Same Shit Different Day

Young Gunz

Intro: Young Neef]
Gunnaz, you hear that mothafuckin knock nigga
G.I.F.I.
Rocafella records you know
[Verse 1: Young Neef]Said it's a nice day out
And I'm tryna pick what to drizzive
Could do the wagons or the new six forty fizzives
Said is they seen high
I rather go beam mine
Need the 2-5th's for this I put up my nin-nine
Plus it's more cleaner and the system be knockin
The girls be watchin
So these niggaz be plottin
It happens often
They can't stand a Youngin flossin
Until you off em, have they peoples viewin the coffin
I pulls up, put it in park, make sure my tops up
Fix my Roca, while I'm lacin my S Dots up
'Fore I can take a step
These niggaz is yellin back
I get the roll em, drop my hand and they foldin
Bank stop , trunk full of cash, Young holdin
Ki's so whatever while you Youngins is something stolen
Black berry Nextel, Sprint phone, Motorollin
Why you think the chickens be rollin
We got 'em goin
[Chorus 2x: Young Neef]You hear that mothafuckin knock nigga (uhn)
J.L.'s ready to pop nigga (uhn)
Either Roc or State Prop nigga (uhn)
White on whites or S Dot's nigga (uhn)
[Verse 2: Young Chris]Wakes up early, kiss my daughter, hop outta bizzed
Gang steady callin, I'mma tell 'em I'mma get there
Pick my layout, bunch of boxers, alot of shit here
The nigga Ty sell me some Dot's , make sure my kicks there

Just another day in the gutter, go see my brother
Baby mother fussin and cussin, I'm thinkin fuck her
A bunch of other shit on my mind, deep in my grind
Its more than just weed on my mind, read through the lines

Get 'em and use em
So we confuse 'em how we do's em
Ya homies on my niggaz is tryna make it a two-some
Hit 'em and lose em, niggaz is married to these bitches
I know how we do em, that's why I'm married to my riches
Nice day out, comin through, clearin the way out
Two new marita's hollerin soon as they skate out
Fit the collar big shit just lettin eight out
Guaranteed to lay a nigga straight out
Try it nigga
[Chorus][Verse 3: Young Chris]Love how I do it whenever I do I'm reppin
Keep a weapon I'm suggestin he keep it steppin
P.T. 1-4-5 give me your necklace
As I expected, you necked go think a second
Get In Where You Fit In, CEO of that record
Pumpin me, they bumpin me playas know they respect it
Ladies love it, the streets ready as they except it
And show you mothafuckas how to flex it uh bet it uh
[Young Neef]Mothafuckas better run, just got me another one
That high point'll trash you, you better get you another gun
Fresh out the box with it
Pop fly ya ass'll get mopped with it
I pop outta something that's dark tinted
Round the way all day that's just how I'm rollin
Need no victims, no modems
Just a bunch of them cold ones
Talking shit like I owe em
Till that 6-4 blow em
BOOOOOW
You hear that mothafuckin knock nigga

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