

Future, Astronauts

(Just like a astronaut)
(We don't detox)
(Yeah)

Playin' in the mud, all these drugs like a weirdo
.45 cannon, VVS diamonds on my earlobe
Up in that 'Rari, I drive fast, I'm a A—hole
I got cash flow
Bitch droppin' her ass low
Ride dick like a lasso
.40 on me it's fuego, hot
Give you a halo
At your neck, you ready or not?
Me and Pluto astronauts
Alien, I'm not a regular guy
Emilio Pucci, not regular fly
It's been a year since I went to the mall
I'm not a regular guy

Oh, we put them beams on a semi
You better be ready to die
I got on wings like 3 Bentley, I feel way too high
Left the sticker on your window, still got the paper tag
Louis Vuitton bandana, too many shopping bags
Richard Mille or the Rollie, it don't tick tock
Hermes bandana just like 2Pac
My lil' brother, he a scammer, rap, two charges
We want ecstasy and codeine, we don't detox

Balenciagas on my feet, these ain't no Reeboks
I grew up a bad kid, coulda been on The Boondocks
I keep my hand on my tool, uh
Clip look like a ruler
I roll with some shooter-shooters
Ain't with the talkin', we just do it
Stripper bitch, big 'ol booty
Your hoe dirty, she got cooties
Big of .30, it'll do ya, uh
I shoot that shit like a movie
White bitch nerdy, her name Susie, uh
The bitch head game go stupid, uh
Birkin bag on my back hold the Uzi, uh
Two Percs to the face, I'm booted up

Blood on my hands, blood in my eyes
Codeine in my cup, money on my mind
Here, take this Percocet and to try and see stars
Presently they ain't seeing me
'Cause I got bars

Hope you never get the murder solved
Act like ain't nothing wrong
Hope today you run into your opps
You get 'em gone
I be with my Chi-town brothers, Al Capone

Me and Juice killin' these niggas like they got they hands down
Blood in my eyes, blood on my hands
Blood in my cup, blood on my bands
Made a million dollars in an abandoned building
Drinkin' out the bottle, you abandoned my feelings

I took 3 10s and went hasta la heugo
Juice WRLD probably in that 'Rari actin' a A-hole

I want some bartenders, they had like J-Lo
Keep the cannon like a tummy tuck, pushin' yayo
Blow my head off, she deserve Chanel Coco
I got dirty bands, I'm gettin' my El Chapo

I drive fast, I'm a A-hole
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I got bands hasta la heugo
I got cash flow
Bitch droppin' her ass low
Ride the shit like my last ho
Chopper on me, I'm B.G. hot
Give you a halo
At your neck, you ready or not?
Me and Juice astronauts