

Plies, Friday

[Chorus]

Damn my P.O. I ain't gon' stop grindin'
Violate me if ya want gon' have to come find me
Lookin' for me in the streets I'm somewhere shinin'
Live every goddamn day like it's Friday
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[Verse 1]

Tell the feds if they comin' they better come now
They got my chips straight now I'm ready to retire
I ball 'til I fall homie thug 'til I die
And if I died today I know I'll probably fry
But if I hit the right lick I can live nice
Think I'm scared to go get it you goddamn lie
My money go to lookin' funny I'm gettin' on seventy-five
Non-stop homie straight to the Cuban's island
I like to get money, fuck hoes, and rock ice
Give a damn who don't like it, it's my life
That's why I drank e'eryday dog and stay high
Catch me in the strip club lettin' money fly
And goin' broke the only thing that can make me cry
I told my P.O. she can't change me don't even try
The street life got me gone I don't know why
Tryna at least see a couple mill' 'fore I die

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Before I went to sleep I prayed for a hundred squares
Told God he'll bless me if He really cared
Know you fuck niggas prayin' for me to get killed
Know you crackers wish you could give me a hundred years
That's why I ball and stunt for the niggas in jail
Cracker gon' have to kill me 'fore they put me in a cell
Nigga told me to turn myself in I told him "go to Hell"
'Cause if they want me they better do they job and that's real
Worst thang they can do is hold me with no bail
Until that shit happen been done ran across a whole mill'
I thug it out 'til the end homie that's how it is
Life too motherfuckin' short for me to sit still
I can't leave these streets nigga they pay my bills
I gotta be dead in prison nigga for me to chill
I asked a trick the other day why he pop pills
He told me I'll pop 'em too if I knew how it feel

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I wake up e'ery mornin' lookin' for a money bag
When a nigga died and he was broke then he died sad
If I was on my dick you niggas'll be glad
Squeeze eights on the donk just to make you mad
'Long as my heart still beatin' nigga I'mma get cash
Live every motherfuckin' day like it's my last
Indictment money in my pocket and 'Gnac in my system
Need every muhfuckin' day to feel like Christmas
Heard the crackers downtown givin' out big nimbles
I know some motherfuckin' Haitians givin' out tickles

[Chorus]