

Ayumi Hamasaki**"Sunshine"**

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Once again, firm affiliation
Like we say; the show must go on

[Chorus: 2X]

Sunshine - we hustle to the moon light
Reminisce on a good time
Cop come on boget

Yo when times get trifle
I'm subjected to street survival
See many never complete they cycle
Other retreat to bibles, living holy
But currency seem to control me, moving coldly
In the presence of old parolies
My mind mold me, keep me in mack mode like Goldie
Police know me, but ain't got enough to hold me
I follow rules, through the knowledge, swallow jewels
A form of teaching, from the streets never taught in
school
You caught you lose, a wise man utilize tools
Solitude certifies all moves
So I walk this path of the old dread, that lead me off
the Ave
Absorbing fast, learning from niggaz I lost in the past
Its poison plays in these foul days
Housing cops and they foul ways, I'm walking through
a wild maze
Holding my brain trying to maintain
Sleet hell, snow, or rain, I guess the game will never
change

[Chorus]

Since the genesis, paraphernalia circle my premises
Poor images, project life drained my innocence
It's all the worst genocide, I guess the water's cursed
My old earth identify, though her soul is for the church
She prayed for peace, hoping I'm saved before she lay
deceased
To say the least, the one to wise to play the streets
I know the ropes, certain niggaz to slow to cope

& though I sold some Coke, it was only to stay afloat
Amongst the frozen hearted, some bending, some
departed
Inhaling chocolate, tracing back to where it started
The Crack wave 2 for 5, deuce and trays
The Mack sprays, puffin' lye, truth & days
& though it sound ill, through all the foul shit, I'm down
still
All around real, rough is the grounds in Brownsville
I know the ledge, meditating, holding my head
Eyes red, it's "Doe or Die" till I'm dead

[Chorus]

I played all positions, plus learned from each mission
Politic wit all type niggaz wit different diction
I did it up, from young in some cunt, the way I hit it up
Bugging off my first Philly Blunt, and how I lit it up
But time flying, playing these corners I'll let it slide by
Smoking lye, homicide, coke supplies dry
So play the game, other slow up change the lane
Awaken, unchain the brain in exchange to take away
the pain
It's a part of scriptures, put together wit different
mixtures
They tricked us, got us trapped in taking pictures
Interrogating, locating, destination, estimating
Or play a part of them investigating
It's on going from them killers, to them broads hoeing
Unknowing first time felons on trial blowing
So burn your clips and sit back, learn your shit
The last of these real reps left turned legit

[Chorus]

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