

It's Your Day

KOTA The Friend

Bad little thing on the side with the kicks on
Whole thing real as it get
Hey girl what's up
Hey girl what's up
Bad little thing in the ride with the top down
Singing out loud for the crowd
She don't give no fucks
She don't give no fucks

Had a breakup so what's up though?
Turn the bass up to the sun low
It's your birthday? What you want though?
Keeping it a hundo, baby what we young for?
What you wanna do? Baby I'm the chauffeur
If you want a view, girl I can show ya
Take you to the booth, tryna get closer
Tryna get to know ya, let it [?]

This your day love
It's all about you
Do your thing love
Just do you

Wake up, get to the bread
'Cause you gotta pay rent, nice crib downtown
Did it on your own
On your own, yeah
Old school, band school flex
Not settling for less, she ain't never impressed
With the shit you own
The shit you own, yeah

Brooklyn in it, New York fitted
Pull up at the spot with the windows tinted
Tryna have fun, you don't need more feelings
Ex was a lame, I can do more with it
You in London, let me Facetime
Little quick trip, had to make time
At the function it it was playtime
Had to say hey, is you having you a great time?

This your day love
It's all about you
Do your thing love
Just do you
It's your day, yeah

For my ladies on the east side
Out here getting that check
For my ladies on the west side
Face down like she on said
All my ladies on the north side
Never gonna settle for the less
All my ladies on the south side
She ain't nothing like the rest and she know that