

7 Days A Week

Doe Boy

Baby talking gang and shit but we know they sweet (Pussy)
We gon' spin the fucking block 7 days a week, ayy (Brr)
They just do this shit for play-play, we play for keeps (Boom!)
I ain't gotta shoot at you no more, I pay for beef
Gang!

Trapping down your block, the youngins come through with them cutters (Brr, brr)
Rubber band, Murder Gang, young ign'ant motherfuckers (Hey, hey)
They be doing all the sneak dissing, never touch us (Boom!)
They know been I spin around this way, they got us fucked up (Oh really!)
Got me fucked up, I'm still the same Doe Beezy from back then
I was like 9 years old, wanted a MAC-10
Real man, we smashing, me and Blaze the blast twins (Gang)
Take the plug out soon as we hear it pack in
Said they heard my name, these niggas mad I'm out here shining (Yeah)
Only thing that's on my neck is Eliante diamonds (Damn)
RBMG be mobbing, (Gang, gang, gang, gang) I can't stop them boys from robbin g (No-no)
Your bitch is better-minded for them boys, shoot where your mind is
Wipe a nigga nose, he think he's slatt, slow him where slime is (Slatt, slatt)
I just be on the track, say this and that, tell 'em what mine did
Bodies dropping (Back to back to back), you know what time it is (Brr, brr, brr)
Catch somebody in Cleveland, I might post up at Lebron crib (Lebron crib)
Or I might go to Odell Beckham house, ooh I'm flexing now
That bitch who love a group, she just happy with me texting now (Boom!)
Them boys in the hood, Murderland, we bring them stretchers out
He said Doe let me out, you know I let him out (Skrtrt!)
'Cause I can't ride in traffic with no nigga that ain't bout it (Nope, nope)
Shot him in his face, surprised they knew him when they found him
Play with big Doe Bizzy, I'mma X 'em out like Malcolm
If you ain't tryna spend, run around, you can't be 'round them (Them niggas, boom!)
Bodies ass tracking, multiplying, might surround them
Yeah they ass be slime but they don't score you better not count them (Brr-brr, brr)
We up and I forget who just died, we ain't even count him (Haha, ha!)
Yeah, Lil Beezy's chilling 'cause his eyes chilling, better not doubt him
You know them guys gon' blast on me, you play me it's a tragedy (Gang, it's a tragedy!)
Let me out early, I know Justin and Berg mad at me (Haha!)
She made a mistake, I'm out here tweaking, who wan' battle me (Gang, gang!)
Naw, I ain't talking 'bout no rapping, I'm speaking actually (Oh, really)
And everything I really be talking, it be factually (It be factually)
Shopped with the plug and he know better, ain't putting no tax on me (Don't put no tax on me, bitch)
The drugs fucked, booling with a couple racks on me (Yeah)
All black Hellcat, Doja Cat mad at me (Boom)
War time, nigga bring them choppas out (Brr, brr)
Tryna invest in real estate and bought my opp's Momma's house (Ah!)
We gon' pull up with AKs, you better move your Momma out
Your bitch a groupie, you should loan her to a page and sign her out (Oh really!)
Got a gun, nigga, with a fucking TEC, he don't want no check
He just want some respect (Brr, brr, brr)

Wake up, bodies getting caught, tryna found out who next (Yeah, yeah-yeah)
Sat up, it's a bet (Oh really!)

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