

My My My

Jim Jones

N they shootin, I must be on top
(it's clear up here)
We coopin we must be inta trouble,
Some hard type shit that cost a quarter mill a pop
It makes me laugh ha, life is so ironic,
How I would get tha cash I become so iconable
Cop the fast cars that come with the trip tonic panel
I live the life that's filled with the jealousy
Doomed from the start its like we born wit a felony
Wheres the longevity
We in the place where best friends become enemies
And foul niggahs got the tendency
You gotta watch what you wish for
I hope to god its on a switchboard
When I'm tryin to say a prayer and I'm callin hope you listen lord
See its just my position lord
Gotta me smokin on this blunt while I'm lookin at the sky
Make it rain so I know the doves cry.

Lord do you hear me praying, when I'm lookin at the sky
I hope you can hear what I'm saying
Its like my, my, my
Im not really complainin, but it makes me wanna cry
I know you can see what I'm saying
Its like my, my, my
Its like my, my, my

Cuz god aint cryin when the sky starts to rain
That must u and god in heaven poppin champagne
And speakin of the shams, remember in Miami
You got bent pussy it was your first trip wit me
We was goin hard to many bottles up in free-vay
U was goin crazy wit my Haitian man t-sway
Pass that on the twins I had teesh fer like 3 days
And I cant forget ur b-day
We had dead body tap we was deeper then aye
And now I'm just wishin I could see a niggah face
And they kill, bang bang, did u get it wit em yet
And its a damn shame because niggahs still upset
Like chita chala god musta needed y'all
I think about the street dream saw how we were born
But now all I got is the memories of two great soldiers
That are dear friends of me

To tell you both the truth, I aint doin the best
Im tryin to keep a positive mind movin thru the stress
Im tryin to stay afloat, they say I'm doin the most
Im doin way to much I'm playin death to close
Im think bout the thought of goin back to court
For the petty little games I really should avoid
But its the calculator risk on how we make the chip
Realizin if I slip its a bottomless pit
If you'd a filled my shoes, would you walk a mile
Let the media tear you down and turn around and smile
I thank god that I'm alive to see a black president
We screamin yes we can but that wont change the deficit
That aint really even the best of it,

You catch me in the streets I will surly tell you the rest of it

[Chorus]