

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 foreigners 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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