

# Bright As the Sun

Coolio

Starlight  
Starbright  
First star I see tonight  
I wish I may  
I wish I might  
Get this lick I try to hit tonight....

Shinin' down on me  
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Everytime I think about it I still can't understand  
What night these niggaz think they don't need a plan  
Cuz if you don't have a plan, then  
Tell me what you got  
The old get rich quick scheme  
Or bust her ass Broc  
Niggaz be punkin' out loc  
Dyin' over nothin'  
It's the ghetto witchdoctor with another loco potion  
Hickory  
Dickory  
Thievory  
Trickory  
Povorty  
Misory  
Pleads to insanoty  
Homocide  
Rivalry  
Garnd theft buglory  
Purgory  
Emergency surgory  
A.P.B.  
They lookin' for a G  
You ran through a field  
Hopped a fence  
And climbed a tree  
9-1-1  
Here they come for him  
Nigga wit' a gun  
Now your ass is done  
Ain't nowhere to hide  
Ain't nowhere to run  
Cuz the helicopter light's as bright as the sun....

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It seems nowadays  
Just to get some respect  
Ya gots to roll a Lex and collect a fat check  
Or come around the corner on 3 Hobbit  
Blockin' up the street  
Flossin' back on your keys  
An' everybody's sayin' you're the man loc  
Never broke  
An' high off that pream old smoke  
Sippin' in the seat  
Rollin' in the ragtop Chevy '63  
The p.i.m.p.  
On top of the game  
But now you're gettin' laid  
Cuz that gak weed o' yay is playin' tricks on your brain  
You're lookin' for a way out  
Before your game play out  
Cuz once you game play out  
Ya lose all ya' kriz out  
Late one night you was rollin' down the block  
With a half a pint of yat and the twenty dollar rock  
One-time got behind you and they told you to stop  
But you kept rollin' cuz ya said you wasn't broke  
Out like a sucka  
You dumb mothafucka  
Now the chase is on  
An' here go the song  
How the hell do you think you can run  
When the helicopter light's as bright as the sun

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Lockdown since the '80 situation number three, a  
Nigga is released from the penitentiary  
Fools betta recognize  
An' visualize  
Don't be suprized  
Ya betta realize  
They gotta plan fo' your ass, a  
Cage for the mask, so  
If you're rollin' dirty ya then ya betta have a stash  
Spot in your whoopty  
An' know the whoompty whoofy  
When the whoompty whafty is done unto you, see  
He don't know the new game  
B'cuz the new game ain't true game  
Well he betta catch her quick  
Becuz the old game is runnin'  
Nine is his waist  
That's the new game loc, cuz  
If you ain't heated then you might get smoked  
He was walkin' down the street  
Mindin' his business  
Just happy to be free  
And what do we see?  
From the corner of his house

Here come one-time  
So off he dashed  
Like they set fire to his ass  
Cuz if he get caught  
It's strike number three  
An' this might be his last day on the street  
I bet next time you'll listen when I tell ya son  
That the helicopter light's as bright as the sun

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