

## Schwarze Feen

### "Friday"

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Friday nigga  
Whats the word  
You got something for me  
I'ma see you in 2 seconds  
Right, yo pull my Rover on the side  
Right there police coming man  
Heard me

Verse 1:

Yo up in the game on 4 in the morning  
And it's storming and we blitzed  
Just rocked another wig yeah we on it  
God had blood on his sweat pants  
The way the tech dance  
On a nigga face  
Son ain't have a chance  
Seen him high pitch yellow nigga  
>From outta town a young mellow ally  
Trying to run through  
Hell and song called the dogs to get on him  
When we caught him the only famous nigga  
Was a lord in his forum  
Bum nigga fresh outta jail  
I used to play baseball wid him  
'Til he got large son bought a whale  
As you're by the entrance  
Guess it's real nigga night out  
He moving on his own negligence  
Yo Lexxy strap up meet you in the back  
In the Acura spectacular big key stackeler  
Seen a nigga gymed down fresh haircut  
Trying to swim now  
Aqua green Avias on brim style wild  
We walked by eyeing 'im  
Shorty ain't looked  
He trying to get fly  
My niggas ain't dived on him  
Kase had the mack in the vest  
The way he moving might be dressed  
He made two rights nigga move left

Standing by the incinerator  
Thank God he your generator  
I can tell bought his lady swade gators  
Yo now it's time to move  
Spit nozzles on the tools  
Might just bust him quiet style rules  
He walked out the crib yup dranked  
We at the elevator base  
Staring at the nigga chains shake  
We looked at him seen all crooked  
The we flashed on him  
He knew we was live  
My man Boo stashed on him  
Pulled out take of the wool  
Nigga cool out  
Walk you out the bulding  
Betta run nigga move out  
This nigga liver than fuck  
Larger than fuck betta kill me  
All y'all niggas is butt  
What spray it up  
Took the chains in case  
Shot him at point blank range  
He started screaming like a cave man  
Blood got a salty taste  
I can tell furniture fell out his place  
Laced now it's a case  
Threw up vomit on my Kobe  
Snatched all his ice now  
Chrome teeth boating of a loan key  
Didn't know the kid was large  
Hour later call from jail  
Mexicans surrounding the Gods  
Chill you bigga than the ocean  
Slow motion play it off no emotion  
But my man in there grossing  
What to do they might kill him  
We might kill you circulate death  
That's how the real do  
We sat there 3 live macks of the year  
Crack beers one nigga in the back  
Washing off his trackers  
Don't take it serious  
Vivid flow luxurious  
I'm hearing this'll  
Make a real nigga curious  
Friday my day chill pop  
Leave 'em on the highway  
Betty won't never fly my way

