

Nothin For The Radio

Fashawn

The ghetto is pitch black and we all wanna shine
So a third of us 'round
The other half about math, flipping birds
We intertwine there is no words to describe
My habitat except hostile, 40oz. brews and trips to the hospital or Wasco
Get locked in solitude surrounded by darkness hoping some light shine through
Cuz we used to DVD boosting, crack rock producing, business suits claim we're useless
And won't give us jobs, and wonder why their ass get robbed
Wonder why my young brother stuck on reefer
Because the state refuse to pay good teachers
While the rich kids watch from the bleaches
I ask Jesus let some light creep in

May god keep a little something for the G's and cold hearted niggas that's freezin'
Everythang happens for a reason
Why niggas start shit, this ain't nothing for the radio, nah this ain't nothing for the radio
Nah, this right here what you've been waiting for, hey this right here what you've been waiting for

Why is it me that this dark cloud follows?
I probably drown in this velvet here bottles
Ugh I keep my hand from him it's a revival
The limits keep my hands spinning like a gyro
I need a chiro-prac, cause I feel like I'm alone in this world
Who got my back? they tell me find god like I don't know where he at
And if he lost why we following him
Just acknowledge the fact that a father exists, and the devil's alive
I'm just caught in the mix, before he shines his light on me I was out on the strip
Holding it down till I discovered my gift (got talent bro, I'm telling you)
It felt more like a curse, in my hoodie, I still made it to church
Just in time they hear the pastor complain like sunshine after the rain, help us out