

# Friday (prod. by Jonathan "J.R." Rotem)

## Plies

[Chorus:]

Damn my P.O. I ain't gon' stop grindin'  
Violate me if ya want gon' have to come find me  
Lookin' for me in the streets I'm somewhere shinin'  
Live every goddamn day like it's Friday  
Damn my P.O. I ain't gon' stop grindin'  
Violate me if ya want gon' have to come find me  
Lookin' for me in the streets I'm somewhere shinin'  
Live every goddamn day like it's Friday Tell the feds if they comin' they better come now  
They got my chips straight now I'm ready to retire  
I ball 'til I fall homie thug 'til I die  
And if I died today I know I'll probably fry  
But if I hit the right lick I can live nice  
Think I'm scared to go get it you goddamn lie  
My money go to lookin' funny I'm gettin' on seventy-five  
Non-stop homie straight to the Cuban's island  
I like to get money, fuck hoes, and rock ice  
Give a damn who don't like it, it's my life  
That's why I drank e'eryday dog and stay high  
Catch me in the strip club lettin' money fly  
And goin' broke the only thing that can make me cry  
I told my P.O. she can't change me don't even try  
The street life got me gone I don't know why  
Tryna at least see a couple mill' 'fore I die [Chorus] Before I went to sleep I prayed for a hundred squares  
Told God he'll bless me if He really cared  
Know you fuck niggas prayin' for me to get killed  
Know you crackers wish you could give me a hundred years  
That's why I ball and stunt for the niggas in jail  
Cracker gon' have to kill me 'fore they put me in a cell  
Nigga told me to turn myself in I told him "go to Hell"  
Cause if they want me they better do they job and that's real  
Worst thang they can do is hold me with no bail  
Until that shit happen been done ran across a whole mill'  
I thug it out 'til the end homie that's how it is  
Life too motherfuckin' short for me to sit still  
I can't leave these streets nigga they pay my bills  
I gotta be dead in prison nigga for me to chill  
I asked a trick the other day why he pop pills  
He told me I'll pop 'em too if I knew how it feel [Chorus] I wake up e'ery mornin' lookin' for a money bag

When a nigga died and he was broke then he died sad  
If I was on my dick you niggas'll be glad  
Squeeze eights on the donk just to make you mad  
Long as my heart still beatin' nigga I'mma get cash  
Live every motherfuckin' day like it's my last  
Indictment money in my pocket and 'Gnac in my system  
Need every muthafuckin' day like Christmas  
Heard the crackers downtown givin' out big numbers  
I know some muthafuckin' haitians givin' out triple.[Chorus]

Songwriters

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