Aitch, Weekday

Steel Banglez What we sayin' Mo? Yeah

She said "Men are trash", I think girls are too Put the blame on me but I'm the same as you Still the same old Aitch, man, I stay so smooth Manny boy, I stepped in with the same old crew Pretty one, thick, but she holds it nice Swear her pussy so tight, had to bone it twice Baby gal, why you being photo shy? I won't post it, I just think the photo's nice

She said "Men are trash", I said "Yeah, that's true" But you're the company you keep and I'm chillin' here wid you So what does that make you? You know, I stay grippin' I just can't be slippin', man will blaze at you You know how I'm livin', I just gotta switch women Man, I can't be chilling with the same old boo And I'm still winning with the same old school I can probably fuck my teacher from my old school Miss Thompson, I know one ting She just come from Turkey, she got liposuction And this girl does some psycho suckin' But she want it all now, on some rushin'

Yeah

She want it all now, man, it's gettin' impatient And when she leaves, she be makin' statements But she comin' back, ain't nuttin' changing I just tell her holla at me when she at the station

Club goin' up on a weekday We don't ever have a weak day (Nah, nah, nah) Ayy, lets get to foreplay She gon' do whatever we say Club goin' up on a weekday We don't ever have a weak day Ayy, lets get to foreplay She gon' do whatever we say

Your man's on one, grab the blonde one Or bring the brunette, man, I just want fun I'm with queen ones I would bring bro but remember that time you never gave me one 'Cause I'm a crazy one, I need a lady one I want a baby but don't want a baby mum Aitch said "Pussy" when I asked what he ate for lunch Hundred bags is what I made this month

Yeah, I'll bag your ex man, don't care what he said Get up in between legs, eat it like a creme egg Tell her "You know nuttin' 'bout me yet" Then I dash it like I seen fed, haha Yeah, skrrt round like it's Nascar Movin' like a trap star, Cali in a glass jar Stepped in smellin' like a Rasta Lookin' like a rapper, this is what I asked for

Club goin' up on a weekday When I ever have a weak day Ayy, lets get to foreplay She gon' do whatever we say Club goin' up on a weekday When I ever have a weak day Ayy, lets get to foreplay She gon' do whatever we say

My ting wants to switch up the guys you see Reason being, she say I party too much for a human being I don't just fuck girl in the European I don't even ask who the girl I'm seeing You're pissed if your girl's in the room that we in, yeah Go watch your girlfriend, boy Go watch your girlfriend boy, boy, boy, boy, boy