

## Open On Sunday

KOTA The Friend

It's a fucked up generation  
Every good thing come in complications  
I just wanna love you like, we ain't gotta worry like  
I ain't seein' blurry like

I know that it's real and you really give a whole fuck  
You don't see me different when the dough comes  
Or switch up your decision when it slows up  
When everybody flee, you the only one that don't run  
Instead you move in close up  
It's hard to give you everything 'cause I ain't ever did that  
Tell me how I'm feelin' man I'm feelin' like that shit whack  
Admittin' that I'm trickin' yo that shit is for the weak  
Rather dub you, hit a shorty, get a nut, that's how I get back  
Lately I just wanna move different

I'm kinda closed off but who isn't  
You been sayin' I'm too distant  
And when it come to women I usually lose interest  
But I don't feel the same now, I just wanna lay down

And listen to you talk about your trauma  
And be a place where you can get away from all the drama  
Give each other pieces of the things we got a lot of  
One of us is lackin' shit or [?]

And grow out of the insecure way  
'Cause I fuck with you in more ways than one

I don't really wanna run, I don't wanna get away  
I don't wanna leave your side, can we make it through this rain  
What is on the other side, I just really wanna know  
Are you stayin' for the ride?

Is it really you and me?