

Sunrise

Songer

I'm saying fuck, cause' she's giving me head but it's only because of this thought of a punchline
Bill it and look at the sunrise, think I'm in love with the pain
Vanity covers insanity, all of my issues be flooding the page
She tell me she love me, I tell her I love her
But something been bugging my brain

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I'm saying fuck cause' I'm buying a jacket but only because I just thought of a bargain
Spent way less money on targets and way more money on garments
Priority stopping me doing it properly, probably winning regardless
Roll ups filling my pockets and beer underneath both armpits
Again and again and again and again and again I be sipping on spiced rum
Reason to stop can't find one, maybe I'll stop when July's done
Whenever the weather is clever I'm begging just all of my bredders to buy one
Or I link up with the mrs, she's spice too, she a fine one
I tried one big sip of the spiced rum, on my bum big spliff gotta buy one
Oh-seven-nine-eight, six two-two-two four-five-one, Yo Ethan what's good? Yeah my don, see you in two, gonna ride on
So I just take big sip of the spiced rum and I'm gone
Three-five what my eyes on
(Ah) Ah shit I've done it again
Putting off words to cop a new draw, couple sip then bill it with friends
I see through a different lens and win tryna live with stress
So we make home intense, pretend everything makes sense

Four books in the back of the whip, why would he want to test my knowledge
Big up all the man from forest, shout everyone other than Boris
Nine grand on a course from yard, but don't pay a penny for college
Its a scam if we just stay honest, like the price of gin and tonics

Yeah leave that rolling I'm gonna jump in again
You might need to punch this bit but we'll see
(Yeah)

I'm saying fuck 'cause I'm writing a banger but only because I just thought of a worldie
There's nothing that people can tell me, ain't no lies that people can sell me
Just done a project for Chelsea, egos way to big can somebody help me
Call me a dickhead or tell me iI look like the brudda from elm street
Ten times out of the ten, ten out of ten, repeat myself to a prick never again
Don't bother with bell him again bell him again
Truth comes out when you're having a blem, my phones dead bet it's sumtin' again
It hits different when your hugging a friend, now when they struggle again
Next day comes and you spud him again, now his eyes got colour again
Too many flows I'm ill with it, when I drop ball I'm still with it

Everybody says they're real with it, nobody is can't deal with it, deal with it
Sauvignon Blanc withand a three course meal with it, girls with men got two feet up in the air like they're trying to get a two match ban
They're gonna start leaking goals the way that they lose their man
If you don't care what they think about anything else don't care what they think 'bout you
Everybody spends money on bullshit, might name my next mixtape 'B&H Blue'
My eyes are mahogany properly, she wanna see what my DNA do
She said we had sex in her dream and I told that dreams come true

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