

Pot of Gold

The Game

All this bright light is not for me
I close my eyes and imagine I'm home!
I miss the days when life was simple,
But if I never try to follow that rainbow
In search for the pot of gold!
Oh, oh, oh!
In search for the pot of gold!

There's a mother out there right now,
About to have the next LeBron,
Searching for a pot of gold like a lepricon,
They say death comes in three, two next in line,
I lost a best friend for the second time.
Now I'm on the quest to find peace,
Still gotta carry my business ...when its...
You don't understand, I'm misunderstood,
Get in the smoke two more hours, then I'm done for good.
So ten million records ain't mean the hood,
It's a cold world, everybody in the hood
And everybody doing time , staying here strong,
You still got a chance to let, even though you did wrong.

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Sometimes I try to do good,
But I just can't be!
It's hard to get myself to do things that ain't be.
You all should thank me,
But my haters try to send me home early,
But you came home to...
I ain't a saint, Bee, I ain't Gaga,
I ain't the angel leader but I try harder.
I'm like light for my soldiers at war,
I sit back and watch the ashes on my Cigar fall.
Wayne just came home,
And Tip back on the yard dog,
Guess Pujols aint the only one playin' hard ball.

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I close my eyes and imagine I'm home!
I miss the days when life was simple,
But if I never try to follow that rainbow
In search for the pot of gold!

Oh, see the thing about all of us,
We never know just what we find.

All this bright light is not for me
I close my eyes and imagine I'm home!
I miss the days when life was simple,
But if I never try to follow that rainbow
In search for the pot of gold!
Yeah! In search for the pot of gold.