

# Az, Sunshine

Once again, firm affiliation  
Like we say; the show must go on

[Chorus: x2]

Sunshine we hustle to the moon light  
Reminisce on a good time  
Cop come on boget

Yo when times get trifle  
I'm subjected to street survival  
See many never complete they cycle  
Other retreat to bibles, living holy  
But currency seem to control me, moving coldly  
In the presence of old parolies  
My mind mold me, keep me in mack mode like Goldie  
Police know me, but ain't got enough to hold me  
I follow rules, through the knowledge, swallow jewels  
A form of teaching, from the streets never taught in school  
You caught you lose, a wise man utilize tools  
Solitude certifies all moves  
So I walk this path of the old dread, that lead me off the Ave  
Absorbing fast, learning from niggaz I lost in the past  
Its poison plays in these foul days  
Housing cops and they foul ways, I'm walking through a wild maze  
Holding my brain trying to maintain  
Sleet hell, snow, or rain, I guess the game will never change

[Chorus]

Since the genesis, paraphernalia circle my premises  
Poor images, project life drained my innocence  
It's all the worst genocide, I guess the water's cursed  
My old earth identify, though her soul is for the church  
She prayed for peace, hoping I'm saved before she lay deceased  
To say the least, the one to wise to play the streets  
I know the ropes, certain niggaz to slow to cope  
& though I sold some Coke, it was only to stay afloat  
Amongst the frozen hearted, some bending, some departed  
Inhaling chocolate, tracing back to where it started  
The Crack wave 2 for 5, deuce and trays  
The Mack sprays, puffin' lye, truth & days  
& though it sound ill, through all the foul shit, I'm down still  
All around real, rough is the grounds in Brownsville  
I know the ledge, meditating, holding my head  
Eyes red, it's "Doe or Die" till I'm dead

[Chorus]

I played all positions, plus learned from each mission  
Politic wit all type niggaz wit different diction  
I did it up, from young in some cunt, the way I hit it up  
Bugging off my first Philly Blunt, and how I lit it up  
But time flying, playing these corners I'll let it slide by  
Smoking lye, homicide, coke supplies dry  
So play the game, other slow up change the lane  
Awaken, unchain the brain in exchange to take away the pain  
It's a part of scriptures, put together wit different mixtures  
They tricked us, got us trapped in taking pictures  
Interrogating, locating, destination, estimating  
Or play a part of them investigating  
It's on going from them killers, to them broads hoeing  
Unknowing first time felons on trial blowing  
So burn your clips and sit back, learn your shit  
The last of these real reps left turned legit

[Chorus]