

Uh-huh, yeah-yeah  
Juice is eating a, uh, ice cream  
With, uh, lots of caramel (Bitch)  
I just had a ice cream sandwich, M&Ms  
On a Eminem beat, ironically  
Yeah-yeah, three years  
Uh, uh, okay

I'm the type to come in the game and just launch pain  
With a bronze frame and a tattoo of my mom's name  
This industry has nothin' to offer beyond fame  
Time to take these niggas to school, LeBron James  
Lesson one, I'm a bad teacher who gave the class seizures  
Smash divas, stash reefer in the lab freezer  
I found the reefer Cordae stashed in the back of the lab  
So I'm in class, smokin' gas, slappin' the class preacher  
Bring the house down on you hoes, Queen Latifah  
I'm too fast, gettin' this cash  
Get in the way, get your brain bashed  
Chopper gon' smash, hittin' your face  
I'ma tie up, just like a shoe, my flow laced  
Y'all niggas so fake, wash your face in my showcase  
Fresher than Colgate, make hoes wait, I hold weight  
Bottle of Rosé in a Rolls, drivin' with road rage  
For ten days, off Xans, just tryna get paid  
And since the sixth grade, I been great, no sensei  
My rent paid for ten days 'cause my pen's great  
I smoke ten J's with two hoes that go both ways  
Funny how two plus two equals foreplay  
Speakin' of foreplay, had this shit in the hallway with  
A nun on Sunday, I guess I'm just too blessed (Woah, ayy)  
Me and my nigga Juice WRLD takin' over the Universe  
You knew it first, got my mom Chanel with the newest purse  
Birkin bag, never hurt to ask, "What type of purse is that?"  
Something that's very fuckin' expensive, I deserve to brag  
I murder tracks, this isn't mumble, it's murder rap  
Type of shit your grandma understand with her old ass  
Spend a half a million, then go back and make some more cash  
The hair trigger Brazilian, you would get your whole hood waxed  
See, what you know about my life and my troubled past?  
Took the shuttle pass, hit the mall, I got double cash, copped the duffle bag  
Ten bands on my fuckin' ass, that's a subtle brag  
High Level, we be makin' moves, hit the huddle fast, ah  
Break the huddle, get a sack, that's a fumble on the play  
Not in my house, he look like Mutombo in the face  
Leave him spinnin' like a funnel cloud with lightning and some thunder  
Like the Wizard of O-Z, the way we carry him away (Uh)  
Carry him, then bury him, barbarian  
Beef with anybody, even if you vegetarian  
My flow on ebola, your flow just need Claritin  
Runnin' laps 'round these chaps, it's embarrassin'