

Tag

Juice WRLD

Oh, brand new Porsche (Skrrt, skrrt)
Oh (Skrrt, skrrt), whip that (Yeah)
Chop a brick then I flip that (Yeah, yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh)
Brand new (Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)
Shining on that bitch like some church shoes (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
Yeah, yeah (Uh-huh)

Brand new Porsche, whip that (Uh-huh)
Chase a check, spend that (Uh-huh)
.40 with a dick, yeah (Uh-huh)
Told yo' bitch, "Lick that" (Uh-huh)
Draco in a Louis bag (Uh-huh)
This bitch got some kick back (Uh-huh)
That's yo' bitch, hit that (Uh-huh)
Break her off, Kit Kat (Uh-huh)
I been counting hella racks (Yeah)
Feel like I hit a lick, yeah (Uh-huh)
I was broke, ain't goin' back (Yeah)
Yeah I had to fix that (Uh-huh)
Damn, would you look at that? (Ya dig?)
I don't even look at tags (Uh-huh)
Run up then you gettin' tagged (Uh-huh, baow)
Run up then you gettin' tagged (Uh-huh, baow, baow)

Everybody know my racks long (Rich)
Everyone used to the sad songs (Bitch)
Good heart gone bad, emotional combat (Yeah)
Yeah I gotta keep my strap on me (Strap on me)
I live in a war zone (Grrah)
Please don't try it, this is where you die at (Die)
I gotta make that shit clear (Yeah)
Might go platinum this year (Yeah)
Take a shit on my peers (Yeah)
They said I wouldn't make it here (Yeah)
So I do by my lonely (Yeah-yeah), VLone shit like Bari (Yeah-yeah)
At the crib fuckin' on wifey, we don't fuck with parties (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah (Uh-huh), picture me and her in a Phantom (Skrrt, skrrt)
You don't gotta picture it, I'll make it real (Skrrt, skrrt)
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, for the real, for real (Ya dig?)

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I know one thing for a fact (Yeah), everytime I make a track (Yeah)
Everybody goes crazy over it (Yeah), like it was crack (Yeah)
My brother used to sell that (Uh-huh), ship it out, mail that (Uh-huh)
His own homie got him locked up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Tattle tale shit (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Swerve 'till my wrist lock, tryna tail fish (Skrirt, swerve)
I may crash damnit (Yeah), I'm a cash bandit (Uh-huh)
On the percs fighting (Uh-huh), feel like Bruce Banner (Ya dig?)
Dirty up the Fanta (Dirty, ya dig?)
She wanna fuck on camera (Ya dig?)
I take a perc beforehand (Ya dig?)
Tryna increase my stamina (Ya dig?)
I shoot the gun with both hands (Ya dig?)
I count it up with both hands (Ya dig?)
Sad as fuck, my bro dead (Damn), R.I.P. to that man (Ya dig?)
Shit like Afghan (Ya dig?), life of black man (Grrah, grrah), damn

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