

Lil Uzi Vert, Died and Came Back

Ah

This shit forever, I'm Lil Uzi Vert
I can't stop goin', woah

Rigatoni, is not spaghetti
Racks not the same as fetti
Pills in the cups, shit got me deady
Fuckin' her off the Perc', ain't ready
I'ma do everything you let me
No first class, I'm always on jetties
Pay everything cash, no, I don't do credit
You wearin' my savings, I'm wearin' my checkings
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I died and came back
Your voice don't sound the same, get your range back
When the fuck did they bring these lames back?
You said you fucked my bitch (I fucked your bitch too)

But you ain't even go get your chains back
They ran up in your crib and took your platinum plaques
I thought that you was ****, what's up with that?
I like the Crip 'cause the money in my pocket blue
I be with the Bloods and they all say, "Suwoop"
What you paid for your rent, I paid that for my shoes
If you try to diss me, boy, that's a lose-lose
Moncler on me since Luv Is Rage 2
When I made the first Luv Is Rage
It was "Canadian Goose"
I'm on probation, the government hatin'
Can't even see my Canadian boo
I'm never fakin', I dress like I'm Asian
Don't care what they say, I'm makin' it through
Ice on my neck, bought my mama a new home
My wrist cost a damn jewel, you ain't never seein' me with a two-tone
My crib residential, but I also got two homes
Don't cheat on my bitch but I still got me two phones
I still see demons in the dark
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Demon engine inside of a Trackhawk
They pretendin' don't speak if it ain't rack talk

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