

Weeks

Luh Tyler

(Al Geno on the track)

Everybody tryna be a star, but they don't know the feeling
Every day we on the grind, my mama know we gon' have millions
We gon' run that paper up, I need it up there with the ceiling
Nigga, if it ain't about that bag, then I don't want no dealings
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I done turned into a star, remember when they doubted me
Now we up there at the top, I know moms lookin' proud at me
When shit get rough, you gotta keep on grindin', that's just how it be
Man, this shit, it came at the perfect timing, know them niggas see
Yeah, nigga know we can't cheat
Man, my nigga just like Stephen Curry, he shoot from the three
Nigga, I'ma make 'em mad and drop them diamonds, they gon' freeze
Nigga snap on beats, we eat
I guess that rappin' in my genes

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Both of my shoes on top of suits, nigga, you know I stand on business
Come from the concrete, I wish that you could see the shit that I don't mention
We was just servin' fiend nicks, feel like Deandre Ayton
I pull up Hellcat and shoot, we don't do no conversatin'
Remember days in public housin', now we flyin' private
Packin' everywhere I stand, I feel like Bin Laden
All my nigga in the pen', but I still make deposits
I cut the lean off, been havin' withdrawals for weeks

Been tryna buy love, make sure I keep all the receipts
I can get him touched, ain't talkin' pedophile, we creep
Lambos and 'Rari Vs, just know that shit we need for speed
Bro sold that dog food and I ain't never seen him breed
Stick up in the box'll send 'em down below
Blew up, now I see what you around me for
You who I want, but girl, don't never think I need you
Pull up i8, go ask the hood, I'm the one feed 'em
But they say I been actin' funny since I got on
Luh Tyler, do you want this ho? My nigga, I don't (Al Geno on the track)
Got dream to go buy a island, I'm playin' blind
My bitch, she top tier, but blowin' up my phone cryin'

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