

Grey Skies

E-40

Grey skies don't always shine where we're from
We keep going until d day is done
We grind, some days that ain't enough
So we keep going until d day is done
Till d day is done, done, done

Loving life, front row seats at d fights
Casino lights, seasons form, fuck da price
Use your wife on your arm, let her roll d dice
Bet a thousand in d field, hit em twice
A star, so she ride wid me, she ma role model
Good times, bad times, stressing
Bad times, good times, a blessing
Sexy, make up sessions
Teaching em lessons
They asking me questions
Who? What? When? Where? How?
On a cloudy day I can make you smile

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Show you d otha side a d game that don't stop
A bottle a Opus white wine, 500 dollaz a pop
You look like somebody drew you sweetheart, you fine
All dem lames that pass you up, they blind
You ma rib I want you to have ma kids
Start a family his and hers, hers and his
Take baby steps, no rush and maybe one day soon
We can elope and jump da broom
You can teach our daughter how to cook, red beans an rice
I can teach our son how to fight, an tie a tie
We got a lot in common baby we see eye to eye
Neither one of us perfect, but we can try
I been known you since middle school, but you ain't know it
You had a crush on me too, but you ain't show it
Look at you, you still glowin
Let's hit da movies, or go bowlin

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If you tryna find a good one they out there, mayne you just ain't looking
Cause somebody out dere for somebody
A lot of us come from poverty, broken homes
Dealing with d pressures a everyday life
I got a lot a home boys dat done passed up their future wife looking for Mrs
wrong
When Mrs right is right in their face
(But for real)
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