Ain't No Sunshine!!!

Pastor Troy

Talking:Cuz I'm tellin you man they ain't nothing else to talk about
the same shit every motherfuckin album, I don't give a damn how many he put
out he talk about the same shit from goddamn T.R.U.
you got D's,candy paint,wood grain with the leather seats
mercedes,baby,lady,baby,crazy,merecdes
I done heard that shit 2pac wannabe ass nigga (mocking P) "I ain't no rapper
I write short films"
o.k. grab your popcorn ain't no more sunshine.Come on, O.K., peep it my techs swing low like sweet chariots
Bust em and burry em
That be his faithness sending flowers to they wait
And crying at they wake
And mourning with these motherfuckaz mothers
Fotr plottin out a way to kill they brother
Another nigga bled another niggaz gone be bleeding
'cause I ain't trynna hear that shit this evening
y'all niggaz best believe in
Guerilla warfare
Lets creep across the cemetery how they get there
I tell ya was this nigga from Lake Olmstead
My nigga said that he been fucking up dope since day one so instead
of pumpin the shit in Olmstead
I suggest he take that stupid shit to Sunset
But naw,but naw he want to play bad Billy bad ass and shit
I'm flawing my game like I can't perform the hit
I threw on the fucking plastic bag
wrapped my hands around his ass the squeezed
til the nigga can't breath
Limiting cheese about my trap,how the fuck imma catch the mouse
If you busting ya gun and steady runnin ya mouth
But down south I ain't no hard ass nigga
But best believe real come the thriller
Motherfucka I feel ya
Blast them hollow points,'cause hollow points get points across
They want the juice but they don't want to pay the cost
Now who's the boss
My nigga ask these hoes
I'm nuttin in they mouth and they nose
They eyes if they ain't closed
The lifestyle that I chose who knows may make me rich

But if them feds kick down them doors then lifes a bitch
I'm sittin in the patty wagon thinking bout the snitch
And wit my phone call I know exactly who to hit
My niggaz Don Perry we got some bodies to burry
Hide them niggaz with rugers and hide them lugers with Karen
Now its very nescesary that this bid go through
'cause I already know my niggaz threw
ain't no motherfuckin sunshinechorus:Aint no motherfuckin sunshine, Its only tech nines and clips and niggaz that equip for whatever
I thought you knew better,but you still ran your mouth now you runnin from
them fuckin Georgia Boys from down southain't no sunshine my nigga, the sun ain't gonna shine
Till I reach about a million
Talkin billions with Brazilions
I got this funny feeling that I'm gone be filthy rich
And I'm gone marry money 'cause money's a faithful bitch
If it ain't one thang its ten more so fuck another
Surrounded by undercovers everytime they see they sucker
My mind be in the gutter,but that's how I burn the house
Because I try to prove what these pussy niggaz bout
These niggaz make me shout,yea they frustrate me
Because I sell dope I guess that's why these niggaz hate me
Make me recall,think it was the fall of 96
But time don't matter nigga doing the same shit
The Narcs about to hit
His habit made em tell
Officer and the law,bastard crooked as hell
They lookin for Terrel
Mixed him up with Derrel it's 2 Derrels
They hit they doe with Marquel
Breakin em on the phone,told my niggaz time to bail
They knew we shot them niggaz they just lookin for the shells
They try to best they nail,like nail give me a break
Us cooley high niggaz,us niggaz is hard to take
We,appreciate they bust
We,appreciate they threat
We,appreciate that we so smooth they ain't caught us yet
Now Karen want respect,claim I'm doing her wrong
But my name is not Rome,I don't know where I belong
Pumpin her up with these songs,so so-long to all three
get O.U.T. but first let me get my thangs
The ho had bring me box with the lock that she was holdin
She brought my shit downstairs,my fuckin box was open
I'm holdin my breath before I mothafuckin hurt her
Rambaling through my shit no shells from the murder
I asked her calmly where the fuck is my shit

"Troy that's all I had"
What the fuck you mean bitch
It should have been six empty bullets and my ruger
Fuck trynna explain popped her,had to shoot her
I knew that the murders would interfer with my grindin
But what the fuck you expect if the sun ain't shininchorusMy mind is fucked up {why} I keep on picturing
Karens head jerking
Disturbing me while I'm working
This clouds lurking over me,like a cartoon
Too hot in the streets I got to stay in my room
Soon to be charged 3 murders second count
But once in this will, twinzo I leave her out
Yo burn for your nigga,bout the dope visit my brother
Its back to Atlanta,shit too hot in Augusta and I knew I shouldn't trust her
'cause I keep thinking bout her ass
Bout 2 or 3 knocks at my door and who is that
Just that fast,niggaz done ran up in my shit
Ski mask and guns and they, shooting to hit
I ran up stairs to get my gat yea that mack
I'm running and ducking one grazed me cross my back
But then I reach my gat,payback I'm bustin rockets
Ran back to the stairs took two clips off in my pocket
His gun I heard him cock it went the bustin over there
I'm poppin on them pussy niggaz, die nigga yea
I pop one in his ear,told him I would fear nothin
Snatched a mack up off the nigga,and is there Karen's cousin
Then I rushed into the bathroom then turned off the light
I heard somebody footsteps approaching to my right
Now bullets taking flight.I'm bustin in all directions
I laid in the tub praying for my protection
Done hit me to perfection I was fucked up in the game
While laying in the tub I heard them niggaz call my name
My 6'3 frame to be filled with bullet holes
If I gotta leave some more of them has got to go
I ran back to the stairs and went the bustin with mine
All directs wit tech 9
but they waitin in line,I was fine shit went to the phone to call Greg
Boom,Boom done took two to the head
It ain't no fuckin sunshine!

Songwriters
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