

# Always

KOTA The Friend

Love is love, sun is up, fuck it up  
Get your cash up, get your ass up, run it up  
Fuck a bag up, tell 'em back up, call me nuts  
Tell 'em catch up, get your racks up, yeah, yeah

Woke up in my bag  
Only focused on my path  
They have kicked me at my lowest  
Now they hit me like my bae  
Hear that birdie sing that song  
Ain't no kick drum but it slap  
My lil' baby love me long  
I got these blessings in my lap  
My niggas hungry like it's Ramadan  
Shooters like it's columbine  
Comin' for that gudda like they never seen a dollar sign  
Take my forty acres  
Got a bullet for my slaver  
You could keep the fuckin' papers  
Pull that trigger, bitch, you outta time  
Young nigga from the East Coast  
Been livin' like I got a cheat code  
Hittin' people with the free gang  
Keep three friends like Migos  
See feds through peepholes  
I peep game and keep on  
See me runnin' to the sunset  
I'ma blow this shut up like a C4  
Like yeah, I got the drip  
Give me a band, I'm makin' it flip  
Give me a hand, we takin' a trip  
My shorty a dime, got me a ten  
Yes, I really lived  
If I do broke, I swear I'll still be rich  
And when you haters check up on me  
Know that I'ma still be this

Top-down in my old hood, it's a good day  
Nice smile but he no good what they all say  
When I'm gone, know I'm still right with you always  
Knock, knock, pull up with the vibes at your doorway  
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Yeah, fucked up smile but the kid look great (Ah-yeah)  
Yeah, that's what they all say  
But me being perfect? Give me a break  
Maturity's millions of miles away (Phew)  
All of these demons, they got to fight one  
All of these hoes, they got to like one  
My situation is a tight one  
What I'm gon' do? Not go Gucci and blow for fun?  
Not get the Porsche and make niggas say, "What? "  
Not give me daddy some Christian Dior?  
Not give me baby some Louis Vuitton? What?

Yeah, what's weird to me, it appears to be like super lack of sincerity  
From everything I hold dear to me (Fuck)  
And that's the shit that puts fear in me (Yeah)  
It's like niggas just can't be real with me  
Seriously, dude, KYLE? (Come on)  
I be eatin' bullshit with a smile  
Nigga, I basically live in denial  
Sayin', "Oh, it ain't so bad"  
And tellin' niggas I ain't sad  
Tellin' niggas that they song ain't trash  
Tellin' my girlfriend that I'm not mad  
I'm just tired (I'm just tired, baby, honestly)  
But then again, it's like nigga I'm fired (Haha)  
And I know there's people with less  
And to say I'm not blessed, man, I'd be a liar  
Nigga, stop bein' dramatic, it ain't Broadway  
I know I'm in good hands like All State  
Sun or rain, joy or pain  
I'm givin' thanks always, always, always

Top-down in my old hood, it's a good day (Always, always)  
Nice smile but he no good what they all say (Leavin' after that, yeah)  
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I'm back in the city, I rock and I Milly  
Are you comin' with me or not?  
This shit goin' silly, I'm comin' from millies  
I love when they give me the vibes  
Did it again, did what I said  
Wake up and get to the ends  
This shit is rag, I don't pretend  
I sort that shit in my head  
Used to kick it with the homies, yeah  
Talk shit and sip Jack  
Get drunk up in Coney, yeah  
F train all the way back  
We was duckin' from police  
I don't ride with no phonies  
If you real, then you show me  
Know I'm real if you know me  
People fake so I'm lonely, yeah  
Give me a dap  
I'm never wishin' you bad  
I hope you gettin' your bread  
I hope you gettin' ahead  
And nothin' is settin' you back  
Yeah, yeah, I been that asshole  
Still authentic asshole  
If I show you love, you know it's real as ever, asshole  
Get it how you live it though  
Polish up, my spirit's low  
Every day I'm findin' somethin' different that I'm livin' for  
Tryna tell my people they don't gotta keep they ceilin' low  
Just keep your spirits high, keep on movin' as you heal and grow

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