

No Issue

Future & Juice WRLD

Don't let these bitches get in your head
(Wheezy outta here)
Fallin' out of love with Xanax
Livin' my life on the edge
I'm sacrificin' everything
I did Oxy, I don't need alcohol
I pop Rolexes like they Adderall
Continuin', deliverin' the substance
I'ma be there for my bros, one call
Don't you try and judge us like you ain't got no flaws
Don't you try and judge us
Don't you try and trust us
Let it go down, down, down ain't no issue
She gon' cry, cry, cry, she will miss you
Uh, she wanna kick it, she know judo
I cannot save her, I'm not a hero
Bank account commas and zeros
Gucci, Amiri, my apparel
Keep a pistol, let it hit ya, I'm official
Fuck that bitch
I will not kiss her, I won't miss her
Make her cry, cry, cry, she need a tissue
I get high, high, high, and have no issue
VVS on me, no igloo
You say you fly, but we been flew
Ahh, ahh, ah
I told that bitch it ain't no way around it like Future
Come to find out, yesterday she was fuckin' on Future
Stripper bitches callin' on my phone
They wanna know when I'll show up to the club
'Cause I throw hunnids in that bitch, ain't throwin dubs
Spend a check, oh, money love
Designer clothes, designer hoes, designer drugs
50 K for the Birkin bag, did it just because
I'm in Chicago where they trill, trill, trill, trill
No Limit gang with me, yeah they real, real, real, real
FBG up in here, Future real, real, real, real
Perky pop, love the pills, mix it with Klonopins
Yeah, draped up when I walk into the club
Hundred racks in my pockets, and them Bloods
Lot of Crip niggas spillin' lotta blood
Got a million dollar ice just because
Exotic hoes, exotic clothes, exotic drugs

All hundreds in my bank, ain't find a dub
Blow some gas on that nigga, he a dub
Untamed make me feel, feel, feel, feel
No Limit gang whippin' that real, real, real, real
Rest in peace, you either kill or be killed
Bullets flyin', flyin', flyin', flyin'
Homicide-cide-cide
Let's get high, high, high
Make her cry, cry, cry, she need tissue
I get high, high, high and have no issues
VVS on me, no igloo
You say you fly, we been flew (Ah-aah)
You can see what we done been through
You didn't see the road we took, it was grimy
You don't know the way we been through
Bullets, fly, fly, fly
Make you cry, cry, cry

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