

Weekend

Redveil

Two-tone whip and I got it for the weekend
Cop that shit, I don't even need a reason
Brodie got the heat, if you squeeze then you tweakin'
And you know I'm still frontin' when they throw me in the-
Two-tone-
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Like that, yeah
Yeah

I'm floating like that, give me a boat 'cause I'm dripping like that, yeah
Don't care where I'm at, I'll drop a bag but I'll get it right back, yeah
(Some...)
Times I'll be cutting it close
I don't even wear all these clothes
Like, I just buy it just for show
But I might just burn on my own
So I'm gon' spend it how I want, yeah
It's the weekend, I might just go and hang with the guys
Lay down home I just got the sign
But I got nothing else but time
So I, sit back and recline
Hop in the whip and just go for a ride
Turn up the bass and just chill to the vibes
[?] clear to my mind

See the price one time we ain't copping that
I ain't never see the price but I'm rocking that
Too much heat up in the vault so I'm locking that
Me and 'Mari see a opp and we on that ass
[?] like they tryna get a taste, uh
Fuck that nigga, give me my space
Tryna come back, shawty get out my face
Watch out for the rap song, never leave a trace
I'm a pro-skating nigga, I'm gon' be on my grind
Yellin' never been another name [?]
Face down, in my bag
Whippin' too fast in this bitch I might crash
Turn around, 10k, how I do the dash
Got about 10k stuffed up in the mask
Nigga, no looking back got my foot up on the gas
Whippin' too fast in this bitch I might crash, damn

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Like that, nigga

Yeah

Like that, yeah

Like that, bitch

Like that, yeah (bitch)

Like that, yeah

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

Like that

Like that (yeah)