Days Of Our Lives

Lil Durk

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh
Yo how the days of your life go Com?
I'm just tryin' to be, that's it? Stayin' focused so my mind is free
Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons
If tomorrow come now, it might be too soon too soon, too soon?
I want to boom into the back of the truck
Ain't nuttin' matter with a good dude, havin' into the block
With that on my mind, I'm on the grind, it pays
We break it down in these three ways, yo
These days, I travel the Maze like Frank Beverly
To the East, lookin' for pieces of a better me
Responsibility of my man's felony fell on me
Celebrity status, make 'em think I got celery
Hell and I do sometimes, still the sun shining even all day
The life of a baller, ain't even all play
I stack 'em, so the chips fall where they must
I ain't far from a Benz, or dude on the bus
Even when I don't have enough, still in God I trust
Said baby you're a star
Said, I'm on the car, seen the jiggiest of stars
Become dust, and one love become lust for the papers
Had you gassed now that gas became vapors
Tricked your cash on ice, should a had acres
Now your, empire fell like the Lakers
So you're talkin' to your maker
It's the nature of the business, they givin' niggaz inches
Takin' miles and mules, it's the wildest rules
I'm tryin' to walk in the black scent of proudest shoes
Makin' music that crowds can use
Yo how the days of your life go, Dave?
With sunshine and shade, that's it?
Tinted window grades and Kool-Aid
Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons
If tomorrow come now that might be too soon, too soon?
I want twenty-four plus on these
Put the pinto engine and the bus on these
I get that first class seat to escape the days
We break it down in these three ways
Check the life I got that antidote, cantaloupe scent, bent back

In the sun room froze, put your flick on pause and pop a cork
There's no occasion nigga it's just because
I'm celebratin' for a hell of a day
Get these Barbie filets on hot charcoal tracks, so black
Darko Pecoltrane plays them back
We then freedom fight kids who gon' ball and raise fists
If y'all down for the struggle, c'mon y'all, resist
Everyday script, I exercise cheek
Sixteen on the bar, I exercise speak
It's been a long time, Long Isle's on the map
While y'all stand on the corner, stoned like Chris[Incomprehensible]
Kiss back, watchin' time wrist back
Every second count but just finish this lap
You gamble on your life like casino slots
And cash out and still walk with a knot
Yo how the days of your life goes, Merce?
Man I'm just holdin' my head that's it?
Shit, I'm also tryin' to hold this bread
Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons
If tomorrow come now it might be too soon, too soon?
I furnished the rooms and mortgage on these
See them quittin' ass rappers caused a shortage on these
The soul boys of big illa-noyz get the praise
We break it down in these three ways
My moms died from secondhand smoke so I wish yo' ass would die
From them secondhand rhymes you wrote
Or shall I call them second rhymes written seconds 'fore
You enter the both words thrown together with very little truth
And a select few can do it true you ain't part of them scriptures
And got the nerve to feel you want me out the picture
But I was never in it, I'm the frame around the flick
Or dishin' in the mouth of your dame around my dick
Ladies and gentlemen, introducin' Workmatic
One of L.I.'s finest, and this is my life
Which is filled with bad minutes and good hours
And, good months and bad years and with my peers
We struggle to juggle the shit
Family life and the music game don't easily fit
My lady wants me home, sayin rap tour, three rap whores
And scores of scandal, even more than we can handle
Sometimes, the rhymes I say
Is the fly the currency to save the day
Can't turn it away, cause we out
To find presence way beyond our measure, so baby don't pout
Don't pout, De La Soul now turn it out

Don't pout, Common Sense'll turn it out
Don't pout

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