

## Sundays

Aminé

Yah-yah, yah-yah  
Yah-yah, yah-yah  
Woah  
Yah-yah, yah-yah  
Yah-yah, yah-yah

I woke up on this Sunday  
With no motivation in my body, no-woah-woah  
Phone drier than Mojave  
Daddy diabetic, so he eat his pancakes with agave  
Mommy headed to the church now  
And she left me at the house, she left me at the house  
Religious, but I'm lazy  
Naked like a nudist, Fruity Loops and Stanley Kubrick  
Peanut butter jelly, cousin bumping Makaveli  
Sipping Stellas with my fellas  
Bumping nothing but Fela Kuti  
Groupies say they wanna do me  
Truly, that feel like a blessing  
But finding one to love is getting harder every second  
Niggas would rather be single than see a wedding date  
Niggas will either end up in Heaven or at Kevin's gates  
I bench-press my problems like add another weight  
And act like it's alright when it's not, woah

Some days we get Sundays, but most days the rain comes down  
And I feel like I'm bound to drown  
Jesus Christ, woah  
Truth is my religion, my beliefs, and I'm forgiven  
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I've been sipping red wine since a toddler  
Blood of Christ, sacrifice for my Father  
My daddy love me and hate me like Mr. Focker  
My sister happy that I can afford Supreme  
Mama called, she said  
"Don't worry 'bout me baby, get your problems solved"  
I told her, "Ask me for whatever, whenever you want  
I just went double platinum"  
Mama say my health is more important than my album  
I'm not loud, I'm Ethiopian roudy  
Send my parents to Maui, now they skin look like a brownie  
Yo-Yo see me grind, Dimitrius say he proud  
My niggas lift me up, whenever I'm 'bout to drown  
Fuck a Monday, I love my Sundays  
I head to Costco, and get a smoothie  
Mama say count your blessings  
So I did, and now I realize who I am and who I'm not, woah

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Woah  
Sunday  
Don't let him die  
Don't let him die  
Don't let him die  
Don't let him die