

Baggage Claims

Larry June

That's a nice bag, big bag
You know what I'm sayin'?
I don't really give a fuck
Numbers
You know it's always numbers when I talk on the beat, bitch
I don't even gotta rap, I be playin' around with you bitch-ass niggas
You know what I'm sayin'? Numbers

Got my money up, now I'm livin' like a trust kid
Max Payne on the bitch, chop up out a nice den
I ain't lookin' for the drama, I just know I'm havin' bread
You a well known thot, I don't even want the head
Ten bands, twenty bands, I been thumbin' through a lot
Slide through the TSA with about ten in my sock
I hid mangos into Asia, makin' food got me right
Get the hate out yo heart, li'l nigga, that ain't right
Ooh, shh, this like a little Indian motherfuckin' like
You know what I'm sayin'? Some Indian shit, nigga, like
Very peaceful
You know what I'm sayin'?
Numbers, nigga, all the time

XD, two clips with pink slip
(Good job)
Touchdown, Ruth's Chris when we hit Denver
Big Ds in my chain, I'm a fucking dealer
(Switch it all the way up, I'm ain't really feelin' this flow)
Healthy? Nig? Never
Send a reverend, pay, stack, flip, rack, get, packs (Good job)
Summer, you dig it
I'm shittin', it's a cool little rhythm
You a jive-ass turkey
You a bitch-ass nigga
(Bring it back)
LS, movin', goin', stupid, slide, Machs, who is you?
Cool, tool, room, Clarkin', loot, cock and shoot
I need all mine (Good job)
Baggage claim (Sock it to me)
Duffel bag
Bad days (Numbers)
Run it back
Whole track
And the kitchen
It ain't cavin'

Money so long, told her, "Keep the truck"
(Good job, Larry)
I might go crazy, cop Fendi mat
Yo, nigga, that's that bullshit
Cop a different pest (Sock it to me)
You don't fuck with Larry June, kinda shit is that?
(For real)

Baby came through and her booty was tremendous
Hit it in the trap on the couch in the trenches
Larry MC, way I kill shit
Bass hit my phone with this beat, had to kill this

Not in my sock when I'm slidin' in my old schools
Bust another knot, double bag, hit the Whole Foods
I been on the clock makin' racks off Pro Tools

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, goddamn, nigga, ee-hee
I need all mine, baggage claim
Duffel bag
Bad days
Run it back
Whole track
And the kitchen
It ain't cavin'
(Numbers)
Money so long, told her, "Keep the truck"
I might go crazy, cop Fendi mat
Nigga, that's that bull-cop a different pack
You don't fuck with TFM, kinda shit is that?
Bitch-ass nigga
Straight up