

So Hard

Juice WRLD

Lil' Mexico, yeah, ayy, yo, Mexico, uh-huh
Uh-huh, yeah
I go so hard
Goddamn

I go so hard, I go so hard
I'm a rockstar, my brother with that stick talk (Stick)
We don't say shit at all, we don't like that shit talk
Ain't no off days at all, but we get them bricks off (Brick, brick)
I sip Wockhardt (Lean), with the moonrock (Skrtrt)
In that Bentley truck, yes I feel exotic
Your shit ain't there yet (Yeah), put some drip on it (Yeah)
I'll take your whole check (Yeah), and then I shit on it

Rollie white as fuck, like I just put a brick on it (What else?)
Your Rollie fake as fuck, boy you can hear the tick on it
The way she suck me up, I thought it was a tick on me (Ooh)
I get the money, then I split it with my big homies (Ooh)
You show your man off, that nigga ain't got shit on me (Hoo)
My clothing like my state of mind, I got Revenge on me (Hoo)
F&N on me (Phew), that's a sick homie (Phew)
Not big enough, my shit will smoke you like a cig homie
I bought a couple Gucci coats, 'cause it's a cold world (Yeah)
I dropped the pill in the lean, watch it fizz on me
Ain't enough love for me in the whole world
My apologies, my heart be getting big on me

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Sip so much, everybody think that I'm gon' die on it
I put my heart into this shit like I just cried on it
My brother flippin' in his grave, there's niggas lyin' on him
His homies wasn't ever my homies
Niggas get to shootin' like they Prigioni
I get lean straight from Houston, that's the Whitney on me
You see that bag 'round my neck
That's the semi on me (Yeah, yeah)
If I got a backpack it's probably cause it's a titty on it
I spent ten racks all on shoes, hella kicks on me
It make me feel some type of way, like my name Rich Homie
New Balenciaga's on me, I bought two pairs
They ain't runners but you niggas know I'm still runnin'
Ya dig?

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