

Zero Toleratation

Juice WRLD

Oh-ah
808 Mafia
Bitch, uh, ya dig (You know how it feels)
Ya dig
Tell me you know how it feels to be high with a couple mill'

Ya dig, that's the lingo
Choppa hit him four times in a row, that's a bingo
I told that lil' bitch to hit the road, now I'm single
She know that my niggas the only demons in my household
Zero toleratation
What is you sayin'? I can't even contemplate it
Bitch, I'm the man, run through bands, that is just some "every
day" shit
Click claoow, that's the sound when my chains hit
Ride 'round in that Lambo', tryna lane switch
Gucci, no Reebok, real crack, no re-rock (Yeah, yeah)
Bitch, I know you see us, you wanna meet us (Yeah, yeah)
You lookin' for me, I'm somewhere in LA kickin' my feet up (Yea
h, yeah)
Raf Simon on my feet, ain't regular Adidas
Oh, I'm in the cut, paranoid, and the bitch got my hand on my h
eater
Your girlfriend over here, doin' white, she say it's Justin Bie
ber
I done earned my stripes like a tiger, nigga
But I spot y'all like y'all cheetahs, yeah
I need a ride or die, that need me like I need her, yeah

Flossin', why they floggin', ah shit
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Look at the way that I shit on these niggas
Stackin' my chips and then I count up my figures
Fuck with us, we gon' hang a nigga
Have him swingin' on a rope like that choppa on my chain
They can't stop me like a tsunami, I can't be contained
My brother feel like Nicholas, 'cause he up in that cage
Everyday feel like Christmas, 'cause all this tree I blaze
We shoot niggas, don't pistol-whip
Catch a bullet right in your face

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