

Sun Goes Down

Caskey

When the sun go down
When the sun go down
Better stay out these streets
Everybody outside fixin' they beef dog
When the sun go down
Killers movin' in silence
Jits robbin' for fun dog no guidance
When the sun go down

Its street justice
My homies turn into dream crushers
The pastor leave us alone but the codeine touch us
When the sun goes down
Molly transform the civilized to uncivilized
Choppers out the back windows and they symbolize
When the sun goes down
Junkies coppin them monkeys pockets get chunky
Me and mine on that funky we see our opposition get dumpin!
The chopper it rang! 2, 000 hits of cocaine
My homie servin and poppin them thangs
We get to lurkin and watching you praying that you come outside and you're r
ocking your jewels on your neck
Streets they ain't got no respect and you know it
You been talkin for too long bout the shit that you got now you gone have to
show it
Cause dawg when the sun goes down

Streets turn to something new
Everybody ain't who they seem. "What it do?"
Dealers flip a half to a whole to a 2
I been on the road with the crew dawg
When the sun goes down
Streets ain't got no love for my crew
We walk outside and everybody gone start to shoot
Aye aye they told me keep that fire on me
I told them folks "you preachin to the choir "
Cause when the sun goes down

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You don't want beef boy you don't even know me
I'm takin' your wallet so reach for it slowly
I watch every move you make like it's a Rolley
I'm rollin. They killed that boy off Mercy Dr. that's an omen
I swear we do shit like the Romans

Killing for fun in these streets!
Man that shit way too barbaric
And that's word to Conan
My boy hit a lick on a pound that a fuck boy had loaned him!
Never brought back what he owed him
Not in a holding cell but we do sell and we holdin
You pussy and that's why you foldin
Shout out my jeweler the bond that we got is so golden
My whole click they fittin to be frozen
I don't know who you got beef with or who you opposing
Just make sure that you don't get chosen cause dawg

When the sun goes down...
Streets turn to something new
Red dots on your forehead out the blue
Dealers flip a half to a whole to a two
Heard you got beef with the crew
What the fuck you gone do pussy?
Streets ain't got no love for my crew
We walk outside and everybody gone start to shoot
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