

Friday

Plies

Damn, my P.O., I ain't gon' stop grindin'
Violate me if you want, will have to come find me
You can find me in the streets, I'm somewhere shinin'
Live every goddamn day like it's Friday
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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 drink everyday, 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, don't even try
This street life got me goin, I don't know why
I'm tryna at least see a couple mil' 'fore I die
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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 yall 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 their 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 mil'
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
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Live every goddamn day like it's FridayI wake up every mornin' lookin' for a money bag
When nigga died and he was broke then he died sad
If I was on my dick, you niggas will be glad
Squeeze eights on the donk just to make you madLong as my heart still beatin', nigga, I'ma get cash
Live every motherfuckin' day like it's my last
I'ma die with money in my pocket and 'Gnac in my system
Need every motherfuckin' day to feel like Christmas
Heard the crackers downtown givin' out big nimbles
I know some motherfuckin' Haitians givin' out ticklesDamn, my P.O., I ain't gon' stop grindin'
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