

Light Year (Practice)

Lil Uzi Vert

I like real ratchet bitches (Keep goin')
I mean real ratchet bitches (Brr, keep goin')
I see all these girls and they lookin' so thick (Keep goin')
But I got real racks to get (Real racks to get, I ain't worried 'bout them)
Rick Owen match the bed, yes, I sleep in designer
Eatin' my cereal with ice-
ice diamonds, so when I'm eatin' breakfast, I'm shinin' (Yeah)
Tony Hawk, Lil Uzi be grindin'
Diamonds, they pissy and Issey Raf Simons
I'ma be litty, I'll wait 'til I'm fifty
No, matter fact, sixty, she tryna get with me
She suckin' Daytona, and every time that she go deep throat, it feel like th
e hemi (Feel like hemi)
At the least, it's a burst, I don't do no semi
Like I don't think a purse could hold all these new bands (Let's go)
Like racks look so dumb in my pants
I got so much like I need a suitcase, like
I'm the type of nigga beat my case and the motherfuckin' judge never saw my
face
Look at them now
Know it's some niggas that think I'm a clown
That's cool, this money can, um, get you down
Bitch, we in Philly with three thousand rounds
Nobody want smoke, we got beef out of town
Niggas be like, "Why you always out of town?"
Shit, I'm on the jet with this pound
(Universe slide in the 250, listen for a jet, jet feel like a plane)

Okay, let's talk 'bout the pape'
I got all types of cake, I made three M's off eighths
Made like fifty off hit, and I'm still on my shit, and I'm rich, no debate
Pardon my Wraith, I mean this is a spaceship
My girl lookin' good, always think of you lesser
In my bedroom and my eyes'll undress her
Her head on the dresser like, "Damn, girl, you sexy"
Shout out my Patek, my Patek my bestie
Been ballin' so long, I swear I need an ESPY
Diamond my neck, yeah, that shit like Wayne Gretzky
Now he got the switch, but he used to watch Jessie
Disney Channel, that nigga be catchy
I'm catchy too, but I watched Ed, Edd n Eddy
Need to stretch all these fake-ass niggas 'cause they fetty
I ain't gon' lie, I don't think that they ready

I don't think that they ready, I don't think that they ready
I don't think that they ready, I don't think that they ready (Woah)
Think that they ready, I don't think that they ready
I don't think that they ready, I don't think that they ready
I don't think that they ready, I don't think that they ready
I don't think that they ready, I don't think that they ready
Think that they ready, I don't think that they ready
I don't think that they ready, I don't think that they ready

I got the fan on me just like I'm Jake (Huh?), money all over the place
Diamonds cleansin' your face just like up, like ovation
No, I never fucked your bitch, I'm just smashin' her face
I got glass on the bezel, got glass on the face

But it came like this, it's a factory date
These niggas pussy, they soft like a chafer
Irritatatin' that bitch, you so aggravatin'
Fuck you thought, that I lost?
I'm swaggin', I'm awesome, I'm saucy, my brain, I lost it
Just like Randy, put my arm out, I'm awesome
Put a hole in the nigga like a dolphin
I told my big bro we ain't takin' losses
I got some secret money in the coffin
Smokin' the Candy Shop, it got me coughin'
Bitch, it's so hot like I turned on defroster
I'm fresh off the nitrous, ain't mess up a bit-it
How you say that I'm soft when I'm always revealin' you?
Got sixteen hoes, yeah, guess who's the villain now?
He call sixteen hoes, shit, I guess he a dunzo
Now she be on two drums, on your bongo
Smoke so much, I don't know where my lungs go
Stand on my money, I'm tall as Mutombo
Come to my block, yeah, it look like a gunshow
Trap out apartments, it's only a front door
Puttin' on for my block 'fore I could leave, fronto
Put my arms in my hoodie, this shit look like a puncho
If I stand on the money, then I'm tall like Huncho
Look, I ain't tryna tussle, end of discussion
My shooter with me got bodies like he Russian
Fast money, slow money, I don't care, I ain't rushin'
My block hot, this shit like an oven
This shit like an oven, this shit, it be bustin'
I ain't Hollywood, do some shit for my cousin (Yeah)
That's what I'm posed to, but that shit wasn't nothin'
I just got a nigga hit for like four or five hundred
I just came from the A with like four or five buttons
(Eternal Atake 2)