

Blast Off - Internet Money Feat. Juice Wrld & Trippie Redd Lyrics

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"Blast Off"

Internet Money, bitch

Hahahaha, Nick, you're stupid

Baby, come and have a blast with me

Do everything I say like your majesty

Fuck with the gang and it be a tragedy

Fuck with my shooters, they in the back with me

Fuck with me baby, come get this bag with me

Been alone for a minute, that shit been dragging me

Craving your love, it's heart-attacking me

Tryna get in that pussy, baby, that Mac and Cheese

I cannot show these bitches no sympathy

Who're these niggas? They simps and they hella bitch to me

I was just fortunate, got the remedy
Fuck that bitch and then dip, I got them chips to receive, yeah

Baby, come and have a blast with me
Do everything I say like your majesty
Fuck with the gang and it be a tragedy
Fuck with my shooters, they in the back with me (Uh)

You picked that knife up and you stabbin' me (Uh)
Wish it was a paper cut, but it's a gash, I bleed out

In a way, you keep harassin' me
It's a shame this the way that it has to be, oh

Uh, yeah, time is of the essence
You know damn well you bring hell, I should call a reverend
Devil horns on a angel, still haven't learned my lesson, uh

We're a mess and our life's a wreck (Hey)

Toxic, toxic, toxic

The most beautiful things grow old and start rottin'
I should've turned away when I found out you were demonic

Let's be honest, you're the devil's daughter

Say hey to your father, uh, he owe me twenty dollars
We gon' run through hell with like twenty-hundred choppers

We gon' give 'em hell and I put that on my mama

Me and Trippie Redd boolin' back in the Bahamas

Baby, come and have a blast with me

Do everything I say like your majesty

Fuck with the gang and it be a tragedy

Fuck with my shooters, they in the back with me

Fuck with me baby, come get this bag with me

Been alone for a minute, that shit been dragging me

Craving your love, it's heart-attacking me

Tryna get in that pussy, baby, that Mac and Cheese

Gang, gang, gang

Probably fuckin' your mama

Three K on my wrist like André

Servin' like entrée

Ha, huh, you dig? You dig? You dig?

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