

Days (Eureka 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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