

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 day Ooh 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 shmoplified 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 shmop niggas, the only niggas I trust
I got the Rari shirt, tryna get the car to match
 Shmoplifed 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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