

# Next Day (feat. Iamsu! & CJ)

## Kool John

Up all night spendin' money 'til the next day  
'Til the next day  
Spend a couple thousand, bet I make it back the next day  
On the next day  
Take your girl home, don't call her back the next day  
Or the next day  
Up all night makin' money 'til the next day  
'Til the next dayOoh I know you want it  
But it's gon' be a fee  
Got a couple bitches in the whip down for a nigga scream yee  
Real niggas stay shmolified down  
Money comin' up, you can't hold me down  
Flow sharp, you gettin' cut  
I'm makin' hits and you niggas makin' putts  
And I, enter the pussy and I end up in the guts  
And I, enter the club and I'm leavin' out with butts  
And these niggas is jealous, not feeling niggas they sus  
Niggas that bust, be honest it's just us  
The gang of shmolified niggas, the only niggas I trust  
I got the Rari shirt, tryna get the car to match  
Shmolified boys light it up like a match  
The club lights, section straight to the back  
And this jewelry and this mackin' make a bitch react  
Bet a couple grand your man ain't like this  
Kobe Bryant on these beats, I can't miss  
Bombay straight to the face, we drank fifths  
Got two chains on, Rolex on my wrist  
I touched down in my city, I'm mobbin'  
My day ones, that's who I'm outside with  
I got too many kicks in my closet  
I got too much cash in my wallet  
Stop tryna count the money I make  
I don't give a damn what none of ya'll say  
I'm turnt up bitch, I can't feel my face  
My Bapes are not laced, get out of my face  
If you ain't talkin' dollar signs  
On the grind all the time, I be needin' mine  
Got a line, all the fly shit that I be buyin'  
And if you say you hot as me bitch you probably lyin'

Uh, back to the bank with this one  
Can't forget my name ain't ranked for shit  
One of the realest niggas out here  
Smokin' some of that sticky when you out here  
Hit me when you out here  
Get me, with me  
Fuckin' with you broke ass hatin' niggas  
Couple shots to the face now I can't remember  
They don't make 'em like me no mo'  
I'm tryna see mo' dough like a casino though  
He lyin', I'm mouthin' off  
But I don't see no dough  
I'm tryna get it on, until I don't see no mo'  
Back on a mothafuckin' mind trip  
Gone off the map  
Nigga, Siri can't find me  
Tell 'em bring it back  
Stupid hoes gon' rewind me  
Steppin' on the track  
Nike fucked around and signed me  
I swear to God I'm reppin' gang shit  
Finish line, same niggas who I came with

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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