

24-7-365 Revisited

Soul Cafe, Rico Gambino, Truu Talent, Elijah Santa

It's been a cold winter
Imma switch it for the summer
I ain't talking but still suckas run for cover
I'm in the sunshine cause I know I got mine
Pimping is a sure thing buried in my bloodline

I do it all the time all around the way
I put it down coming straight from underground now what you want now
I do it for the masses I never blow my chances
My style is classic, static, you want the heat I got it

The flow is so breezy I make the shit look easy
If you really listen my politics is music
I get breezy on the beat cause I be the MC
When I kick another, see, still I drop another hit
It's my choice, I can keep the beat alive with my voice
It's like an instrument alive come see me live
I can swear that I'm nice, before the break of dawn everything is going down

(Chorus)

24 7 365 waited too long now it's my shine
I'm stunting when I'm running in the limelight, uh
You steady running your mouth cause I rhyme tight

(Repeat)

I think I'm busy keeping that busy
Steady on the grizzly hustling real hard
Duffle bag full of cash make them haters real mad
Hating cause they ain't know how to get bread
Congratulations for being that dumb
Y'all just make me laugh cause y'all be stuck
I'm on a hustle, I'm on a grind
Everything I see hell yeah I make it mine
I'm a hustler by nature it's in my blood
Steady chasing this paper and rolling dubs
So my money never out of sight
And I'm all swagged up with a red and green stripes
See me live on stage just rocking the crowd I got it locked down on the scene no doubt

The after party in the club VIP cause I'm a MVP on the MIC

(Chorus)

Mic check one two one two
I represent this is what I do
To any beat any way imma give it to you
Best beware open your ears through the truth as I push
My rhymes through the microphone, boo, boo
I do what I want to what the hell you gon do
I'm the man, I lives the plan fool
Every face that I kick is for your mind fool
Imma dip so I be up in your mind frame
Don't be a lame all trick up in this rap game
What's the use of the fame when you ain't paid
I go back to a ticket when I got made
Got paid got laid for the rhymes I lay
I'm the burglar I push particular
Original my thought is natural
Straight from the underground yeah imma give it to ya

Lyrics Submitted by YBP fan

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