

Rich The Kid, All I Do Is Juug

I pray the God for forgiveness
All the jewels I caught
I on' know I ain't blessed
[?]

I just hop off the jet 'bout to catch a juug
Hundred bands on my neck all I do is juug
Ain't nobody gave me shit bitch I had to juug
I done ran up a check now my family good

Flex and finessin' and juuggin' and loosin' and winnin'
The choices I'm choosin'
I'm sendin' I'm sendin' I'm winnin' I'm winnin'
Father please forgive me
My 'frigirator empty
All eyes against me
I'm juuggin' I'm juuggin'
My bitch in the kitchen she cookin' and whippin' them babies
My momma she drive me crazy
I don't know why Lord save me
No stress I'm bless no worry less
All my family from Haiti
I made it from nothing to something
The Gucci the Louis the Fendi the Prada
I finna got millions of dollars
In the club poppin' the bottles

[?] he and him
Mi pockets come [?]
Flex, finesse and juug
Put some rims in my garage
Volè, volè, volè
Kou nien mais pa konèt
Prié, prié, prié
I'm asking the Lord for forgiveness
I'm juuggin' I'm gettin' where no witness
Mab vend drogue, mab vend drogue
Si ou pa palé cop bouche ou senti
I'm flexin', finessin', I'm runnin' with the money
Hop off a jet from a flight straight from Haiti