

The Day (feat. Mos Def & Jay Electronica)

Curren\$y

Whack niggas sleep rappin' and woke up in trouble
Whack niggas with that sleep rap and then woke up in trouble
You were cool ten years ago, your fucking legs bubbleBrand new tires
Rollin down the same old strip new party same old chicks
I'm so sorry
If I don't look happy to be here
In your label office cause they said I can't smoke weed here
Man fuck it I'm out black on
Than I'm bout it fool
I got a studio in my house
Along with some the perks
That come with my work
Thirty-twenty something sleepin' in my diamond supplied shirt
There is not a adjective to describe how I work
Hard is not enough brother I'm tougher
Whack niggas sleepin' with that rappin' and woke up in trouble
You was cool ten yours ago your fucking legs bubbles, bubble
You gotta now when to hold em now when to fold em
Learn how to roll with the punches
Take em to school give these niggas brown bag lunches
If it ain't the jets then it ain't nothingYo the king closed his cloak
The set was overfull
Such a excellent moment
So emotional
He rushed out on the field
So devoted for
Final victory clutch they went postal cold
Glory overload
Hold up hold my coat
Please remember this day
This changes everything we can do anything
So you show anywayMy momma told me was always call a spade a spade
Be like chuck d never be like flavor flav',
but that clock around his neck is so fly and the way he complimentin'
chuckie with that bow tie flow make me feel high so
I'm goin' spit it my way excuse me as I do me
cruisin' rudely down the high way
I'm young black intelligent elegant blaza'
Back to the thesis

To to shooting krap and talking smack to the polices
Back to black and gold valleys
Dit knees with the creases
Pullin' youngin' by the coattails
Schoolin' 'em who the beast is
I pray this flow is dumb enough ugh
I pray my heart is D.M.C. and rev run enough
Cause I'm a throw my number up
I'm a throw some chicken bones and feathers on a hundred bucks
And summon up the thunder what?
The voodoo man is coming bro
Can't see the forest full of trees
It's okay, I got my jigsaw and my jumber truck
Tell them boys their run is up

Songwriters

Franklin, Shante / Elpadaro, Timothy / Smith, Dante Terrell / Willis, David
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