

# Lavish (feat. Logic & Mojo)

## 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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(lavish), caviar with a bad bitch  
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 This joint for the fans in the stand with their hands in the  
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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 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

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