

# January

KOTA The Friend

Lemonade on a Sunday  
Palm Trees on my runway  
Hunnid 50 on the avenue

(Yeah)

This one for all the people that wish me bad  
I wonder what I did to put you this deep in your bag  
And half y'all niggas I never met in my life  
And the other half of y'all mad cause I'm making it and you hated it's sad  
I got a kid and he need me like on some real shit  
So I don't really got a choice, I gotta kill shit  
And I just say that to say that y'all niggas silly  
And all of this negativity I ain't willing to deal with  
If you don't feel a type of way, then it ain't about you  
If you ain't throwing the dirt on my name how could I doubt you  
It be the people that's dappin you on the regular, spreading rumors  
Chattin et cetera drama peddlers ah  
While y'all chattin I'm first class  
And while y'all hated I ascended far from that dirt path  
And all I want is peace because I spent all my previous days in misery  
Depressed, mad, and bitterly hurt, I made it work  
You can do it too

Good day is a good day  
Hunnid K on a good thang  
Count the blessings on the wake up  
Give a fuck about a hater  
Shine sun better shine son  
Just be ready when your day come  
Do good and be wise son  
Just coming for the fake ones

You gotta get over being used to how hurt hatin and broke feel  
Flying over all of the fields I used to push uphill  
Find a friend while fighting all this shit I used to run from  
Hear no speak no see no evil when the check is mad dumb  
Oh you mad huh like pastor when the plate get passed on huh  
Everybody searching for a way to latch on (yuh)  
Remember riding Rico's it was treated like I'm royal  
You tried hard to be hood and they just see you like you boil  
That's four though like hot boil's overrated being cool though, just cool of  
f  
Remember being down like for speeding me black and blue  
Till I focused in on the green instead of dream bruh  
You can do it (too)

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Back and forth with my conscience, how should I honor you  
I devour what's dishonorable, I took strides to oblige every promise

Mass of molecule, how could you not be proud of who I've become  
I've begun consista [?] many broken bridges  
My wish is to wish you well, survive the drought, wishing wells  
Heat of the motions, speed of the focus, stuck on emotion and missed a cell  
They say if you look at an elephant close up, you'll never see all you're supposed to  
Hindsight, I cut you off with no discussion partin my choke nut  
Nah fuck all that choke up  
Hold up, no tears for your true intentions  
It might've took years to reveal your fears but I ain't here to approve your interests, well cool on itches  
Niggas love tinkly mouse [?] so running back to your food on bitches  
If that's you whole life and never get a quarter back Andre Johnson'll perform wide receiver  
And I ain't call for that, smarter than that  
Spreading the give and so much of spreading the rib [?]  
I spread food for thought before your car reacts  
A final blessing  
Nobody owe you a thing in this world  
Money or wealth, security love, divisional health  
Do better for you but nobody else  
You owe it all to yourself

Cause I don't got no shine might just keep doing my thang  
I don't really feel energy like that  
Wings, once we spread them we end up soaring  
Used to dream and then now I live it in the morning (yeah)  
They throwing shots at me I dodge it (yeah)  
Used to bang out in my basement  
Make grandmama hap-  
Rocking chill dreams to me rocking all these stages