

# No Sunshine

French Montana

Man, I remember growing up  
Well, you know, living my last 5 dollars  
I see nobody there

Now I hope these fuck niggas get better  
Start my tino nella  
You niggas gonna need him

Counting all the cash, my niggas all in here  
You ain't gotta ask  
We been balling all year  
Uh cuz ain't no sunshine when your cheese gone  
When your cheese gone

Money be the root of evil  
Hanging on the block with dirty eagle  
Around fiends with dirty needles  
The lawyers fee so they never keep you  
Broken dreams what the niggas feed you

Watch the game from the tour, that's 4 seats  
Act like they never knew you, now they all speak  
Rain wrist, watch and chain, that's a 4 piece  
Seen murder so bad they needed 4 sheets

Satisfaction when I made his head spin  
A 57 spun, it made him do the back spin  
My pipe smoke more than the crack heads  
Biv him up to God he then high as permanent  
Ain't no sunshine when the money gone  
Me and my wrist shinin, about 20 homes  
Had 40 homies, about 20 gone  
Niggas buying cars, taking out 20 loans

Hung around some millionaires and made a couple large  
Figured I'd stay around longer and make a couple M's  
Drunk hissy niggas, hold me while I stumble of  
You niggas hatin so hard I need 20 tips

Yea, bird niggas just food for my Desert Eagle  
Eat til it's all gone, there's no running to the people  
Nightmares, cold sweats, I'm trippin  
My worst fear is being broke like you, it's forbidden

It's forbidden, I be in the cold stuntin  
Pole spendin with the hustle, made a pole lift  
The reason why you held measure  
In the crib with no clothes cuz the nigga crib for poes listed  
40 long nose, Scott Pippen  
Start fishin, where the blue seats? Top missin  
Count money, breakin down, we're the same motion  
Shark in the tank, a small fish in the ocean

Collect calls from the pimps, talking through receivers  
Now a nigga done blew up like Hiroshima  
Why body blowin, Cali rollin through Medina  
Bout a hundred racks soakin in the joint cleaner

Try your hardest not to snitch but your bitch subpoenaed  
3 quarter chinchilla for the winter season  
Collect calls from the pimps talking through the glass  
Cuz I ran up in yo crib talkin through a mass

Ferrari dirt bikes on the turn pipe  
Dirty New York niggas get that dough like  
The fuck else is they to do?  
Fuck a dumb bitch and getting dumb rich making fowl moves  
Keep my pits clean so I never get kept  
With parole, kiss me, it's too much to miss  
Out here in the fast lane  
You must be shittin me  
I wait til champagne

Now I hope these fuck niggas get better  
Start my tino nella  
You niggas gonna need him

Counting all the cash, my niggas all in here  
You ain't gotta ask  
Niggas been balling all year  
Ain't no sunshine when she's gone  
When she's gone gone

Aye  
You know you know who you real niggas is when you're down to your last 5 dollars and you get that  
4 dollar nickel bag and a dozen  
It's some nasty shit  
On the flip side of the coin  
You know what  
What a real nigga is  
When he did some real money  
And that's how you show me how you really flip  
Ya know what I mean?  
Back at the end of the day  
Lot of these niggas wasn't ballin before they started rappin  
And a lot of niggas started rappin after they was ballin  
Coke boys baby  
From the back blocks for real