

# No Days Off (Feat. Monty)

## Fetty Wap

Going hard, no days off, yeah, ay  
Grinding hard for that payoff, yeah, yeah!  
Going hard, no days off, yeah  
Put in work for that check, ay  
Grinding hard for that payoff yeah, seventeen, seventeen, ay  
Going hard, no days off, yeah  
Put in work for that check  
Remy Boyz what I rep, Remy Boyz  
Grinding hard for that payoff, yeah  
17-38, Seventeen, seventeen, seventeen  
Going hard, no days off, yeah  
Put in work for that check  
Remy Boyz what I rep, Remy Boyz  
Grinding hard for that payoff, yeah  
17-38, Seventeen, seventeen, seventeen  
Remy Boyz my gang though, Fetty Cash my name ho  
Foreigns switch lanes though, watch what you say though  
All about my bankrolls, I chose them pesos  
Spot them in plain clothes, trapped out the bando  
Revolvers don't jam though, rubber grip on that handle  
Wax you, no candle, Spanish bitch in her sandals yeah  
I ain't tryna wife you baby girl I got a plan you be my boo thang, yeah, ay  
I be in the kitchen whipping two thangs, yeah  
Look, I'm karate kicking like I'm Liu Kang, yeah  
Look, every time she see me make her mood change, yeah  
Look, she wanna get freaky, wanna do thangs, yeah  
Ay, creep up in her window like I'm Bruce Wayne, yeah  
Your body like a foreign ride, you curvy, yeah  
This ain't the A, I'm tryna get dirty, yeah  
Like Master P, I'm 'bout it, I'm 'bout it, yeah  
Come hop on and ride like you  
Going hard, no days off, yeah  
Put in work for that check  
Remy Boyz what I rep, Remy Boyz  
Grinding hard for that payoff, yeah  
17-38, Seventeen, seventeen, seventeen  
Going hard, no days off, yeah  
Put in work for that check  
Remy Boyz what I rep, Remy Boyz  
Grinding hard for that payoff, yeah  
17-38, Seventeen, seventeen, seventeen  
17-38, My whole team on the way  
We have dreams of this day, now the streets going cray  
I don't know why they hate, we got no time to waste  
Niggas know I don't play, have some hoes on delay

They be head over heels, give me head in the wheels  
I got bread, I got bills and your legs I could feel  
In the back of the ride, from the back or the side  
In the trap counting racks, throw it back if you like, baby  
Uh, me and my niggas tryna make it, baby  
I'm just tryna see if you can take it, baby  
I'ma throw this money while you shake it, baby  
And you can get it now, ain't no waiting, baby  
Smoking loud, no haze, Remy Boyz the name  
Going hard, no days, going hard no days  
I said smoking loud, no haze, Remy Boyz the name  
Going hard, no days, going hard no days  
Going hard, no days off, yeah  
Put in work for that check  
Remy Boyz what I rep, Remy Boyz  
Grinding hard for that payoff, yeah  
17-38, Seventeen, seventeen, seventeen  
Going hard, no days off, yeah  
Put in work for that check  
Remy Boyz what I rep, Remy Boyz  
Grinding hard for that payoff, yeah  
17-38, Seventeen, seventeen, seventeen  
(Seventeen yeah)

Songwriters

ANGEL COSME JR., NATHAN RHOADS, WILLIE MAXWELL

Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>