

Buckets (feat. Future)

Rae Sremmurd, Swae Lee & Slim Jxmmi

Yeah, uh, Uncle Jxm
(Maserati)
Uh, wasn't born with it
When you come from the bottom and you go spinning Fuck it, ball (ayy)
Fuck it, I'm ballin' (wasn't born with it)
Fuck it, I'm ballin'
Fuck it (ayy), I'm ballin' (skrrt)
Fuck it, ball
Fuck it, I'm ballin'
Fuck it, I'm ballin' (ayy)
Fuck it
I just woke up this morning
On that bullshit, where the fuck am I goin'?
Gotta get some money, I ain't even got one cent
How the fuck the nigga finna go and get a lunch meal?
All that's on my mind is I gotta get a dollar, dollar, dollar
Hit up my partner Mike, we gotta get some guala (Mike with it)
Everywhere we go, man, we fuckin' shit up (skrrt)
Passed her two cups, told her mix that shit up Fuck it (Sremm life), ball (yeah)
Fuck it, I'm ballin' (wasn't born with it)
Fuck it, I'm ballin' (yeah)
Fuck it (ayy), I'm ballin' I just get lost in these mothafuckin' drugs (yeah)
I just might just get lost inside of this drug
Don't let me get lost inside of this cup (yeah)
Don't let me get lost inside of this cup (Slim Jxmmi)
Candy paint and some vogues on these ho niggas
Bitch don't come for me if I ain't send you, I ain't no ho, nigga
They done got back in their feelings, they some old niggas
They put up 28s on a Chevy, and it got drip on it
Got a little bit of Promethazine in that cup, I'm about to sip on it
I turned a u-turn on Moreland, got that lift on it (skrrt, skrrt)
See back in 2003 when they wasn't hip to me
I was selling them breakdowns, tell the truth I was tryna live through it
They keep a liquor store on every damn corner
They hop up out the paddy wagon, run up on us
They tryna search us every day, we ain't got nothin' on us
I drink that lean every day like it's a Corona Fuck it, ball (ayy)
Fuck it, I'm ballin' (wasn't born with it)
Fuck it, I'm ballin'
Fuck it (ayy), I'm ballin' (skrrt)
Fuck it, ball
Fuck it, I'm ballin'

Fuck it, I'm ballin' (ayy)
 Fuck it Cut down the net, Swae Lee put them points up (buckets)
 Put them tens up, both hands, I slam dunk (woo)
 What's in my cup, that's wonderful stuff (juice)
 Nah, these ain't drugs, but even if they was
 I'd be focused on the prize (focused)
 Trey ball every time (yo)
 Flex like exercise, shot clock, never mind that
 'Cause we pull it at the perfect time (we pull it)
 Ball like Porzingis, and your foot was on the line (you blew it)
 Couple hundred, I'll sign Buckets, ballin'
 Buckets (woo), I'm ballin'
 Couple thousand, I'm ballin' (woo)
 In front of millions, I'm ballin' (ayy, ayy, ayy) Fuck it (Sremm life), ball (yeah)
 Fuck it, I'm ballin' (wasn't born with it)
 Fuck it, I'm ballin' (yeah)
 Fuck it, I'm ballin'
 Fuck it, ball (yeah)
 Fuck it, I'm ballin' (ah)
 Fuck it, I'm ballin' (yeah)
 Fuck it, I'm ballin' (Slim Jxmmi)
 Fuck it Post up, post up, post up
 Blow up, roll up, roll up
 Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up
 Hol' up Post up, post up, post up
 Post up, post up, post up
 Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up
 Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up
 Hol' up, hol' up
 Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up Post up, post up, hol' up, post up, hol' up, post up
 Hol' up, hol' up, post up
 Wasn't born with it
 Post up, post up, post up

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>