

# Rich The Kid, All I Do Is Juug

I pray the God for forgiveness  
All the jewels I caught  
I on' know I ain't blessed  
[?]

I just hop off the jet 'bout to catch a juug  
Hundred bands on my neck all I do is juug  
Ain't nobody gave me shit bitch I had to juug  
I done ran up a check now my family good

Flex and finessin' and juuggin' and loosin' and winnin'  
The choices I'm choosin'  
I'm sendin' I'm sendin' I'm winnin' I'm winnin'  
Father please forgive me  
My 'frigator empty  
All eyes against me  
I'm juuggin' I'm juuggin'  
My bitch in the kitchen she cookin' and whippin' them babies  
My momma she drive me crazy  
I don't know why Lord save me  
No stress I'm bless no worry less  
All my family from Haiti  
I made it from nothing to something  
The Gucci the Louis the Fendi the Prada  
I finna got millions of dollars  
In the club poppin' the bottles

[?] he and him  
Mi pockets come [?]  
Flex, finesse and juug  
Put some rims in my garage  
Volè, volè, volè  
Kou nien mais pa konèt  
Prié, prié, prié  
I'm asking the Lord for forgiveness  
I'm juuggin' I'm gettin' where no witness  
Mab vend drogue, mab vend drogue  
Si ou pa palé cop bouche ou senti  
I'm flexin', finessin', I'm runnin' with the money  
Hop off a jet from a flight straight from Haiti