

# Sun Is Up

Sierra Kidd

I left my mama crib when I was fifteen  
With big plans and big dreams  
Slept on floors til I made me some dough  
And everything I learnt along the way is history

As a child I got hooked on drugs  
Hooked on showing the hood love  
Got hooked on drums  
Ain't no tom drum

Dad was a deadbeat  
Stepdad nearly beat mom dead  
To get his ass  
Is a necessity

When I see him it's gon be a stampede  
Shoot him in his back and put the streets in a frenzy  
This my plan a only bitches do plan bs  
Pray to god let's get this money with melodies

I changed my ways I'm sober now  
Octobers getting colder now  
And bitches get bigger lips  
Like a swollen mouth

I'mma make it all work out  
I need my bread and the crumbs  
I need my foreigns loud  
Mh

Is you with me or what?  
Can you feel me?  
Can you tell what is what?  
Can you tell that I ain't making this up?  
Can you see it in my eyes?  
I already seen enough

And if you hate me so what  
I got a baddie that can't wait to get touched  
Already know enough people that are faking their love  
So you don't worry me at all

We count bands til the sun is up  
Laugh til the sun is up  
Go to sleep only when the sun is up

In a Benz til the sun is up  
Faster than everyone  
Got money on my mind

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