

It's the weekend  
Better live your life lil' bitch, you got no reruns  
Tryna make a pilot but for every season  
Thank you for the memories  
I don't do much in the day, that's why I got these vivid dreams

All your friends are fake, they lie 'bout you  
They don't ride for you  
Only smiling for the cameras  
They don't got five on it  
They don't  
No, I can't vibe with this  
Seven days inside a week, how you gon' waste your time with 'em

Ayy, too much on my mothafuckin' mind (Ayy, ayy)  
Soul and brain, we argue every night (Ayy, ayy)  
I don't need two glasses for my wine (Hey, ayy)  
If you love me baby, please don't waste my time

Nah, baby  
I just drew the line, baby  
Rather see you make it splash just like a Disney ride, baby  
Two tellies you could call whichever one is fine, baby  
I won't tell nobody you my blessing in disguise, baby

Burberry touch on my neck  
Sorry my room is a mess  
Pass me the light on my desk  
Yeah, we gon' talk for a sec  
Then Imma call you a car and I tell him to go to the vet (Whoop)

All the time  
I think about you all the time  
Believe in me when no one else don't even got the time  
I'm always down for you  
You always down for me  
Just let me know 'cause I just don't wanna let go

We get so crazy, baby (Hahaha)  
All black AMG Mercedes (Yeah)  
How the fuck you so outdated? (Wassup)  
I just wanna see you naked  
Even though I got no patience (Go)  
This a clip, we damage shit  
My bitch be on that savage shit (Huh)  
I can't even manage it

My choppa, I can't handle it  
Back up hoe, I'm mad as shit (Bitch)  
You fuckin' with them broke niggas  
Hoe niggas, stay at fuckin' home, niggas  
Bullet to yo dome, niggas (Go)  
Stop callin' on my phone, nigga  
Eight figures in my bank, nigga (Whoop)

The flowers tend to die but the memories last forever  
I don't wanna wait 'till it goes to waste

And so far I can't find anything that compares  
To the way you say my name, baby

Ay, turn ya frown around  
Nobody gives a fuck  
Bad connection don't play with me  
My wallet lazy can't stay skinny  
Went through some shit but I'm better now

Regular at the Rose Bowl Brookside but I ain't playing golf  
You said sorry 'bout the mixed signals, who's crying now?

Ay, girl my heart got miles in it  
Fuck your side  
Imma pick my side  
I forget 'bout you in five minutes

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