

# Makes the Sun Come Out

## Atmosphere

About noonish, I woke up to the music  
Blaring outta the clock I inherited from pops  
After snooze is hit twice or trice  
I climb off of this madras to go find my life  
Where's my wifey at? Wait, that's right  
She slept at her sister's, 'cause we had a fight last night  
Looks like one of her cat's got sick  
That's either vomit or shit, right next to the fridge  
There's no coffee left, just tea, green  
Did my best to try to make believe that it was caffeine  
After a minute, I had a cold shower  
And oh, I was pissed off at no hot water  
Hello landlord as I get dressed  
Expressed my stress in the message that I left  
So when you get a chance, please call me  
Gotta go, just found cat shit in the clean laundry  
And yesterday's pants is the option  
There's already money in the front pocket  
No snow yet, but it's still freezing  
So I throw on a coat with a hoodie underneath it  
Ignore all the bills on the table  
'Cause I don't love 'em - fuck 'em, who told them I was faithful  
Shoes, keys, wallet and my temper  
Out the front door into a cold November  
Now wait a minute, look who got a parking ticket  
I live here, why I need a fucking permit?  
I guess underground rap has its perks  
'Cause all of the sudden the speakers don't wanna work  
Stereo is dead, no lights, no features  
And hold up, the heater ain't on either  
It must be a fuse, at least it starts  
I dip to the shop that sells the car parts  
And the cashier is like, man I don't know shit  
But you ain't gonna treat me like I don't know shit  
Bob, that's your job Bob, do your job Bob  
Sell me a fuse and point me to the door knob  
Installed the fuse and let the heater blow  
Music comes on, thermometer is three below  
Son's mom calls, I answer it on speaker phone

At same damn time, someone backs into my vehicle  
Turn the auto-pilot on man  
I just wanted to go to the studio to write a song man  
Meltdown now, might as well 'blank out?  
'Shine'll come back? once we pull up to Ant's house  
That's the place I bury, all of the weight I carry  
Southside basement, that's like my sanctuary  
I love life - that's what this one's about  
So go ahead and hit record and 'let' the sun come out, now

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>