

Sisqo F/ Foxy Brown**"In the Sun"**

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[Large Professor]

Yo.. Yeah

Nowhere to run to nowhere to hide

Sittin' on the front stoop right outside

In the moonlight when I take flight I fly

Crack the engine then I break out like Gon Benchin

Thousands of pounds spit thousands of rounds

And verses help 'em out like I found missin' person

This time I'ma try to lie on Tony Person

So people can hear how my rap sound perfect

Could hate a nigga but in fact it's not worth it

Never know how long you've got on this earth kid

Count them blesses and pay them dues

Keep rolling with the winners cause they don't loose

In the two g-era the skies is looking clearer

And nothing can stop them guys that's in the mirror

So thankful that I keep my hands on the bankroll

Can't play the shit without falling of the bankroll

So I stay stable like a natural born hustla

Kickin' that hot shit right for all the customers

Near or far comin' here to star

I'll be pourin' out beer in the park

For my loved ones

deep and dick is how my love runs for you

So with no further ado

I'ma smash it kick that shit they call acid

24 hours a day remain classic

Chorus

[Q-Tip] In the sun.. sun.. su.. su.. su.. sun

[Large] ah, in the sun kid

[Q-Tip] Keep going

[Q-Tip] In the sun.. sun.. su.. su.. su.. sun

[Large] ah, in the sun kid

[Q-Tip] Keep growing

[Q-Tip] In the sun.. sun.. su.. su.. su.. sun

[Large] yeah, in the sun kid

[Q-Tip] Keep moving

[Q-Tip] In the sun.. sun.. su.. su.. su.. sun

[Large] ah, in the sun kid

[Q-Tip] We keep it moving

[Q-Tip] In the sun.. sun.. su.. su.. su.. sun
[Large] ah, in the sun kid
[Q-Tip] We can't stop it
[Q-Tip] In the sun.. sun.. su.. su.. su.. sun
[Large] yeah, in the sun kid

[Q-Tip]
I arise from my melinence to the sun beginnings
Kiss by the way of a sunny day
But I feel it in my boner child's without a home
A prison cell holds a dream to a black thing
I never thought I'd see the day when brothers pledging
leadges
To a red white I'm too this way wavin' non truth
Yo, here's the forty acres in the mule hah
You rather get this Mickey D's in the tool hah
And in the sun I see the way you pull a harsh dream
And in the sun I see your own way to new things
Every man has got to bow down at God's grace
Every soul has to concede to God's goals
Politicians get religious to the star people
As the constitution reader says I'm not equal
Three fifths of the gifts from the love supreme
This gotta be a bad dream I'm here at train screen
Little kids are getting robbed for computer dwarfs
Family structure is destroyed marriage null avoid
All he's gotten formulated will he hate to say it
What I can see it isn't really in the sun

[Chorus] without LP

[Large Professor]
Yo don't never think I'd forgotten
The day's flag is in'
Sittin' in the lunchroom
eatin' and dreamin'
on about the things we do
when we reach in defendance
nothing is brandnew
it's all still a part of the plan
meet your man
from decades ago can't nobody understand
the hard shits we been through
sun to sun
on the wake up knock knock
everybody gotta run for the ultimate goal
can lose their soul
in the process
so and to you I say God bless
seeing your face lets me see my own
so why zone, and think about the days we got stolen

in the staircases of parking buildings
living childrens
rolling in the world so cold just like pelgrims
in my great dilly nowadays perilli
get to see one and other
and when we connect we still brothers
and now we in the cooperative world
and the game is different
you get caught up in the twirl
and if your fam ain't effective
so here's our perspective
to help each other
cause man ain't it hectic

[Chorus] to fade

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