

## 7 Day Notice

Yung Mal

Yup

Mhm

Hold up, Spiffy on this motherfucker

Yeah

I'm just tryna stay 'float  
Stack them racks and feed all my folks  
Pull on the block, new body four door  
You know I'm stuck with my dawgs, Cujo  
They used to leave a note right on the door  
Seven day notice and we gotta go  
Pack it up, go to granny's and sleep on the floor  
Keep them folks out your business, some shit they don't know  
I done went through it all but I'm never gon' fold  
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Niggas actin' gay while them doors be closed  
Nigga went on a move and he told on the bros  
He ate the cheese, still went down the road  
Domo died, I was watchin' his eyes close  
Seen Champ since he rolled them holes  
And I gotta ride with that iron close  
'Cause these niggas hate and they worser than hoes  
Play me, they gotta go  
I want a cloud of smoke  
Plug send a thousand pounds, they sold  
I need a thousand more  
Stack up that cash, tryna stay afloat  
Know I just upped the K to take care of my folks  
Back then I was stuck in the hellhole  
Now I'm stuck in the Bentley on Melrose

Tryna stay 'float  
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I fuck your ho one time, let her go  
I chase them racks 'til my body get sore  
I took them chances to get to that dough  
Still in the trap, got a stick at the door  
The money keep piling, the problems, you know  
Got blood in my eyes, think pain, it come in my pores  
Gotta feed my fam, I ain't chasing no whore  
I do my show with my blower  
These niggas ain't real, I done seen it before  
I been goin' hard, I don't need an award  
When Domo had died, it hurt me to the core  
They call my phone, I ignore  
I spend them racks at the Prada store  
They can't believe we used to be poor  
I done stayed down, whole gang wasn't for it  
You gotta have heart

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