

# Wet Graves

Sierra Kidd

I've been talking to a wet grave  
On my own like I'm slowly going insane  
Look down as it starts to rain  
Can a homeless ever find home?  
I guess I'ma find that out on my own

Yeah, yeah  
Right now I'm sitting in the studio, I'm close to crying again  
So many eyes I had to look into and lie to them (And lie)  
Out of one thousand people, can't even trust five of them  
And when I really think about it, can't even trust your friends  
I'm medicated, medication's stronger than the pills you'll take  
'Cause I see dead bodies every time I try to rest my face  
Still, I'm out there on my own  
I'd win 'em all if they'd start giving out awards for doing it with no support  
Glizzy in my shorts  
If He's the one who took him from me, I'm at war with God  
Devil on my shoulder and his behavior is rubbing off  
I just want to even the score

Ayy, I leave you two options, you can get it back in blood  
Or you can get it back in love  
Get it while it's still your turn, I'm like Usher, let it burn, ayy  
I'm like Usher, let it burn (Burn, burn, burn)  
Posted on the block without a clue or two  
Opps still want me dead, but it's too hard to do  
Trappin' in the rain, I did it all for you  
Nina on my side, I'm making it safely to my son  
My hitter can't sleep until he get the job done  
Fair warning to them niggas fucking with the wrong one, yeah  
Fair warning to them niggas fucking with the wrong one, yeah  
I was stacking them blocks to keep them hot, to keep it hot  
One bullet in the chamber, one in the hand and one in the Glock  
And knowing if I get pissed, I close my eyes and bodies drop (Drop, drop, drop, drop, ayy)  
This a fair warning  
You know what you wanted  
Give you what you wanted, like this a fair warning  
Nigga, this a fair warning  
(This a fair warning)  
(You know what you wanted)  
(Give you what you wanted, like this a fair warning)  
(Nigga, this a fair warning)

Oh, you must've heard about us  
How they dropped one of us and how we got it back in blood, ah (Ah)  
I can tell he was a slug by the way shot his foot  
And he still ran 'bout a mile up, yeah  
Oo-oh, oo-oh, oo-oh, oo-oh, oo-oh  
That's what happens when you run your mouth  
He wanted to top us so we put his top down, oo-oh