

Different (feat. Yung Bans)

Future & Juice WRLD

Talkin' it and doin' it a different story (Talkin')
Just to...
Yeah, yeah
Wheezy outta here
Ahh-aha
We live this shit for real (For real, forr eal) I blow money on my bitch
They killed a kid, that bitch my city
They bad as saditty
I'd fuck it, I admit it
Can't wait to hit it
Money, I'm gon' get it, I'm so terrific
That's the way I'm livin'
That's the way I'm buildin'
Always be gettin' it, panic decision
Flooded my wrist, you ain't gon' get missed
Hit it with extended, that pussy gettin' it
When I pop that Perc, I can fuck that bitch, make her go (Ahh)
Yeah, yeah, in the sheets
Call the hotel lobby, tell 'em we need clean sheets
Knock that pussy out, I kill it, tell it, "Rest in peace"
And if it smell like water, fuck it, I'll kiss it to sleep
I'm the realest, feel like 2Pac, call me Makaveli
It really ain't shit a broke nigga can tell me
I'm walkin' around with the chopper, it heavy
Popped that lil' boy, sound like confetti
Shot that lil' boy, now you in Heaven
I only like girls, told my mama don't worry
She hate on my car cause she said it look girly
Ain't fuckin' these bitches, I know y'all ain't worthy
Don't play the position, you gon' lose your jersey
She's a good girl, now she turned bad
Want a rich nigga? Gotta earn him
Yeah, want a rich nigga? Gotta earn
And I'm skraighter than a damn perm
Bought a million, now done wait your turn
Yeah... Yeah, talkin' it and doin' it a different story
I be doin' it, not talkin' it, that's mandatory
Countin' up blue faces watchin' a lil' Rick and Morty
Yeah, just chillin, I'm still the richest nigga in the buildin'
New car got stars in the ceilin'
AMIRI my jeans, rip in the denim
New gun, his head rip when it hit 'em

Fuck her, then leave, I'm not sentimental
Pussy good, I'ma go in raw when I hit it
Told me she would give it all for a nigga
Gon' head, suck it through the draws for a nigga
And take my body case if I get it
Wockhardt with the Actavis, I'm sippin'
I still got Molly in my system
I still got Xannys on my mental
It's been a couple years since I quit 'em
I don't wanna relapse but I may relapse, that feelin' I miss it
I mean, Percs are cool, but I think I'm gettin sick of em
When I pop that Perc, I can fuck that bitch, make her go (Ahh)
Yeah, yeah, in the sheets
Call the hotel lobby, tell 'em we need clean sheets
Knock that pussy out, I kill it, tell it, "Rest in peace"
And if it smell like water, fuck it, I'll kiss it to sleep

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