

## Juicy J

### "I Wont Miss Ya"

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[Intro]

Yeah...Still high  
Still like fuck you niggas (Pussy!)

[Verse 1: Juicy J]

I don't play with guns but we call them toys  
Totin' big straps that make a lot of noise  
Talking big money, niggas better know it  
Gun never on safety, I'm paranoid  
I don't pull it out unless I'm 'bout to shoot  
I got military guns, I got goons too  
Tryna' find me, where your black suit  
You think you gon' catch me slippin', you a damn fool  
My bitches strapped, they keep it in they purse  
Tryna' ride up on me now you ridin' a hearse  
That trippy shit, I'm on another planet (mars)  
Niggas hating on me I'm bullet proof, a phantom  
Ridin' in a black car, ridin' with a black bag  
Black gloves, black hoodie, ridin' with a black mask  
I know niggas scared, so don't try to flex  
A couple of bullets hit his body tore up his chest

[Hook:]

A hundred rounds, I won't miss ya ass  
Put your ass on a shirt saying they miss your ass  
Your family miss you, your girl miss you  
The niggas miss you, Juicy J I won't miss ya  
I won't miss ya (x3) Juicy J I won't miss ya (repeat)

[Instrumental]

[Hook]

A hundred rounds, I won't miss ya ass  
Put your ass on a shirt saying they miss your ass  
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