

Broad Daylight (feat. Busta Rhymes)

M.O.P.

Back In The Old Days, Tight Like A Fight,
Used To Hang With The Devil In The Broad Daylight
We Had A Route, A Walkabout,
Until We Had A Row, A Kind Of Falling Out
He Showed Me The Low, Showed Me The Down
Called It The Happy Low Down
We Used To Rock Some Tunes With A Guy Named Lloyd
Lloyd Still Got Them Polaroid's Broad Daylight
Broad Daylight
Stop Climaxing, You Got Your Fight
Leaving Him Alone In The Broad Daylight
He Might Get It On, On His Own And Start Building A Throne
Out Of Worn Out Razors
Look At You Shaking You Can't Find His Plight
Got You Scared Of Ghosts In The Dead Of Night
While You're Making Up Stories Trying To Make It Ok,
He'll Be Bringing Them In To Let Them Out And Play In The Broad Daylight Broad Daylight
Leaving Me Alone In The Broad Daylight
In The Broad Daylight
Broad daylight
In the broad day...
Please Don't Leave Me Alone
Leaving Me Alone In The Broad Daylight
You'll Get Your Money, You'll Get Your Night
Just Leave Me Alone Up (In The Broad Daylight)
I Need Some shit Of My Own, I Need A Throne
Not Them Razors
And Who You Think You Are Screaming Hollywood Burn?
If You Really Want To Stop It Then Burn Your Sperm
'Cause This Here Be Going On Until it's Not And Then A Little More Broad Daylight
Leaving Me Alone In The Broad Daylight
In The Broad Daylight Broad Daylight, In The Broad Day
Please Don't Leave Me Alone
Leaving Me Alone In The Broad Daylight In The Broad Daylight
In The Broad Daylight
In The Broad Daylight
In The Broad Daylight Broad Daylight In The Broad Day
Please Don't Leave Me Alone
Leaving Me Alone In The Broad Daylight
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