

Future, Jet Lag

(I just gotta juug, I just gotta juug, juug iuug)
(I just called the plug, I just called the plug plug plug)
These niggas floss, these niggas floss
These niggas floss

I take off, no jet lag
Spend that shit then make it back
I just may walk up in Saks, 50 bands in a bag
I got a hunnid, double that
Big ol' gun in a duffle bag
Still got niggas on the block, yeah
If I go broke, it's back to that
Juug all day just to keep the lights on
I would juug all day, everyday I was tryna get it
Good always, all work, no play
Just juug, I can't fuck you right now
Naw, I gotta juug

Pipin' me up drugs
Got a bad bitch like Meagan Good
Chopper long like a golf club
Hold that bitch like Tiger Woods
Fuck your bitch, I might as well
I heard that her pussy good
Uh, right in the Range, right in the Rover
I'm switchin' lanes, losing composure
Rollie on me, no tick, tick, tick, tick, tick
You know your time is over
Gun in the back, it go sh-sh-sh
You know it's a silence on it
Money machine, it go tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick
Keep your composure
My niggas bray as hell
Shoot up your spot and laugh

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I'm the juug king
Got a million dollars worth of Eliantte, on everything
Half of these rappers be fake
I know 'cause niggas got fake chains
I cook dope on beats, so every verse I rap cocaine
And I don't ride waves, I ride cars and airplanes

I took off, no jet lag
Lost a half milli, juuged the bag
I sell pounds out trash bags
Wrap my money in saran wrap
You on your block, yeah that's cap
Like you in Boston sellin' sacks
Street get money like 16 ways
So nigga, I don't depend on rap

Aye
(Skrrt, skrrt)
Can I get a little
(Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
I'm cookin' dope, cookin'
(Skrrt, skrrt)
(Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
I'm a gon' berzerk

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I just gotta juug
I just gotta juug, juug, juug
I just called the plug
I just called the plug, plug, plug
Fuckin' up my racks in Saks Fifth
Space coupe, it came with the pink slip
The Goyard, filled with blue strips
Spending chips like a big pimp
Takin' a ride, ain't no jet lag
I put Chanel on my bed spread
I'm takin' off, go to Hermes
Walk through the door, call me bird gang
Richard Mille, got no tick tock
I'ma spend it all, ain't no worry
Got the whole world drinkin' dirty
Got ya old girl, now we spurgin'
Perfected my timing, there's new goals
Certified stones in my new Aud'
All solid, all solid stones
Cuban link on my collar bone
Skeleton AP, the two-tone
I wear it at night, turn the lights off
I take off on a jet, nigga
With a hunnid bands and a TEC nigga

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(Juuggin' all day, just to keep the lights on)
(Juug all day, every day)
(Juuggin' all day, keep the lights on)
(Juuggin' all day, every day)