

# Finally Here

## Sunnery James Ryan Marciano

Hard to follow my dreams workin' this 9 to 5  
People keep tellin' me my check is on the way  
So sun up to sundown I'm grindin', tryin' to make it by  
Prayin' for my ship to come and take away the pain  
That day is finally here  
That day is finally here  
That day is finally here  
New shoes, new clothes, new whip, new chain  
New wrist, knew that, knew this  
Finally here  
That day is finally here  
That day is finally here  
New shoes, new clothes, new whip, new chain  
New wrist, knew that, knew this  
No, no I won't settle for nothing less than the air that I breathe  
I know it's a struggle but who the hell gon' do it for me  
Who the hell gon' do it free, if I don't get up and bust my ass  
That's my motto, I can't put my faith in the lotto  
Luck don't stay nowhere near where I go  
Unless you ride that muthafucka  
And you be lucky enough to get away in the grave  
What can I do, what can I say, I tried to get paid  
But I got grazed, the bullet went through but I ain't get paid  
Now what do I appreciate?  
My J O B, hey boss, I'm comin' in late  
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Lil' cousin got it right? and bike without no frame  
Ride the same rides without no brain?  
Life ain't life, without no shame, if I make it out the hood  
Damn right I'm gon' change my cell phone number  
But the area code still gon be 305 though  
My friends who was my friends just like my kin  
Walked 'em in my door, but please wipe your feet on the rug  
You can keep your shoes on, it's all love  
Boy let me stop, I'm dreamin' too much, now who the hell  
Won't give the model a million bucks?  
Nobody but God, right now I could use me one of them black cards  
I'm scarred, I fell apart, I came here with stars, it's hard huh?  
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Findin' me, that day I been tryin' to reach  
That pay I been dyin' to see, boy them folk wouldn't lie to me  
I thought money ain't grow on trees  
Depends on the roots, how you plant that seed  
They quit, you can't see no leaves  
Hold up, I need my Versace's  
Grace covers of magazines, my mother she proud of me  
Myself, I, the one who the haters thought wasn't gon' be shit  
Big yachts, every day I get seasick, I was broke, the prefix  
My book say "Why y'all gave that nigga some cash?"  
I wrote a song about it, wanna hear it? Here it goes  
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