

CMG, KMJ, this how it go

R: Sunshine, living in the ghetto daily trying to find
Sunshine, trying to make a million hustling got to dodge
One time, I keep my head up even though I feel like giving up
Sometimes, Keep your head up trying to find sunshine

Man what happened to the sun on my lawn it's so gloomy and grey
I got a feeling 5-0 gone try to do me today
Nothing but backstreets for me cause I don't need a vacation
Looking for front run up that seem the only compensation
The hood is on fire, other soldiers won't let it down
They ain't set tripping but out here jacking has been alive
Misery spinning what they clicking for no reason at all
Even intentions of stacking paper they pleasing them all
And outside, smelling like nothing but formaldehyde
It's an everyday suicide, R.I.P. to the ones that died
Wake up before you get caught up don't keep on selling your soul
Until your life fall up, you got to try to find

R:

We living in a world that's dirty and so shife
You trying to figure out this the game that's called life
These days is cold and got me searching for my soul
Like paper bags and lawn chairs man you unfold
I'm looking out my window for some, sunshine
I'm trying to give it up cause I swear it's my time
I five petreat and start thinking about my sins
Roll up another square and start thinking about the benz
Talent and skills is what I'm bringing
New homes and microphones got the cell phone ringing
Push play on the deck, to let my mind collect
And try to mash on the gas with no time to sweat
This the ghetto, and that's all I know
Another episode from the young don and Ro
If the family is tight, then everything's alright
So quick to catch flight for the sunlight, uh

R:

Seem like I can't stand the rain prosecution and struggle up in my brain
Got to tell me slow down if you can see all of my veins
Cause I ain't having none of that riff raff to get back and blood
Keep my enemy close to me cause your killer be your cuz
I wish I was, able to socialize with y'all
Instead of trading war stories and taking lies from y'all
It's how it be though, Lil' Keke and Z-Ro we on the grind
Long as they talking about us, we know we staying on they mind
Don't hate us congratulate us, why y'all turning up y'all nose
Cause it's been we be spittnng straight be burning up y'all glow
Want to take it away from pin and pad and pick up a gun
You better repent my dog it's over, you done better try to find

R: (2x)