

Sun Come Up (feat. Rick Ross, T-Pain & Birdman)

Glasses Malone

life in da fast lane, been scared of airplanes
comfortable on jets, hoes better learn my last
name

Yay in da carry on, That i'm bout to carry on
After all da deals, I still deal and carry on

Words 'fo da past, we all shed tears

Thats why I pop pills, da end so near

da crackas dont work, niggas just snitch

lose trial dats a bitch, nigga go sit

3 hots and a cot, would surf 'n' turf

3 blocks in da car, Im gettin what is worth

Im da boss of da bottle, top off da Phantom

buying up da bar, so da ladies gettin at him.

Sunday, monday, tuesday, wednesday, thursday,
friday, saturday.

To da sun come up, til da FEDs run up
we hustle on

Sunday, monday, tuesday, wednesday, thursday,
friday, saturday.

To da sun come up, til da FEDs run up you see my eyelids fallin, but sleep prolong

daddy cant sleep, 'Til his work all gone

DUBs broke down, hundred 28 zone

Im seeing new trucks, over 28s chrome

brand new Benz, 600 pounds

candy on da bitch, candy on da coat

20 dreams so sweet now, it's my reality

nigga dont bite, cuz you might get a cavity

nah, hold me down clown, I call da gravity

stash yo gun, mines ridin' shot gun

doin 90 down crenshaw, ya gotta be careful

or end up murked, like Caine cousin Harold

Sunday, monday, tuesday, wednesday, thursday,
friday, saturday.

To da sun come up, til da FEDs run up
(we hustle on)

Sunday, monday, tuesday, wednesday, thursday,
friday, saturday.

To da sun come up, til da FEDs run up youngin, This 'fo da BirdLady

SuWu yea nigga, Pontchartrain beach

ocean, seas, fleet, red CMB

UPT where I be, comfortably (believe dat!)
Louis wit da suede arms, rockin dat jewels
cuz we paid hommie, lay it on it
play it on it, see a mill like nothing
how we weigh it hommie, (100)
she know im good wit da K (blat!)
doin it how my niggas, did it back in da day (wut
up Big Rufus)
now my lil nigga good, wit da spray (Young Mula)
gettin money, everyday Sunday, monday, tuesday, wednesday, thursday,
friday, saturday.
To da sun come up, til da FEDs run up
(we hustle on)
Sunday, monday, tuesday, wednesday, thursday,
friday, saturday.
To da sun come up, til da FEDs run up
west coast beat fades away

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>