

## Jimmy Cliff

### "Sunshine"

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[Z-Ro]

No more letters to the President, this one is to Jehovah  
What was born into the world as a Christian, now  
becomes a soldier

I'm pimping a pen from living in sin, so niggaz like my  
song

Chef Ro-V up in the kitchen, so these cluckers like my  
stones

Mo City Texas that's my home, but I'm known to be a  
loner

Never no witness to this crime, when I'm creeping the  
fuck up on you

1 by 1 and a cigarette, maybe Newport shorts and a  
box of possibly Kool

Just a nigga do anything to get paid, they say I'm a god  
damn fool

I conversate with mama, but she can't answer me back  
I'm in a world one deep missing that lady, cause that  
cancer did that

It got a nigga looking for a wife, but most of these hoes  
be living shife

Wait till a nigga get paid then get leid, and try to take a  
nigga life

I just can't take no more my heart is broke, and it got  
too many cracks

Any woman I love don't need a pistol, cause she be  
killing me with that

So look into my eyes, and please tell me what you see  
Will they open the pearly gates for me, I wanna be free

[Hook - 2x]

I wonder if the sun shines, on the other side  
Cause I bet my mama, ain't seen a rainy day since she  
died

And maybe being gone, ain't all that bad  
It's gotta be better than wasting time, with a pen and a  
pad

[Z-Ro]

Living in poverty, ain't part of the plan  
So I'm on the corner, hustling with work in my hand

I know my mama, wouldn't approve of my lifestyle  
But see I must get it the way I live, and that's right now  
My nigga my credit's fucked up, so I can't put nothing  
in my name  
Let alone I'm having hard times, maintaining some  
change  
I'm so familiar with anger, smoking B can't even stop  
the pain  
I walk assured, God please stop the rain  
While I'm fiending for heaven, seem like hell is what  
I'm living  
For my destiny's to die, or forever walk the prison floor  
How can I be a man, 24 with no home  
I'm putting the piece to your dome, and leaving it like  
the ozone  
A cold cold world, that we living in  
Killas'll take your life, and it ain't gotta be about no  
divid-ends  
Forgive me for my sins, I'm just trying to make it  
Trying to keep my pistol from my head, cause I just  
can't take it

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

I wonder if the Lord, is gonna show me some  
compassion  
Or will I be victim to motherfuckers, when they blasting  
Having flashbacks of '94, with bullets to the back  
Cause my homies left me lonely, now my partna is my  
strap  
Living everyday like it's my last one, so I'm tripping  
Keep my finger on the triggga nigga, everytime I'm  
flipping  
I don't wanna be another face, on a T-shirt  
So when motherfuckers bring the drama, me and Nina  
burst  
Know I need to be in church, but I'm trapped out on the  
block  
Pumping rock after rock, God please make it stop  
I'm a victim of the struggle, trying to make my life easy  
But it ain't what I expected, it's hectic it's sleezy  
I'm on my knees daily, asking God to stop the pain  
Dealing with all this damn strain, see my pistol see my  
brain  
About to take my final stand, I'm a man in his own mind  
Steady hurting, but I hope I heal in time

[Hook - 2x]

