Blue skys, sunshine, what a day, let's take a walk in a

Brownsville come on
Bedstop come on
Fort Green come on
Everybody come on
Queens Bridge come on
South bronx come on
Uptown come on
Everybody come on

Let's take a walk threw the deepest part of the hood I wanna know who it was that said it was all good He must of never been to the corner, and spent the half an hour Longer, where you could smell reality stronger Where they sell you grease in a box and hope that you die quicker And if your old enough to walk to the store you can buy ligour Where you can find a dice game at any time of the night And somebody gets shot or stabbed every time theres a fight Where cats die in the blue sky in the sunlight And ya bound to get clowned for not holdin ya gun right By little kids with great game cause they learned to take aim At a young age, and to allude police, with a fake name Hes tellin him, i'm Bobby Jackson from 3-B When the fact is he's really Rashun from 4-D Hey this is going out to your hood straight from mine Ayyo, lets take a walk in blue skys and sunshine

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Overhere it's either rap hustle crack or play ball
And gats niggas carry ain't small
The cats that used to be kids when you ran the halls, is the drug lords
His broad the same chick that liked you from the 4th floor
Her older brother he the neighborhood bully
You and him cool but he keep playin ya boy cause he pussy
Where the old ladies be up in ya be-i
Callin 9-11 everytime you in the yard tryin to be high
Dice games could turn into a shootout quick
If you sayin he aced then he sayin he sixed
People waitin for the mail to get they check
And blue skys and sunshine you gotta give respect to get respect
You know

Blue skys, sunshine What a day to take a walk in a..

Compton come on
Long beach come on
5th floor come on
Everybody come on
Brick CIty come on
Caprinne Green come on
West Philly come on
Everybody come on

And oh yeah, if you see a girl on the block be sure if you rush over Cause 14 year old girls be dressin like the much older See that one chick walkin the block tryin to get paid Is in the same class as ya sister and still in the 10th grade And ya might see ya neighbor, down at the corner Bodega Buyin the malt liqour in exchange for a used sega You can even buy ya clothes on the block, imagine that From Versace to a cool-g sweater, and a matchin hat See this cats got a big bag of stuff that he just stole It's the same old routine, but it never gets old And ya might catch a cab if you live on the right block From Black Pearl to White Top yo they might stop They got a bulletproof partition, cause niggas draw heat But the driver, got a bigger one, up under the seat See cats dont really wanna kill they tryin to eat Yo ain't it a nice day to take a walk in the street Lets go

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