

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

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)
 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
 [Final]

Acordes

