

7-Eleven

Bladee

When I'm coming home they call me vännen

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 vännen
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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