

Sunshine

Twista

{When I wake up in the mornin'? Love
And the sunlight hurts my eyes
Then somethin' with out warnin'? Love
Bears heavy on my mind}
Let's get them dollars, let's get this money
I keep my mind on my money, money on my mind
I got my finger on the trigga, stayin' on tha grind
And when I wake up in the mornin', I got's to hit a lick
Saw the 2000 and 3 navi, on sprees wit' a kit
Soon as my eyes see tha sunshine
My thoughts is jukin' the block, and dodgin' the one time
Peep how we movin' the rocks and wit' pounds of Dro
Before I double my shit
I can serve sixteen ounces for six and get back ninety-six
A killa for tha skrilla, nigga, best not be stalkin'
I got's to get them bigga, figga's, fuck what you talkin'
I represent them nigga's ballin' wit' jewelry full of zickels
Down to the nigga's chasin' million, their dreams' servin' nickels
And I know, one day, I'm gon' come up
And when you see me, don't hate, that I rolled up
Get paid whether you legit when you slang, or tippin' off 'cane
Until I take a dip in the range, I'm flippin' them thangs
Gotta get that money man
It's a lovely day, just got paid
Stack it up, be on my way
It's a lovely day, lovely day
Lovely day
It's a lovely day, just got paid
Stack it up, be on my way
It's a lovely day, lovely day
Lovely day
A hustler's definition, is a hustler for scratch
You serve a motherfucker, you serve him for that
I'm makin' money off of verses when I spit 'em on tracks
And if I ain't sellin' no records, I'm servin' them packs
I got a clip full of hollows, money makin's my motto
Semi-auto and Marlboros in the bottle, 'til I hit the lotto
Wit' dreams of ownin' a records label, flippin' words
My nigga flippin' buildin's better than he was flippin' birds

I got tha, mentality and the motive I'm on a mission
For tha money, you can get it too, it's all about yo ambition
Play yo position, provide the plans, and follow procedures
In tha six-hundred, blunted, wit' a pocket full of hundred's and Visa's
Love, when I get that dust, hit 'em up, re-cock then I get back up
Love, when I get that gig, get a crib, get a car when tha grip stack up
It's still in the evenin', if I'm sleepin' paper problems
Soon as I get up it's just another day, another dollar

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Got love for the corporate playas that's ballin' rollin' Jags
Got love for the thug nigga's who get' it on tha ave
Love for those, who can make a mill and sit back and laugh
And love for the fine stripper's who get it poppin' ass
Love for the single parent's that's workin' through the struggle
Love for those who gotta make a livin' movin' muscle
Love for those who gotta watch tha hater's rollin' bubbles
Causin' trouble every time a young brotha try to hustle
And if I can't, legally make or not
Then I gotta get back, right back on the block
And if it no work we do a stick-up and whip-up a concoction
Might leave yo face down in the dirt because hurtin's not an option

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