

# Friday Night

Rich Homie Quan

We been shinin' bright  
Diamonds hittin' like dynamites  
And if that Sprite's too clean  
You know that's ain't my kinda of Sprite  
Two bitches, one me  
I'm tryna have that kind of night  
I left from Wayne's too early  
I'ma be back later on Friday night  
I'ma get that money by Friday night  
Paycheck came early, I'ma get it by Friday night  
Booked a full year, I ain't had an off Friday night  
Backhands and weed my nigga and Friday night

Ok, now Friday, they had the fuel, they order weed  
She said I'm childish  
Every time I get caught cheating  
She keep it private  
And she don't tell nobody my secrets  
And I pray by Friday  
I hope that paints her down to hit  
Forget about it  
Baby girl don't hold that over my head  
Take a look at my watch  
I done fell in love with the bread  
I don't need no stylist  
I put this shit on with no help  
Big old gun, don't need no belt  
Dap you up, don't do no love  
I ain't tripping 'bout nothing either  
I ain't worried 'bout nothing either  
I'm a big ol' dog, had another litter  
And we don't talk with niggas playin' in the middle  
And we gon' make sure the fan is straight  
And we gon' keep the something in the safe  
And we gon' put the money up, baby  
And we ain't never worried about a hater

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