

# 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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