

# Just Another Day (Bonus Track 1)

## Lloyd Banks

Man what the fuck are you lookin' for?  
Can't a young nigga make money any more  
Blow a couple grand in the N-B-A Store  
Rock twenty-four thousand on the N-B-A floor  
Niggas be on stage bendin' over on tour  
Leave anti-social with a case of lockjaw  
Just cause shorty look good, don't mean that you should go  
Puttin' ice on the bitch like she won the Superbowl  
Even the chips are low, for all these so-called old heads  
Just ain't the same niggas I used to know  
I got a Houston ho - nah she ain't the sharpest knife  
In the drawer but she a damn good booster though  
See I could fuck a supermodel with my ? works  
Send her home with a smile and a couple kids on her shirt  
I got a year into the game  
A 141 rocks layin' on my chain, yeah! [Chorus]  
Just another day, chillin' in the hood  
Just another day around the way  
I'm tipsy off the Hennessy  
We ridin' round with the H-K, nigga we don't play  
Just another day, chillin' in the hood  
Just another day around the way  
We smoke a quarter pound a day  
G-Unit we here to stay, nigga we don't play  
Never mind the lames in my era, they all want me dead  
And I know, it's all over the way I see bread  
Here I go, caught up in some he say she said  
'Til I go, put a slug in my enemy's head  
The Tahoe's, bulletproof so you can't get through  
Then follow, your ass and whoever ran with you  
And you about as assed-out as two jammed pistols  
Bleedin' around a bunch of niggas who can't fix you  
So bring yours, cause you know I got mine with me kid  
The 8'll make you lose weight like Missy did  
The O.G.'s tryin' to hide they phony smilin'  
Reputation always arise in Coney Island  
I'm at your local newsstand jerk  
While the only X-X-L you been in as a shirt  
And, speakin' of shirts, get a new white T  
God damn it feels good to be me, nigga! [Chorus]  
Now I'm goin', shoppin' with a plastic card now

I'm growin', knockin' international broads down  
They know him, they're not gonna even pat the star down  
I'm holdin', a glock so don't even act that hard now  
You might bust your gun but your gat's in the car clown  
So break your lil' weed up and crack your cigars down  
Cause I ain't tryin' to start my visits, with the fuckin' judge  
Givin' niggas life like it's parkin' tickets  
Now I get to go to bed with a model  
And the crib is bout as big as it is on the Belvedere bottle  
I got all kind of ex' I could ram in they faces  
Red and blue pills like the man in The Matrix  
You might have spent some paper on your lil' charm but  
My piece is bout as heavy as Lil' Jon cup  
But, it's never tucked, nigga I don't give a fuck  
I'll get bucked 'fore I give somethin' up, yup! [Chorus]

Songwriters

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