

# Everyday Was (feat. Mel)

## Black Milk

Cause he down with  
It's that overdose daily  
No if, and, but's or maybes  
Have you addicted like that shit my auntie smoked in the 80s  
Auntie Tricia, what up, I see you still live and maintain raw  
So I rep it, spit raw, spit hard as the veins in your arms  
Reminisce back on the innocence  
Back when the money was limited  
Before we had stacks, before we had racks  
Before we had raps on the internet  
We was in class driving the teacher crazy, hoping the bell rung soon  
Before labels we banged on tables  
Inside that school lunchroom, doom  
Only one that graduated but still hung outside school  
Was cool with the dropouts  
Didn't want to work around the clock from 9-5  
Just to clock in and clock out  
Some niggas had packed things and sold it to crack fiends  
Some niggas had dope wrote in their notepad but couldn't turn it to rap dreams  
But I did what I had to  
Had to stash that cash up under that mattress  
Hoping that a few years later, sooner or later I could put moms in that mansion  
Back up against that wall  
Back in the trap where nigga feel trapped in  
Either you a hustler, either you a dopeman  
Or you got the muscle in the hood like Conan  
Wrack em, sack em (whoop whoop)  
Play cool when the cops roll past em  
If you heard that (whoop) you knew they were hopping that fence so the cops wouldn't grab em  
Some of the visions we saw, some of the sounds we heard  
Left that scar on the brain  
And the bars, and the verse, and the words and the Hearse  
It's just a different way of living Ohh  
I knew the hand that I was given  
Hustle, up early in the morning  
Grind on the way, on the way  
Talking bout death around the corner  
Hoping that we don't meet soon  
So when you waiting on those days of fortune

Unfortunately yo, that wait is torture  
Like holding breath under water, your the  
Star a million miles away, just a minor way  
Almost got got on a holiday, but he got away  
What you think they troubled for?  
Didn't grow up comfortable  
Or comfy as the lives of Cosby's and Clair Huxtables  
Need a couple grand in they hand put the handgun  
To the next man, grandma live longer than grandson  
It's just a different way of living  
Ohh I knew the hand that I was given  
Hustle, up early in the morning  
Grind on the way, on the way  
Talking bout death around the corner  
Hoping that we don't meet soon  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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