

Barragán Lighting

Larry June

Uh
Damn
Man, what up Bad?

We in May, in need of lobster and it's fresh out the dock (Sure)
I'm like cocaine fresh out the pot, hold on, let that dry (Uh)
Y'all too worried 'bout bein' validated, my nigga (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)
I just made another play and pulled off on the yacht
I'm headin' to Spain, everything was a Éxito
So after this, I'm boardin' the plane (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)
I'm high off life, I'm takin' international flights
I like that, then I'm coppin' it twice
I'm in the bag countin' somethin' precise (Uh)
I get a load, then I'm wrappin' it right
Tuck spot with the bar gone light
I spent thousands on different collages
Street smart, I ain't make it to college
Like the mafia, I'm movin' in silence
Saint Tropez, I'm checkin' my pocket
Daytona clock and at the dot, trackin' these boxes, uh (Uh)

Out-foxin' the devil, I'm on another level
Forty-deuce bezel got me on a higher echelon
This a slight flex, if I stretch your arm, ring the alarm
I don't mean no harm, kiss the ring and bless the Don
Microphone in my hand, like a napalm in my palm
If you put me in the jam, turn this bitch to Vietnam
Catch me under palm trees, chillin' somewhere in San Juan
With a bad jaw on my arm, fallin' victim to my charm
Must have heard I'm ballin' like a larger one
Like the richest man in Babylon, hate this Babylon
They don't love you 'til you dead and gone, then it's said and done
Word is bond, so I keep it movin', gotta carry on
Real relax, hunnid rack stash in the Cavaillon
First class with the champagne glass of sittin' calm
Pray to God, I travel long and I make it home
Born alone, die alone, but I can never say I did this all on my own

The helicopter landin' on the ranch, woke me up
Hella loud, startlin' my cows, all my livestock
Rollin' my power Versace to my socks
There's room like a quilt comfort, cozy pillow top (Cozy pillow top)
I ain't so soft though, don't get it twisted, bro
It's killers out, colors go after cane when it's in the drought (When it's in the drought)
Super sad, cheer myself up, I bought a S-Class
Hardtop and a rack, yeah, bitch, I'm that mad (Bitch, I'm that mad)
Park it with the others, I touch it one day, I'm sure I love it (I bet)
'98 Defender, Landrover Discover
My discography could buy all of it (All of it)
All the biography, one cold motherfucker
Don't come close, don't touch it
(Don't come close, don't touch it, I know what's best, my brother)

Ayy-ayy-ayy, ayy-ayy-ayy, ayy-ayy-ayy