

Esham

"Sunshine"

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My Life in the sunshine, the sun don't shine too much on mine.

But i feel funny wayss on sunny days, honey plays, money pays but keep in on sunny days.

Used to be my baby, but now you just the neighborhood kid.

And i'm thinkin bout' the things i did, just to make ya' happy.

Scoop ya' scrappy, but listen to the nappy pappy.

It's all about money, It's all about mo' money, and it's gettin mo funny

In the sunny days. I think about my wicked ways, juices got me crazed, so crime pays.

Puttin' in work doin' my dirt, and I'm the one that ends up gettin hurt.

Just for a peice a' puss', a peice of bush, and now the next man's gettin tha' toosh.

I Guess i know next time, but for now i'm just losin' my mind, cause' I'm caught up in the sunshine.

Chours

(Samples: My life My life, in the sunshine)

In the sunshine, I'm fellin' kinda' mellow, watch the crackhead say hello.

I'm just a little ghetto boy ghetto child, runnin' wild with the freestyle.

I dropped out a school to clock papers.

Now when the niggas see me, they clock vapors.

Watchin' them Dayton's hit the sunlight, so i hold my gun tight.

Everybody out to get me, see my minds playin tricks with me, so don't bullshit me.

I used to have some homies, but see i dissed all my homies, so now i'm kinda' lonely.

But it's all about me, but it's too head for me ta' see, through my jealousy.

A nigga caught me slippin at a red light, 2 shots/2 shots to my dome, now i'm dead right.

Through thick and thin homies should stay tight.

That's all i was thinkin' bout', With my brains blew out, In the sunshine.

Chours

In the sunshine, niggas feel good, smokin herbs, chillin

in the hood.
Shoot a little dice, fuck a little hoe, and then some
nigga try to rob the liquir store.
They shot em' in the back on the way out, like a sucka'
what a way to go out.
Tried to steel some bread to feed his babies, they said
crack babies neighborhood crazy.
Now i guess the babies don't eat, bloody daddies head
dead in the street.
And their ain't no rainbows where the cocaine flows.
That's where ya' go when you try to behave hard.
I guess he'll know next time.
But his babies losin' they minds, in the sunshine.
Chours

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