Everyday Was (feat. Mel)

Black Milk

Cause he down with
It's that overdose daily
No if, and, buts 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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