

Grind Hard, feel like I'm in a fuckin' trance, ah
Yeah, right now you in the mix with DJ Logan Garrett
Yeah, back to life, back to reality
Right here, haha
I ain't think so
Oh you gots to know I'm keeping all of that
That too, haha
Funerals & Court Dates 2

Started off just a weekend fling
When she get off work that's when I go to work
Monday morning she might be late for work
Sunday morning she probably sleep through church
Damn my bitch trippin' about everything
Say she wonder will I ever change
Work all night, said I'm on the way
And she waited up for me but I never came
Just set a new high score in the blame game
That lying shit lame, I don't like to explain
Had a nigga thinkin' throwin' rice in the rain
Do I look like I'm Joe Montana?
Told her roll with me to my show in Alabama
After that we'll probably go to Atlanta
I know this sound random but I don't like cameras
Want a family but I want to plan it
She just want consistency and I just need understanding
Sometimes I need to escape
Get it, like Get Out
She tote my Glock twenty-seven 'cause it's tiny
Thirty tips in the clip so it stick out
Money long like a four day weekend
Still no time for me to sleep in though
I wouldn't change for a dollar, dimes I keep ten
Too used to 'em trying to deceive me
Bye, I'm leaving
Like Kyrie and Cleveland
Give me time, I'ma find me a reason
You a 9 to 5 to a side hustle
That pay better, that means it's way better
My side piece a freak and she do the most
But she know her role, so she say less
You gon' probably fuck around and miss your blessing
And she work overtime to make me feel special
Every weekend, you should join in

You're like 9 to 5, I'm the weekend
Make him lose his mind every weekend
You take Wednesday, Thursday, then just send him my way
Think I got it covered for the weekend

You should join in
Call the tape GhattOut because I'm going in
Called to take her out and I just fucked her friend
No one at the house, texting me where I been
Got a new Benz, bunch of blue bands
She got a new body, how much you spend?
Send her cross the map and she don't talk back

She might text asking me what two cents
I been buying Gucci with my loose cents
FN in my college bitch infant
And speaking of infinity, I really can't tell where the pool ends
And the view is exclusive
I'm reclusive, introverted
Always in a hurry
Yeah she cook me dinner on Thursday but it didn't concern me
Lookin' back I didn't deserve it
Post traumatic stress like I been in the service
At war with myself, I been getting discouraged
Mental warfare, I admit that shit hurt me
Only thing keep me sane is getting paid
So I been in the lab every day
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
So I just keep 'em satisfied through the weekend

You're like 9 to 5, I'm the weekend
Make him lose his mind every weekend
You take Wednesday, Thursday, then just send him my way
Think I got it covered for the weekend