

State Property "See Clearly"

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I can see clearly now the rain is gone
All the rain is gone now it's on homie
I can see all the obstacles in my way
'Coz it's your boy, PC, Indeed, yes B. Sig
C and Neef, Young Free, Oschin, Sparky

Philly, Philly what that rap be 'bout?
A lot of bitches, squad of niggaz coppin' Coupes and
houses
Sell dope on streets, you hope you'll never be
And poke more freaks then you'll probably ever see
I'm chillin', fuck y'all mad for?
Probably 'coz a Hollywood Crip got glass doors
And I'm in denim looking like the boy just stepped out
of prison
And split in the Excur

But of course the pleasure is yours
You should do whatever in a Berreta with a berreta
Floss them princess cuts, who said what
My mind on my money, money wassup
Glock full of those dummies, don't try me
I'm not one of your homies I'll hit you the fuck up
Yep, State Prop boys back in town
The Back Block Boys, ROC back you down, let's go

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Choke off tec smoke, nigga get your neck broke
Throw you in the death yoke, make you do the breast
stroke
Throw a blood river, fucking with these thug niggaz
Official street niggaz, certified slug givers
Like I'm fresh out the service, aiming on order
A half a dollar off your shoulder, make you change for
a quarter
Bring Crakk 'cross the border, freeway transporter
Oschino and Sparks, the hitman clap for us

Chris and Neef, the young gunners yes

They'll bring it to anyone of your young'ns
Now what you muthafuckas holla'n 'bout?
It ain't shit to park the Benz and squad us out
Get 'em up and bring my riderz out
Strap 'em up and send 'em to where you hidin' out
Make 'em snatch what you proud about
State Prop boys back in town
Back block boys pop boys back you down and let's go

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I can see clearly now, yeah you know I left the wheel on
Here when the smoke clears
I can't be alone, Buck, he got his back
Fuck without our gat scrap? Naw we don't leave it home
Undefeated homie, plus we on a winning streak
Hardest kids in these streets, bring ya shit when you
sleep
Get hit if you peek, the shit isn't sweet
C, I got mines, plus I mine bomb if he creep

Hallow points'll flip his Jeep, if he point Chris and Neef
Hit him up neck to feet, lift him up, rest in peace
State Prop boys back in town
Young Gunner, Young Neef, plus Crakk here now
It's our summer, fool, pass that crown
Y'all done had y'all run, hope you 'lil niggaz had your
fun
We are spit the realist cats, nigga act bend 'em back
Who the fuck ain't feeling that? Show me I'll spin his
cap

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