Just Another Day

Too $hort

I woke up one day in Vacaville
Round the corner from the pen
Fat house on the hill
All the homies in the pen straigt locked down
But I gotta get dressed and hit the oaktown
I called Randy Olson on the telephone
Early in the mornin but he still ain't home
So I called Ant Banks to see what's up
He said meet me at the studio at two o'clock
I got dressed, smokin on some serious dank
Grabbed my keys off the table and a bid ol bank
I hit interstate 80 and I'm rollin
Joint's still burnin and I'm smokin'
I was on my way to San Jose
To the stero shop that make my music play
Cause one amp shut down and the bass ain't playin
Didn't take long, for Joel and Janks to have me slumpin'
So I called up Boo, what's up nigga what you bout to do
He said, just kickin' back waitin on the fellas
Bout to go eat at Della's
I said it sure sounds good to me
I can't go tho, gotta hit Myrtle Street
Passed the acorns on my way, bitch. it's just anotha dayBig Banks came through and started mixin
Sittin in the studio kick back listenin
To some funky ass shit from the dangerous crew
Debbie D came through, with FM Blue
Shorty B rolled up smokin' fat ones
Pee-Wee had a crew in the back room
Goldie had the tramps givin head breakin off
Rap and rhyme that diddley-dog
Twin one and two is tellin stories
Bout beatin down niggas for the glory
Had to catch a plane that night and roll out of town
Everybody gettin high tryin hard to clown
I had to go shop fo its time to leave
I dipped to the mall, flipped me some jeans
Rolled on out like a playa
Hot ass day, bitches everywhere
I'm leanin' hard to the left like a big shot

Checkin out the hoes seein who'll get knocked
Cause when you fuck with $hort you get fucked quick
I rub some cum on ya ass and make ya suck dick
Ride through the old scene beamin it slow
Talkin that shit five niggas on the four
Drive crazy, tryin to tear up shit
It's just anotha day in Oakland bitchIt was me, Jaque, Beamin and Tilo
Boo-kicke slow-motion and PO
Spud, Ju-Ju, Frog and Big-E
Gettin high on our street
Bug, Joe-A, Ce-Ce and Mark
Rollin four deep from SobranI Park
Howard came through from the B-Town
Motherfuckas gettin high it's goin down
It's the same everyday everyday it's the same
But that night we hit the hoop game
Who was playin Seattle versus Golden State
Hollered at the home boy Gary Payton
After the game, we went to his house
NBA Jams, turned us out
Niggas talkin bout slammin bones
Any kinda way to get your gamble on
Bet, all you kept hearin was bet
Dice game on the pool table fuck that shit
I ain't goin outa town broke
I gotta have a bank get some dank to smoke
Think I'm gamblin, you must be insane
It started gettin late I had to catch that plane
So I cut to the airport
Just anotha day for Too ShortI was high as fuck on the airplane
Thinkin to myself about a street gang
How a black man'll do you in a minute
Walk around the corner see some shit and get in it
How the police always tryin to catch us
Fell asleep and woke up in Houston, Texas
Gangtas ass niggas from the fifth and the third
Take yo ass there nigga fuck what ya heard
Next night we did a show, in New Orleans
Same gangstas same old scene
Yellin at seventh at ninth ward
I see my homies from the third and the fourth
It was me Big Dog and the eight guard posse
Havin fun and you just can't stop me
I did a show in Birmingham, Alabama
Then caught a plane in Atlanta

I heard about the motherfuckin freaknick
Popped that pussy hole fuck that weak shit
You shoulda seen all the bitches on the street
Niggas from Detroit was deep
All my patnas from the 'O' flew up
And they was slangin that danky stuff
Gettin high with some brothers from MiamI and Cleveland
Kickin back talkin bout we ain't leavin

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