

# Stranger

Juice WRLD

Hmm, ayy  
CashMoneyAP  
Broke niggas pay attention, here's some motivation  
AP on the beat  
Ayy, ayy

Broke niggas pay attention, here's some motivation  
I'm in LA, counting cash and Californicatin'  
If I want it, I get a 'Rari just to drag race  
We acting up floor to floor and we don't need no ashtray  
And we keep it moving forward, we don't ever backspace  
I heard you just bought a Ford, I'm finna buy a Mercedes  
Early to the money, when these other niggas past, late  
You can't have a comma with me, 'till you get your cash straight

Woke up feeling rich bitch, but that's not enough  
Codeine in my cup, ain't no Robitussin  
Fuck a pick me up, I really need a Perc-me-up  
Me and my homies be doing drugs 'cause all of these ho's be irking us  
You said you had a boyfriend five minutes ago  
Found out I got the bag, Suvi jeans no Balmain  
Don't look at her tag, all these bitches fair game  
Your ho might get smashed, you know she gon' fuck on a rubber band man  
I spent fifty k within a month, ho  
I just put a zip into a blunt, ho  
Niggas iffy, uh, I get on that "Gummo"  
Got bitch sticking tongue out whenever, ever run ho

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You know we can't conversate, you a broke boy  
You librarian, you make no noise  
No vegetarian, you want no beef  
Think you know it all, bitch, you don't know me  
And I can't trust these niggas, they be police  
The type to tell on all they friends and they homies  
Don't need no friends, I can do it by my lonely  
It's only one of me, fuck nigga tryna clone me  
Mask on my face, bitch, trick or treat  
Glock kinda hungry, take it out to eat  
Get it big, damnit, I'm hella fiend  
Freak niggas shooting, beauty and the beast  
Yeah

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