

Too Many

Juice WRLD

It's wild
I get paid to make songs and shit (This shit crazy)
I get paid to speak my mind
Y'all pay me for that
Wow
Uh, yeah, yeah, uh, uh
It's like my mind is like a-, like a-
Like an amusement park or something
Uh-huh

Admission (Huh)
999 to get in (Yeah)
I'm for the outsiders, the introverts, the motherfuckers that don't fit in (Yeah)
The drug-abusers, codeine users that been hurt by women (Yeah)
I'm a drug-abusing, codeine using, modern-day John Lennon (Yeah)
How many Perkies I popped? It really ain't nobody business
But since it's just me and you here, I admit I've been tripping
Way too many (Huh, yeah)
Way too many (Huh, yeah)
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Way too many (Huh, yeah)
Way too many (Huh, yeah)

World tour, worldwide, seen it with my own eyes
Walkin' 'round London off the pills, this my third time
Everybody asks me how it feel to live my life
Don't know how I feel, but I know I don't feel alright
Um, fight away these demons, feel like Tyson
Cursed blood, on my hands, what have I done?
The truth is what I really need to find out
Before the enemy finds us

Woke up, couldn't move
Satan said, "Peek-a-boo"
Baby girl, is that you?
He said, "Nah, but I'll take her too"
Woke up, couldn't move
Satan said, "Look at you, out of luck, bound to lose"
Misery, uh-huh, Avenue

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Got no chill
I've been poppin' too much, I've been drinkin' too much
Ain't no such thing as smoking too much
I been smoking so much
Wockhardt 'til my face go numb
I'ma sip 'til my face go numb
In the strip, throwing 10K dubs
Bank account puke, throw it all up
They wanna have a good time on us
'Cause they wanna all get high on us
Got so high, DJ Scheme prayed Juice wouldn't die on us
Lost too many woes, we ain't losing no more
So hold on while I go and shoot the devil in his skull

Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh-oh

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Misery, Avenue

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