

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 dol
lars 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