

Relocate

Juice WRLD

You know, I think more than me
Because he did a lot of really nice, generous things for me
Like, he bought me a house, you know, cars, and paid off my student loans and,
you know, all kinds of stuff
And he'd just be like, "Okay," he didn't care, he, he just didn't care about
stuff like that
When he came to see the house, he was like, "Oh, this is like the places you
used to take me, I'm glad you like your house"

Did it on my own, I'ma do my own thing
Put my mama in a mansion, had to relocate
Remember playing hide and seek in a crawl space
Now I could play it in a sixteen-room by the lake
Real estate is an investment, house is in the A
Try to block me from my blessing, get shot in the face
With a .40 Smith & Wesson, I'm a fool with the aim, aim
Hangin' out the window screamin' gang, gang (Gang)

Don't talk about it, be about it at your place of residence
And we got the whole shit surrounded, it's obvious, it's evident
Ain't nobody better than us, yeah
Better than us, be-better than us, yeah, huh
Cowboy gun tucked, load it up, buck him
Chopper like nun-chucks, use it like Chuck 'nem
Child's Play, psycho since a shorty like Chuck 'nem
Broad day, walking in your house, no Russian (Ayy)
Two-face, niggas nowadays, I don't trust them
Behind your back, planning your attack, that's your brother
Knife through your back, but you feel the pain in your cardiac
It hurt when your day ones change like no other
Snakes in the grass, they gon' be there forever
Third eye open, I'ma see 'em forever
I'm winnin' over time, so I'm fine
Real day ones, no peons on this side

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It's funny how they think they can't bleed
If that's true, then take these .223's and let's see (Brrt, brrt)
Do what you wanna, if you got the money
Just pray that your niggas remain ten toes down
Through all the shit, through all the hits
Through all the misses, through all the differences
We all different, only God knows, he's omniscient
Nigga, I know, I'm the shit, so I don't let a fuck nigga catch me slippin'
Ridin' around with my clique (Oh, yeah)
Now if you take the L, you took and add it to it, bitch, we lit
I'm thanking God, I'm not selling no bricks
If it's ever a problem, I'ma call up the problem solvers
They pull up and put a hole in your wig

Yeah, you and your friends, you kill our vibe, we kill yo' mans

Damn that, we gon' spray the whole scene, then slide back
I just spend the whole thing on a Chanel bag
But it still ain't put a dent in my stack, oh-oh
Oh-oh
Oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh

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