

Coolio, Bright As The Sun

Starlight
Starbright
First star I see tonight
I wish I may
I wish I might
Get this lick I try to hit tonight....

Shinin' down on me
Shinin' down on me
Shinin' down on me
Shinin' down on me
Shinin' down on me
Shinin' down on me

Everytime I think about it I still can't understand
What night these niggaz think they don't need a plan
Cuz if you don't have a plan, then
Tell me what you got
The old get rich quick scheme
Or bust her ass Broc
Niggaz be punkin' out loc
Dyin' over nothin'
It's the ghetto witchdoctor with another loco potion
Hickory
Dickory
Thievory
Trickory
Povorty
Misory
Pleads to insanoty
Homocide
Rivalry
Garnd theft buglory
Purgory
Emergency surgory
A.P.B.
They lookin' for a G
You ran through a field
Hopped a fence
And climbed a tree
9-1-1
Here they come for him
Nigga wit' a gun
Now your ass is done
Ain't nowhere to hide
Ain't nowhere to run
Cuz the helicopter light's as bright as the sun....

(Chorus)
Shinin' down on me
Shinin' down on me
Shinin' down on me
Bright as the sun
Shinin' down on me
Shinin' down on me
Shinin' down on me
Bright as the sun

It seems nowadays
Just to get some respect
Ya gots to roll a Lex and collect a fat check
Or come around the corner on 3 Hobbit
Blockin' up the street
Flossin' back on your keys
An' everybody's sayin' you're the man loc
Never broke
An' high off that pream old smoke
Sippin' in the seat
Rollin' in the ragtop Chevy '63
The p.i.m.p.
On top of the game
But now you're gettin' laid
Cuz that gak weed o' yai is playin' tricks on your brain
You're lookin' for a way out
Before your game play out
Cuz once you game play out
Ya lose all ya' kriz out
Late one night you was rollin' down the block
With a half a pint of yat and the twenty dollar rock
One-time got behind you and they told you to stop
But you kept rollin' cuz ya said you wasn't broke
Out like a sucka
You dumb mothafucka
Now the chase is on
An' here go the song
How the hell do you think you can run
When the helicopter light's as bright as the sun

-Chorus-

Lockdown since the '80 situation number three, a
Nigga is released from the penitentiary
Fools betta recognize
An' visualize
Don't be suprized
Ya betta realize
They gotta plan fo' your ass, a
Cage for the mask, so
If you're rollin' dirty ya then ya betta have a stash
Spot in your whoopty
An' know the whoompty whoofy
When the whoompty whafty is done unto you, see
He don't know the new game
B'cuz the new game ain't true game
Well he betta catch her quick
Becuz the old game is runnin'
Nine is his waist
That's the new game loc, cuz
If you ain't heated then you might get smoked
He was walkin' down the street
Mindin' his business
Just happy to be free
And what do we see?
From the corner of his house
Here come one-time
So off he dashed

Like they set fire to his ass
Cuz if he get caught
It's strike number three
An' this might be his last day on the street
I bet next time you'll listen when I tell ya son
That the helicopter light's as bright as the sun

-Chorus(extended)-