

Weekend

Veeze

Yeah

This shit ain't for the weak men
You ain't gettin' money, you was ballin' for a weekend
Just gettin' started, already in the deep end
This just started, but I know it get deeper
Boy, I need a slice out this shit like a pizza
Boy, that lil' ho nothin' but read in my recent
She done fucked the whole city, how is she a keeper?
They walked him in the house, shit, it probably was his people
Spent a half a ticket just on Wock', me and Keep Lean
Take a million L's to prevail like it's easy
I ain't wanna do the song, I act like I was sleepy
Take a good bitch, make her bad, then release her
Main bitch got her own cash like Keisha
Bankroll, pink and blue in it like Easter
I'm in the 'Raq with Ooch and Tuneski, SRT-ing
I got so many fuckin' sons, I need a blood test
Dog like eights on the 'Vette, man, he scrubbing
My past like Leslie Jones, man, it's—
My cup a fuckin' pigsty, man, it's—
She call me, "Hey, daddy," tongue out, that's Ms. Pearly
Listen to this game, write it down, and go study
Broke so many hearts, sorry, bae, I'm not lovey
Girl, that ass big and it's soft like a loveseat
Cup is from Texas, my K is from Russia
Even though you let that nigga fuck, I still fuck with you
Even though you never wrote a rap, you a part of this
How that hatin' shit been workin' out? I'm just curious
Hoes mad as hell, they at work on they period
Still thuggin', I done touched a mill', I'm nigga rich
Stayin' fresh to death, I'm a new box of cigarettes
Made a video with your ho rated triple X
Niggas servin' undercover cops just to get a flex

Man

Niggas servin' undercover cops just to—
Hold on

Niggas servin' undercover cops just to keep up
This not for keep ups, this money gone, the weak up
Niggas got the feds on they trail to compete with us
Rich off the fuckin' mumble rap, "Veeze, speak up"
Broke nigga, every chance you get, you better vote for Trump
Soft nigga, got the mag on you, still won't bust
Room full of money, face numb like the coke rush
Whole bunch of bottles and they red, it ain't cola
Take a brick of gold to the club, treat the hoes somethin'
This ain't for the weak men
I'm ballin' year 'round, these niggas just weekend
Walkin' through the crowd, Gerski scent
I give 'em what I can, but these niggas ain't appreciative
I produced all of this shit, I'm executive
Boy, I feel like Yao Ming height when I'm next to you
How you give your last to a ho? Unacceptable
What you know 'bout stayin' above water, dog-paddling?
This shit ain't for the weak men

Ballin' all year, these niggas just weekend
These the white buffs, these the rich kids
These my own stunts, these the Jackie Chan
Smokin' on fettucine
Smellin' like Neymar, walkin' through Neiman's
Do my two-step, no reason
Little do you know, this my made-a-hundred-G's dance
Cup real black like Beenie Man
Fuckin' on her raw, man, I might need to B-plan it