

# 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 complaining, 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]