

# Now

Larry June

Aye, look. Peep game though. Real nigga don't gotta show too much, nigga. I might come through in a low, in a 'rrari, nigga. Sippin' Fiji water, nigga. You know I'm sayin'? Livin' life though

Word around town, I got them bands right  
Word around town, I bought that Benz right  
Word around town, I got my shit right  
Word around town, I got that big ice  
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now  
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now  
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now  
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now

I was sittin' in the trap, thinkin' of a plan  
If I can get this hoe crackin', I can buy a Benz  
But back then, it was hard for me to touch a band  
'Cause on the low, that lil' hoe wanted a boyfriend  
Took a trip to the A, yeah, I took a chance  
Got there, went broke, I was like, "Damn"  
Had to sleep at the airport, I'm like, "Damn"  
Sun' told me not to fuck with that ticket, man  
I gave it a few months and the bitch blew  
For a nigga with a whip and some nice shoes  
And that's when I found out that she wasn't cool  
But I let the bitch beg, I'm a damn fool  
That's one of the bad things that money can do  
And all money ain't good, learned that from you  
And now you wanna come back, bitch, you ain't cool  
I got shit to do  
Bitch, keep it movin'

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I might go to Puerto Rico to chill out  
Next week, I'm thinkin' London, this shit real now  
I'ma tryna make a couple million for my kid now  
When I heard Corky [?] died, I was like, "Wow"  
Hot-boxed in the whip, yeah, I'm in the clouds  
Run up on this 650, and it's goin' down  
Holla at my OG, he fronted a pound  
Then, I shipped it out of town, watch that money pile  
I be ridin' by myself, 'cause these niggas dirty  
I got a hunid enemies and a hunid Dro  
I got a hunid backwoods and a hunid blunts  
And a hunid bad bitches tryna get it from me  
I said, "Excuse me, bitch. Why you playin' with me?  
I don't wanna talk, if you ain't talkin' bands with me  
You should fly to Miami and get a tan with me  
And maybe you could eat lunch on the sand with me  
Before we take this any further, ma, explain to me

Are you on some groupie shit? You actin' strange to me  
Do you like smokin' weed? I love those trees  
We can chill by the ocean  
Okay now, look- look- look ma, what's hannin'?  
I don't wanna be your boyfriend, that's tragic  
I might wanna come over, chill, eat a sandwich  
Please, no cameras, no Instagram action  
You do it for the lights, you know I do it for the cabbage"

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