

Jim Jones

"My My My"

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And they shootin', I must be on top
(It's clear up here)
We coopin', we must be in a trouble
Some hard type shit that cost a quarter mill a pop
It makes me laugh, ha, life is so ironic

How I would get the cash, I become so iconable
Cop the fast cars that come with the trip tonic panel
I live the life that's filled with the jealousy
Doomed from the start, it's like we born with a felony

Where's the longevity, we in the place
Where best friends become enemies
And foul niggas got the tendency
You gotta watch what you wish for
I hope to God it's on a switchboard
When I'm tryin' to say a prayer

And I'm callin', hope You listen Lord
See it's just my position Lord
Gotta me smokin' on this blunt while I'm lookin' at the
sky
Make it rain so I know the doves cry

Lord, do You hear me praying
When I'm lookin' at the sky?
I hope You can hear what I'm saying
It's like my, my, my

I'm not really complaining
But it makes me wanna cry
I know You can see what I'm saying
It's like my, my, my, it's like my, my, my

'Cause God ain't cryin' when the sky starts to rain
That must you and God in heaven poppin' champagne
And speakin' of the shams, remember in Miami
You got bent pussy, it was your first trip with me

We was goin' hard too many bottles up in free-vay
You was goin' crazy with my Haitian man t-sway
Pass that on the twins, I had teesh fer like 3 days

And I can't forget you b-day

We had dead body tap, we was deeper than aye
And now I'm just wishin' I could see a nigga face
And they kill bang, bang, did you get it with 'em yet?
And it's a damn shame because niggas still upset

Like chita chala, God musta needed y'all
I think about the street dream, saw how we were born
But now all I got is the memories of two great soldiers
That are dear friends of me

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To tell you both the truth, I ain't doin' the best
I'm tryin' to keep a positive mind movin' through the
stress
I'm tryin' to stay afloat, they say I'm doin' the most
I'm doin' way too much, I'm playin' death to close

I'm think 'bout the thought of goin' back to court
For the petty little games I really should avoid
But it's the calculator risk on how we make the chip
Realizin' if I slip, it's a bottomless pit

If you'd a filled my shoes, would you walk a mile?
Let the media tear you down and turn around and
smile
I thank God that I'm alive to see a black president
We screamin' 'Yes, we can' but that won't change the
deficit
That ain't really even the best of it
You catch me in the streets, I will surely tell you the rest
of it

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