

Freeway

"Sun Don't Shine"

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Yeah...for my street niggas

[Chorus]

The sun never shines in the ghetto
It always rains in the hood
Heavy metals ring in the ghetto
Everybody moves Cain in the hood (everybody move
them things)
This for my niggas who stay in the ghetto (to my niggas
stay in
the ghetto)

It's lots of shine in the ghetto
Too many haters in the hood (too hard, niggas be
hatin)
Gotta watch what you doin
The ghetto only cop black shine in the hood (Freeway,
Young
Gunz)
This for my niggas who thug like shaked lights in the
ghetto
(Oschino)

Yo we gotta, hollow the gat, bottle the smack
When the cops pull up we gotta swallow the crack
All my niggas did time like Geronimo Prep
See the Benz like damn, what model is that
Oschino, the nigga who was locked in a cage
Niggas clockin my style like flavor flave
F**k gettin the Source Award, or gettin Five Mics
I'm happy just gettin my daughter a pink bike
A roof over her head and some Barbie skates
It's plenty of nights man, I hardly ate
I'm from where the summers dangerous, the winters is
cold
And bitches pop Van X's like birth control
I got bitches on death row, stuck with a cell number
So close to Jesus they got his cell number
The ghetto is trife, this is my life
How many rappers you know been down for murder
twice?

Yo what up wit ch'all niggas
What it look like?
Throw it in the pot, see if the shit cook right
We can get it down, see if it bubble white or brown
Take it to the town and break my youngin's down
It's doin good, business is lookin fine
Get 'em for 20, but maybe 29
Youngin out on his grind, youngin poppin 'em nine's
I'm a juvenile delinquent, youngin was doin time
Cause Judge Reynold's left it up to my mom (what
else?)
And I was thinkin like, damn ain't that crazy?
But mom duke's can't live without her baaaby
I'm back home, thrity eight strong, out on my own
Thinkin, get it wit chrome
F**k makin them songs, but my mind right now
And this rap shit be my grind right now (now...now...)

[Chorus]

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ghetto

You wanna shit on? I'm on your boy like the narc's on
'em
You ever heard a nigga's lawyer scared to talk for him?
Creep in the dark on him, the led bark on him
I'm on his head til the Fed's spread chalk for him
That's how we do it dawg, these the last days
Yeah I had my bad days, I been through it ch'all
But I grew back (grew back)
Got my groove back (groove back)
That's how we do in trainin, cockin them two's back
Same dudes namin', givin up news
Gettin up on the stand, endin up on the news
It's f**ked up what that pressure'll do
And you don't wanna f**k up when they questionin you
Lecturin you, tryin to get shit up outta you
Crucial beatdowns til the bitch come up outta you
Cris come up outta you, dough that ain't right to do
Put that dough and get your body viewed

Let me get five for twenty, or seven for thrity
That shit that you hear in the ghetto
They don't care in the hood
Cop four twenties and seven thirties
Then niggas disappear from the ghetto
Get snatched from the hood
Feds grab 'em, and some get put in the dirt
Some live in grime, good with the work
Stick up kids get hit with the nine
But the funeral parlor good with embalming fluid
Good with the hearst
Some niggas don't even grind
But still make a stack every other night, good with the
dice
So it don't even matter, get hungry in the hood
Miss Low is sharp with the platters, good with the rice
And her daughter's just like her
Shootouts, they stash my guns, and I got away good
with the
knives
The end of the nights, stash my ones
Cause I'm good with the rocks, the smokers good with
pipes

[Chorus]

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