

# No Issue

## Future & Juice WRLD

[Intro: Future]

Don't let these bitches get in your head  
(Wheezy outta here)  
Fallin' out of love with Xanax  
Livin' my life on the edge  
I'm sacrificin' everything  
I did Oxy, I don't need alcohol  
I pop Rolexes like they Adderall  
Continuin', deliverin' the substance  
I'ma be there for my bros, one call

[Verse 1: Future & Juice WRLD]

Don't you try and judge us like you ain't got no flaws  
Don't you try and judge us  
Don't you try and trust us  
Let it go down, down, down ain't no issue  
She gon' cry, cry, cry, she feel misused  
Uh, she wanna kick it, she know judo  
I cannot save her, I'm not a hero  
Bank account commas and zeros  
Gucci, Amiri, my apparel  
Keep a pistol, let it hit ya, I'm official  
Fuck that bitch  
I will not kiss her, I won't miss her

[Chorus: Juice WRLD]

Make her cry, cry, cry, she need tissue  
I get high, high, high, and have no issue  
VVS on me, no igloo  
You say you fly, but we been flew  
Ahh, ahh, ah

[Verse 2: Juice WRLD]

I told that bitch it ain't no way around it like Future  
Come to find out, yesterday she was fuckin' on Future  
Stripper bitches callin' on my phone  
They wanna know when I'll show up to the club  
'Cause I throw hunnids in that bitch, ain't throwin' dubs  
Spend a check, oh, money love  
Designer clothes, designer hoes, designer drugs

50 K for the Birkin bag, did it just because  
I'm in Chicago where they drill, drill, drill, drill  
No Limit gang with me, yeah they real, real, real, real  
FBG up in here, Future real, real, real, real  
Perky pop, love the pills, mix it with Klonopins

[Verse 3: Future]

Yeah, draped up when I walk into the club  
Hundred racks in my pockets, and them Bloods  
Lot of Crip niggas spillin' lotta blood  
Got a million-dollar ice just because  
Exotic hoes, exotic clothes, exotic drugs  
All hundreds in my bank, ain't find a dub  
Blow some gas on that nigga, he a dub  
Untamed make me feel, feel, feel, feel  
No Limit gang whippin' that real, real, real, real  
Rest in peace, you either kill or be killed  
Bullets flyin', flyin', flyin', flyin'  
Homicide-cide-cide  
Let's get high, high, high

[Chorus: Juice WRLD]

Make her cry, cry, cry, she need tissue  
I get high, high, high and have no issues  
VVS on me, no igloo  
You say you fly, we been flew (Ah-aah)

[Outro: Future]

You can see what we done been through  
You didn't see the road we took, it was grimy  
You don't know the way we been through  
Bullets, fly, fly, fly  
Make you cry, cry, cry

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