

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

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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 technoThis joint for the fans in the stand
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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

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Balancing my talents, my black card ain't maxin'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 LaysHit 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 escalateThis joint for the fans in the stand with their hands in the air, wave left to right

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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