

Juice Wrld - Empty Out Your Pockets

tom:

'Cause I need all that, yeah

Empty out your pockets

Empty out your pockets, I need all that

I get the millions, then I fall back

Niggas chameleons, they'll change for some change

The days ain't the same, niggas switch for the fame

Louis Vuitton, I'm in my bag

Get high then my memory gone, I been hurtin'

I ride like electric guitars, I be ragin'

Count big knots, look like yellow pages

I run it like a race, get in the way

Brodie got the aim to blow you away

The next day you in the newspaper on the front page

Prayin' for forgiveness 'cause it happened on a Sunday

Back to the cash, rack after rack, so many racks that I sag

I just bought a bike, catch me

Doin' wheelies in the backstreet

Like I'm from where Meek Mill be

E

Put the dead in dead serious

You try me, then you will bleed

On my wrist it's an icy, no it ain't melting

Turn my closet to a freezer, AP on the shelf (Gleam)

Everybody doubted me, they ain't give me no help (Please)

So all this money in my pocket, I'ma spend it by myself

I bet you never felt this pain I felt

When mom ain't had no money and them bills brought hell

That's when G-Money hit my cell

Next day would've fucked up and ended up in a cell

Oh Hell (fucked up and ended up in a cell)

Oh Hell (ended up in a cell, yeah, yeah, uh)

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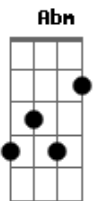
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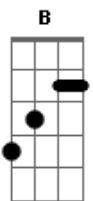
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[Final] Abm B E Gb

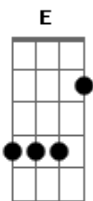
Acordes



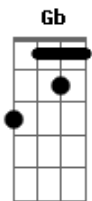
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