

Next Week!

DC the Don

Yeah
Woah

Why the fuck you always tryna stress me?
Just because you're real don't mean that you impress me
She like, "Damn, DC, boy, you blessed me"
Do you still want my love? We'll talk about it next week

Damn, shawty a star but only a little
She give me top, she playin' the fiddle
Between hate and deceit, I'm stuck in the middle, yeah, ayy
She pop a Perc' just like a skittle
DC just chill, it's only a little
No, you struck off your ass, it's really that simple, yeah

Ooh, gang in the back and I'm in the middle
If you talk out your ass you get popped like a pimple
Itty-bitty ass chopper, check him with a missile, yeah
Gotta double my bread, tryna make a McGriddle
He won't say what he like 'cause he really my kiddo
Now my pockets too fat, yeah, them bitches on Lizzo, yeah
Yeah, lonely star, lonely boy
I just spent like thirty bands on that week
In the hidden hills, don't try to check me
Damn, in Saks Fifth, fuck the mall up with my bestie
Damn, that's just a part of the game
I feel like Russell 'cause I'm working so hard but somehow I can't get a ring
You can get necklaces from me and every watch from me but can't get a ring
I know the world is mine, I can't stand this pain
So loaded up, I can't feel my face
Family switched up, my world is on fire and I just stand and remain
I got a plain jane, plain jane, yeah, I knew it ain't the same thing
But when the money came, this shit changed
Shit is so lame, but fuck it, it go where it goes
If it's really a problem, I'm loko, and pussy, you already know
I see five opps now that's five bodies
We just skrrted off now that's five Mazis
I just pushed the button, it's in autopilot
Fuck the club, bitch, I'm tryna start a fucking riot

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Ooh, why you always tryna stress me?
If you kept that shit always one hundred then you could've fucked around maybe and kept me
Blowin' my motherfucking phone while I'm up in the studio, that shit upsets me
Girl, I got G in my blood, you can't check me
I thought you knew that when you met me
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