

## 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 fatty  
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  
Irritatin' 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)