

Imported Couches

Larry June

Mm

They said I'm one hit away from makin' it

I don't really give a fuck about it

I just do me

I just

I just do me

Uh

Ay ay ay ay ay

What you gone do when them times get hard?

What you gone do when them checks stop coming?

That's not really a option, G with the options

Got it all chocolate, Daytona watch

But what you gone do when them times get rough?

What you gone do when them hoes go left?

I'm doing pilates

You knew I had a bitch why you acting so snotty?

Took the bitch hiking, earth tone Maserati

You asking for a lot but you ain't got nothing to offer

Bitch do you clean, do you cook, do you swallow?

Cause all I really see is an Instagram model

Fuck I look like taking your broke ass shopping

You don't even make music why you at this Grammy party? (Uh)

That's why you never see me out

I be looking at the ocean on this imported couch

What's happening? (Uh)

I done watched the whole game switch

And survived every wave of it

I know God got a nigga back

I don't need you to pray for me

I know it's hard my nigga

But you gotta keep going my nigga, you know

Can't stop now my nigga

Gotta make it to the top my nigga

This time around man I'm doing it for me

This time around we coming for everything

Shit hit different when you got it out the streets

You can be here, gone by next week

(Aye bitch hand me that water bottle right quick)

An out call in Petaluma

A '02 Benz rocking Nike Tech suits

Send that code word let me know when you through

It's six in the morning had the trick doing two's

Twenty four hours so we heading to the diner

It's not better feeling than when she sock it to my pocket

But them the old days

I'm just chilling on this imported couch getting blazed

What's hannin'

Uh

(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)
I done watched the whole game switch
And survived every wave of it
I know God got a nigga back
I don't need you to pray for me
I know it's hard my nigga
But you gotta keep going my nigga, you know
Can't stop now my nigga
Gotta make it to the top my nigga

So I got this funny story and shit
Had this homie
You know what I'm talkin' bout
You know he fresh out the slammer and shit
I'ma fuck around, you understand
Circled back in a couple months
Holla'd at him like how the album go?
Said he quit rappin' cause I ain't send the verse
See that's the shit I be talkin' bout bruh
I done watched this whole shit switch man
But I'ma sit on this mothafuckin' imported couch mane
Sip this orange juice

And bitch, put the-, bitch, sit yo' ass down, shorty
Hey, babe