Deadbeat

Tiny Meat Gang

Yeah, aye, wah, eugh eugh, yeh yeh yeh

Dirty socks on the floor, she pick it up (Laundry)
Phone bill late, she paid it up (Money)
New show up on the 'flix, I'm staying up (Up)
She got work, up at six, I'm not getting up (I'm sleep)
She got that 401k, nine to five, that good pay (She corporate)
I got the mixtape, I'm blowin' up, it's any day (I'm 31)
She coming home, stuck up in traffic, its six o'clock
I'm on my first blunt, killstreak on my XBOX (Eugh)
Eugh (Yeh, yeh), yeah (Yeh, yeh), yeah (Yeh, yeh, yeh)

Pop a couple Xan's and I'm feeling like the man
People call us deadbeats, but they don't understand
Got a boss bitch that'll lend a helping hand
It's like fucking my mom but she not my fucking mom
Parents at my neck 'cause I ain't getting steady checks
Dropping sixteens at the dinner table, had to flex
People say I'm wack but my girl, she say I'm next
She make me pizza rolls, damn she da best

Sucking on her titties like a baby (Wah)
Mashing on her button like it's Super Smash, she going crazy
Top floor, penthouse at the four season (That's bougie)
Room service, on the card but I got the ice so we even (No Venmo)
Our partnership, it's domestic, took it to the state, filed it
Now I got tax breaks, pediatrician, that's childish (Ooh)
Up in the club, she checking email (Blackberry)
Ask me for a drink, bitch, I'm overdraft, shit's boutta fail

You think you better than me, just cause you got a job
But my girl take care of me, I do the dishes she give me top
You ain't got time for shit, I can do shit all the time
You at Ralph's, I'm eating sushi and I ain't spend a dime
Nine o'clock I'm sleep, ten o'clock I'm sleep
Eleven o'clock I'm sleep, you at work, I'm at sleep
I'm getting married and taking her name
You say it's gay? Stay in your lane
You in the office, using your brain
I'm whooping your kids in these video games, bitch

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