

# Sunday Morning Drive

Larry June

We lost years in the game 'cause the money was good  
To make ten-thousand was so humbling to us  
Had to make it happen, you know the streets is cold  
Ain't cracking under pressure, me? I won't fold  
I move how I move, I know niggas is watching  
I fuck with rich niggas, we got something in common  
I'm looking at the prices of gold, nigga, I'm cold  
You niggas ain't really getting money, you niggas hiding  
Forty millimeter Rolex, I'm real player with it  
But don't get it confused, lil' nigga, I'm having tokens  
I don't even sleep no more, I just be coasting  
I could be ten deep, man, the game wide open  
Hoes still choosing 'cause these niggas still game goofy  
You hear it in my voice, I been through it, this is pain music  
I'm sitting in my house, counting racks, thinking real estate  
Didn't leave the house all day, but made twenty-K  
Man, I swear this beat's so smooth, I could sing to it  
If you really at it for real, then it's your theme music  
Fuck a middle man, we straight to baggage claim  
I'm all in Honolulu sipping mojitos with Dame  
You gotta go hard no matter what, stop complaining  
Born in '91, but the whip '88  
Going through these motions, nigga, I'm the coldest  
Days I was hopeless, nights on the sofa  
Made me a monster, I came with a method  
I move with intention, I'm out eating pasta  
You hold the bitch hostage, I break the bitch pockets  
I don't even expect you weird niggas to like this shit  
I'm Rolls Royce shopping, I land in the A and  
Hit shine, now a nigga Rolls Royce riding  
Rose gold, watch black, face kinda stylish  
TFM the label, everything else childish  
I could stunt on you niggas, but I'ma keep it modest  
I'm downtown LA, getting Cuban links polished  
I rap sometimes, but I'm usually kicking knowledge  
I don't do the small talk, baby, sock it to my pockets

Sterling silver serving tray, she had the duck  
I had the slice of cheesecake, Pellegrino Limonata for the chase  
Girl, you bad as fuck, and you was worth the wait  
Could have had it on the first date, but where's the fun in that?  
She got desperate for my attention so she brought me scratch  
I played the online lookbook, I ordered this and that  
I ordered my son some baby Chucks, some little fitted hats  
Gifts from your player dad, I made your moms mad  
This love affair I have with the grammar will forever last  
My reputation, my presentation is first class  
You so pressed with that Southwest boarding pass  
I'm stretched out on the beach chair with a cold glass  
I bought new diamonds with my old cash  
Stocks are a natural resource if the dollar crash, yeah

Yeah (Yeah)

Yeah

Yeah

Check this shit out, aye

All I ever wanted was an AMG  
I did everything except for make a beat  
Cliquaot still spilling, I got plenty hunnids  
No monthly payments, I ain't leasing nothing  
Listen to me, baby, you could learn something  
Maybe earn something  
Larry June's favorite word is numbers  
I been doing this thirty-five summers  
I'm still on the come up every time the sun up  
I'm not on the hype, I'm making cash  
My bars and my word is all I have  
I ain't breaking off for nobody  
Baby, you could be my co-pilot  
Skirt so tight with all that ass  
I can't help but look, I'm taking chances  
Three bedrooms, this ain't a mansion  
All my girls fine and I ain't capping  
You niggas just rapping  
I tell the truth, you niggas just rapping  
Yeah, you niggas just rapping