

## SUNDAY

Night Lovell

Why do they make me feel like it's nowhere to go?  
I got my shit packed up but I really really sold  
Don't wanna leave, can you not see, I cannot breathe?  
Yeah  
Didn't know a warm bright Sunday could turn so cold

Yuh  
Yuh

Take it back to Lovell with the flat top  
West OT that's the back drop  
Chilling by Britannia beach with the Fanta  
We ain't had shit, wishing for a Santa  
I'm like that's it fuck it I'm 'a ball out  
I knew me and them niggas would fall out  
you gotta know yourself you won't get a call out  
Now I feel like I could buy the mall out  
Dig deep, pull it out, dust it off  
All these new nigga gotta cut 'em off  
I used to be scared of this shit I was running off  
Now I'm facing this shit I'm 'a done it off  
Crop a lot of niggas out the frame yo loss  
Got a lot of shit you wish you had, show it off  
She wanna link me, nigga I just blow it off  
They cannot reach me, nigga I'm 'a turn it off

OK yeah

I'm who all them niggas just pretend to be  
Using all the shade them niggas send to me  
'Cause we hot, and you really can't amend me  
Try to make us stop, that pussy nigga dead meat  
Me and momma used to walk to GT  
Now I pick her up in the TT (Lambo)  
I shed a tear thinking back they were good days  
But I can't complain leveled up now I'm getting paid

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Could turn so

Could turn so cold