

Ain't Livin Right (feat. Gunna)

Future & Juice WRLD

I need therapy for the retail today I spent thousands, ayy
I'm gonna get my head clouded on
whatever memory I'm feelin' today (Ayy)
(I'm not goin' anywhere Nico) Put away every problem (Tryna put away my problem)
I don't sell drugs, I cop 'em (I got drugs, gotta cop 'em)
I be livin' life all wrong (I be livin' life wrong)
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Yeah)
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Yeah)
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Yeah)
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Yeah)
I ain't livin' right, uh, I ain't livin' right (Oh)
I ain't livin' right (Nah)
We from different sides (Sides)
I done sacrificed, and it made me a mastermind (mastermind)
I done switched lanes, Bentley coupe got frog eyes
We got rich, hey, and I still got mob ties (Mob ties)
Never sober, I always be high (High)
I be most likely bangin' a nine (Bangin' a nine)
Ain't no question, my niggas gon' ride (Gon' ride)
You a bitch, you throw rocks and go hide (Go hide)
I just mixed the Ciroc and some red
Couldn't pick one, it was hard to decide (Hard to decide)
Hit my niece, then I talk to the don (Talk to the don)
Got a new Bentley, seat can massage (Massage)
In the P.H., just me and my niggas we alright (Alright)
On the P.J., sippin' codeine on long flights (Long flights)
Damn, I forgot her name, only fucked her for one night
To give my Rollies rage, know young Gunna ain't living right
And they put away my problems
I don't sell drugs, I cop em'
I be living life all wrong
I ain't livin' right (uh)
I ain't livin' right (yeah)
I ain't livin' right (uh)
I ain't livin' right (yeah)
I ain't livin' right (uh)
I ain't livin' right (yeah)
I ain't livin' right (uh)
I ain't livin' right (yah, ohh)
Forgiatos spinnin'
They look like my diamonds
Bitch my Glock got a twin

Man that's two times
I'm on two perc's again
Something don't feel right
But this shit real right, slatt
This shit real right? uh This that pure white crack
Yo might need that
Lord knows she needed then nickle blows to function
This that new Maybach, I'ma speed in it
Roll some tree in it
Fuck a freak in it
I'm a do me in it
Timid, all these niggas timid, uh
All these niggas pussy
Codeine in my sippy cup
I chug it, don't sip a lot
Your bitch on my dick a lot
I guess that's not your bitch, uh
Funny, laughing to the bank, and it's, funny
Perky in my brain I'm a junkie I'm, not a, dummy
Lotta cash, I'm a dummy
I'm a, spaz
Chopper leave your ass in the quick past
Everyday I dash to the quick cash
I get that
Gun on my hip, I can't risk that
Desert eagle, I shoot, knock my wrist back
And they put away my problems
I don't sell drugs, I cop em'
I be living life all wrong
I ain't livin' right (uh)
I ain't livin' right (yeah)
I ain't livin' right (uh)
I ain't livin' right (yeah)
I ain't livin' right (uh)
I ain't livin' right (yeah)
I ain't livin' right (uh)
I ain't livin' right (yah, ohh) Tryna put away my problems
I got drugs, can I cop em?
I've been livin' life wrong (yeah)
I've ain't livin' right at all

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