back on 'em, time to relapse again

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Passed out at her house, woke up sleeping on the front lawn again
Foreign bitch, I don't know where she from, I just call her Mulan, ye
ah
I got green like a lime, yeah
Fendi on the design, yeah
Moncler on me, like I crack cards
I used to crack cards, now I just crack broads
Y-R-N right, young rich nigga, that's for life
My dick all in your wife
Fuck her off the Percs, it's gon' be a long night

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