

# Lavish (feat. Logic & Mojo) [Prod. By C-Sick]

## Just Juice

This joint for the fans in the stand with their hands in the air, wave left to right  
For the Kings and the Queens in the pent house suite, living lavish lives  
This joint for the fans in the stand with their hands in the air, wave left to right  
For the Kings and the Queens in the pent house suite, living lavish lives  
We lavish (lavish), lavish (lavish), caviar with a bad bitch  
Ceviche out the chalice, show my people round my palace  
Yeah, we lavish (lavish), lavish (lavish), caviar with a bad bitch  
Balancing my talents, my black card ain't maxin' Yea, we bout' it

Ousting the foes who doubted  
Spouting the flow out my mouth like a fountain  
Pose of a stallion, driven like Aston  
Hold up, roll up, hit it, pass it  
Ridin' high, sittin' low  
Mind ain't right but I'm gettin' though  
From the starting line to the end zone  
We runnin' the game and that's all that we know  
And I'm cooling, just me and my team  
G to a T  
Tell me who have it, I be  
Too under esteemed  
Who I'ma be, one of the best with Immaculate steez  
And I rap to the beat with an accuracy  
Gotta master the craft when you after the cheese  
Craft to the suite  
Pedal to the metal, never settle for the what?  
Never settle for defeat  
I'm one of the best though  
Swimmin' in women, perfected the breast stroke  
Never the less though, I'ma keep it a hundred percent to the death though  
I stack that cheese like pesto  
On tracks, I beast like Pecko

Just know that I'm ready to ride if you ready to slide and Dip low like techno  
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Balancing my talents, my black card ain't maxin'  
Let me get like this, hold up  
Get it like this, hold up  
Fuck around, get the blunt rolled up  
Let me load up, never know what might go down sho'nuff  
Motherfucker wanna bluff  
Had enough, at the RattPack, never that  
Let me get it, I gotta get it like a motherfucker that wanna hit it all night  
That's right, just here for the light  
Fuck around here for the night  
On the road for success, never veer to the right  
Here for the fight  
Everybody here, alright  
Shout out to Juice and Mojo fo' sho' though  
Putting this verse in Soho  
Oh no, I ain't fuckin' with no ho  
Bitch you cannot get a photo  
In the back of the 4 door, solo, dolo (Dolo)  
Bitch, I'm too... Bitch, I'm too. Bitch, I'm too alive  
Never talk about suicide  
Unless we talking 'bout both of the doors on my newer ride  
From Maryland way up to Boston  
Yea, we be flossin', that shit be do or die  
Right now it's you and I  
L.O.G.I.C I know I get down  
Bow down to the man with the crown  
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I got Caviar by the boat load  
Fellatio by the throat load  
I'm livin' the shit that you dreaming about  
And I won't go back to the old school  
These ojos seen old hoes  
They gold news, my rollie got a rollie  
I'm double timing these old dudes  
Ride around with a bad broad  
Fast car with the top back  
Fast lane, like Nascar  
Champagne, I pop that  
Bought a black car, with a black card  
Don't act hard, you not that

Got a Jaguar for the side chick  
Now she give me that bobcat  
All that and a bag of Lays Hit the sheets with a freak I bag and lay  
They cop feelins' like PD  
I cop a feel like David Blaine, it's magic, no hat-trick  
I mask emotion, like masquerade on an escapade up in the Escalade  
When I drop this track, I'ma escalate This joint for the fans in the stand with their hands in the air, wave left to  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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