

# Days (Opening mix)

## Flow

She don't call me Tunechi no more, she call me bae  
Oh I, don't give a fuck about these niggas all in my face  
'Cause I'm in the club goin' up, on a weekday  
I got an off day tomorrow, I'ma sleep late  
I brought a bad bitch too, she got a beef cake  
And she go each way, she need a teammate  
I got a bad bitch at home makin' me plates  
She lock the door, set the alarm, and text me she safe  
I got a big booty bitch with a petite waist  
I get my back scratched up, she get her knees scraped  
Then she ride that dick, oh freeway  
And now them titties sittin' nice yeah, I wanna bite that  
I could fuck you right yeah, all night yeah  
That's word to my right hand, that's my mic hand  
Shorty with the nice ass needs some flight plans  
I'ma fuck her right fast, fly her right back, hold up  
Uh,  
Now we suckin' and fuckin' and suckin' and fuckin', and suckin' and fuckin'  
I'm cumin', I'm cumin', I'm cumin', oh! Oh yeah  
She got that hoppita, hoppita, I love her like wobble  
We tonguin', we fuckin' we tonguin', we fuckin', I'm cumin'  
I got a bitch named Vanessa  
She like how I finesse her  
I'm comfortable by her I put my pistol on her dresser  
Had a threesome with her sister  
They thought I was scared to ask them  
Bust a nut then hit the bathroom  
Grab a towel and clean my mess up  
I be swaggin' on these hoes  
I ain't laughin' with these hoes  
I would crack your fuckin' skull before I crack a fuckin' joke  
Got some OG straight from Cali  
And some backwoods from the store  
Got a message from Lil Tune and he sent pictures of your home  
And we got groupies in the hallway  
Set that dick all on her body  
Bet there's roaches in my ash tray  
Bitches buggin', get the OFF! Spray  
Girl I fuck with you the long way  
Give me blow jobs on your off day  
Give me blow jobs on your off day  
Give me blow jobs on your off day  
Oh I, don't give a fuck about all of these hoes in my face

My bitch in the club going up, on a weekday  
I see the bitch you came with, I made a stink face  
She said her last little boo was such a cheapskate  
I put my arm around her shoulder, told her she straight  
She ate the dick like Minnie Mouse eat cheese cake  
She don't call me Tunechi no more, she call me bae  
I said, oh you got the touch, still I take precaution  
I told her I ain't know none of the suckers she been involved with  
I fuck her till she's exhausted, pussy tastin' like frosting  
Then she get on her knees like she b-b-beggin' my pardon  
That's word to my right hand, that's my dice hand  
Pop that pussy like a price tag till' I white flag I like smokin' with my bitches so I pass the blunt to Brittany  
Bitches think that I'm a Hot Boy, I got dope dick bitch I'm B.G  
Gettin' BJ's from your B-M while the DJ play my CD  
Got a bitch up in the bed gon' make it squirt and touch the TV  
Skrrt skrrt skrrt skrrt skrrt, I just ditched your bitch  
She ain't wanna suck my dick, she say she gave it up for lent  
Thats why I fuck with her the long way  
Ate that pussy on the first date  
Give me BJ's on your off day  
Give me blow jobs on your off day Uh uh uh uh  
And now we suckin' and fuckin' and suckin' and fuckin', and suckin' and fuckin'  
I'm cumin', I'm cumin', I'm cumin', oh yeah  
She got that hoppita, hoppita, I love her like wobble  
We tonguin', we fuckin' Oh I, don't give a fuck about these niggas all in my face  
'Cause I'm in this bitch goin' up, on a weekday  
I got an off day tomorrow, I'ma sleep late  
I brought a bad bitch too, she got a beef cake  
And she go each way, she need a teammate  
I got a bad bitch at home that never debate  
Sendin' pictures to my phone when she masturbate  
I got a big booty bitch that keep her peak shape  
I get my back scratched up, she get her knees scraped  
And then she surf that dick like a heatwave  
And now them titties sittin' right yeah, I wanna bite yeah  
I could fuck you right yeah, all night yeah  
That's word to my right hand, that's my knife hand  
And shorty with them tight pants need some flight plans  
I'ma fuck her right fast, fly her right back, your ass Uh  
Now we suckin' and fuckin' and suckin' and fuckin', and suckin' and fuckin'  
I'm cumin', I'm cumin', I'm cumin', oh  
She got that hoppita, hoppita, I love her like wobble  
We tonguin', we fuckin' we tonguin', we fuckin', I'm cumin' Gettin' BJ's from your B-M while the DJ play my  
CD  
Skrrt skrrt skrrt skrrt

Give me BJ's on your off day, give me blow jobs on your off day, oh yeah, uh  
She don't call me Tunechi no more, she call me bae

Songwriters

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