

# Future, Astronauts

(Just like a astronaut)  
(We don't detox)  
(Yeah)

Playin' in the mud, all these drugs like a weirdo  
.45 cannon, VVS diamonds on my earlobe  
Up in that 'Rari, I drive fast, I'm a A—hole  
I got cash flow  
Bitch droppin' her ass low  
Ride dick like a lasso  
.40 on me it's fuego, hot  
Give you a halo  
At your neck, you ready or not?  
Me and Pluto astronauts  
Alien, I'm not a regular guy  
Emilio Pucci, not regular fly  
It's been a year since I went to the mall  
I'm not a regular guy

Oh, we put them beams on a semi  
You better be ready to die  
I got on wings like 3 Bentley, I feel way too high  
Left the sticker on your window, still got the paper tag  
Louis Vuitton bandana, too many shopping bags  
Richard Mille or the Rollie, it don't tick tock  
Hermes bandana just like 2Pac  
My lil' brother, he a scammer, rap, two charges  
We want ecstasy and codeine, we don't detox

Balenciagas on my feet, these ain't no Reeboks  
I grew up a bad kid, coulda been on The Boondocks  
I keep my hand on my tool, uh  
Clip look like a ruler  
I roll with some shooter-shooters  
Ain't with the talkin', we just do it  
Stripper bitch, big 'ol booty  
Your hoe dirty, she got cooties  
Big of .30, it'll do ya, uh  
I shoot that shit like a movie  
White bitch nerdy, her name Susie, uh  
The bitch head game go stupid, uh  
Birkin bag on my back hold the Uzi, uh  
Two Percs to the face, I'm booted up

Blood on my hands, blood in my eyes  
Codeine in my cup, money on my mind  
Here, take this Percocet and to try and see stars  
Presently they ain't seeing me  
'Cause I got bars

Hope you never get the murder solved  
Act like ain't nothing wrong  
Hope today you run into your opps  
You get 'em gone  
I be with my Chi-town brothers, Al Capone

Me and Juice killin' these niggas like they got they hands down  
Blood in my eyes, blood on my hands  
Blood in my cup, blood on my bands  
Made a million dollars in an abandoned building  
Drinkin' out the bottle, you abandoned my feelings

I took 3 10s and went hasta la heugo  
Juice WRLD probably in that 'Rari actin' a A-hole

I want some bartenders, they had like J-Lo  
Keep the cannon like a tummy tuck, pushin' yayo  
Blow my head off, she deserve Chanel Coco  
I got dirty bands, I'm gettin' my El Chapo

I drive fast, I'm a A-hole  
I got cash flow  
Bitch droppin' her ass low  
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I got bands hasta la heugo  
I got cash flow  
Bitch droppin' her ass low  
Ride the shit like my last ho  
Chopper on me, I'm B.G. hot  
Give you a halo  
At your neck, you ready or not?  
Me and Juice astronauts