

## 7-Eleven

Bladee

When I'm coming home they call me vänner

Waiting for forever for my weapon  
Waiting for my best friend outside 7-Eleven  
Sometimes I just wanna go to heaven  
When I come home they call me vänner  
Some people I wanna just forget them  
They wanna get close I never let them  
Running through the money gotta get them  
Gotta get away within a second

Don't talk to me like you're not basic  
Know your place bitch, gucci on my face bitch  
Hundred K's, six runners, I go racing  
Going crazy, pull up in Mercedes  
I can't take this smoking on the daily  
Call me maybe, hit me on my FB  
I am SG, when you feel press me  
Don't address me, please do not address please

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