

## Day Date

Clavish

(R14)

It wasn't me, I don't know the shit, fam  
Me and Crash, you know the pressure  
I used to be broke, remember?  
Should I cop the Day Date or the Dweller?  
.45, this is not a Beretta  
Drop the roof, the pen', then the weather  
Strokin' it slow, makin' her wetter  
All of my hoes push P for pleasure  
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I hate on the ones, I hit from the shells, [?] girl, don't be silly  
They say I ain't puttin' no work, the man there got more jokes than Chunkz and Filly  
Two rambo knives, and three machines in the car, that's risky  
Bro bro protectin' himself, protected too 'cause he got the thingy  
If rap don't work, it ain't back to the drawin' board, it's back to servin'  
WiFi on the plane, but she wanna argue, I told her, "I got no service"  
I said I'll buy my mum a crib before I buy a bitch a bag  
I'm guilty, 'cause if I'm in the wrong, I'm due to buy some shoes and purses  
My nigga don't play for Chelsea, he's always with Reece James and Mason Mount  
My come up was real, I used to get spots on my face from Jamie's couch  
A nine of each, I'ma tag that down, pray feds don't run up in Jamie's house  
I can do Day Dates now, told my youngin if it ain't a K, don't count  
Told my Brentwood one, "Sit down," she got more attitude than Chloe Brockett  
Mason just phoned me, said, "I'm in the charts again, but I'm not even bothe red"  
Remember, never had [?] fit in your hand, tell NB, "Bring out the shotty"  
That could've been a GBH case, that was years ago, and I'm still not sorry  
Interview room, not sayin'  
Been a stubborn yute since [?]  
Burn the jam, shit, now I gotta put blades in backs even though I'm famous  
C-L-A-V, so she want a taste  
Nah, I'm not takin' her out, I don't go on dates  
Especially ones in the day, unless that's forty racks for the face

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