

# Nothin For The Radio

Fashawn

The ghetto is pitch black and we all wanna shine  
So a third of us 'round  
The other half about math, flipping birds  
We intertwine there is no words to describe  
My habitat except hostile, 40oz. brews and trips to the hospital or Wasco  
Get locked in solitude surrounded by darkness hoping some light shine through  
Cuz we used to DVD boosting, crack rock producing, business suits claim we're useless  
And won't give us jobs, and wonder why their ass get robbed  
Wonder why my young brother stuck on reefer  
Because the state refuse to pay good teachers  
While the rich kids watch from the bleaches  
I ask Jesus let some light creep in

May god keep a little something for the G's and cold hearted niggas that's freezin'  
Everythang happens for a reason  
Why niggas start shit, this ain't nothing for the radio, nah this is ain't nothing for the radio  
Nah, this right here what you've been waiting for, hey this right here what you've been waiting for

Why is it me that this dark cloud follows?  
I probably drown in this velvet here bottles  
Ugh I keep my hand from him it's a revival  
The limits keep my hands spinning like a gyro  
I need a chiro-prac, cause I feel like I'm alone in this world  
Who got my back? they tell me find god like I don't know where he at  
And if he lost why we following him  
Just acknowledge the fact that a father exists, and the devil's alive  
I'm just caught in the mix, before he shines his light on me I was out on the strip  
Holding it down till I discovered my gift (got talent bro, I'm telling you)  
It felt more like a curse, in my hoodie, I still made it to church  
Just in time they hear the pastor complain like sunshine after the rain, help us out