

Midnight Sun

Pouya

Hey, hey

If you gon' try this, make it hurt
Make it rock
We be shooting up to the top
Talk your shit, make it hot
Tie my [?] like the block
Thought you knew she was a thot
Tuck her in, I'ma hit the spot
Dump it quick, I'm breakin' [?]
Holding in and I'ma pick your lock
Think your face could use a sock
Tell me plead this rock I got
'Bout that guap, I got a lot
I be better than you thought
Got my problems, take a shot
Still gon' do it how I taught
Might just cop me a private yacht
Sink that shit and burn up the docks, ho

Bitch, it's fuck everyone and everything
I don't wanna play no games
Creepin' up outta the dungeon I'm leaving a cut with a motherfuckin' razor b
lade
I'm thinkin' 'bout what it means to the beat
Coming out the motherfucking eight six to the three
Young kid with a mic' and a dream
[?] fuck with a team
Fucked up with a [?]
And a switchblade tucked in the back of the bus
Fucked up, got a bag of the bucks
Now a motherfucker really wanna tell me I'm up
Shit starts from the mud
Comin' 'round the back with a [?]
'Til you getting mad, 'til bands 'til what?
Bitch, I'm comin' out the gutter, motherfucker, you suck

Yeah

Came under gutter with all of my brothers
The slum, the cut, the flood, the blood
I shed, I pledge my life, but when will it end?
The mic', the hoes, the endless fights
East to west and over the seas
Enemies on their knees begging me please
Slide for the free, but I kill for the fee
Baby Bone rode solo in the midnight sun
They want way more flows, but I might be done
I did ten years, I don't wanna do no more
My brain is fried, about to overload
I rode the slopes too long, I overdose
I gotta go somewhere to feel alive
Jump in that Caddy, chasin' the moon, chrome caskets stacked inside that tom
b
Yeah