

Daily Routine (Prod By Chuck Strangers)

Joey Bada\$\$

[Verse 1]

From the block to the top, Buddha baggies in the sock
Only thing that changed now is we ain't runnin' out of stock
Used to beg mom dukes for lunch money
Honeys used to run from me when pockets was dust bunnies
Now what's funny is we done came up and conquered
Even the future lookin' bonkers from Compton to Yonkers
Though them gangstas grill, I tell 'em keep that drama away
Don't fuck with thieves, I like Jay so who sponsorin' the tape
They launchin' out strays, I'm tryin' not to get sprayed
Whether a spitter or a quitter behind the trigger
Approaching his prey, his eyes bigger
Won't stop to consider what's right or wrong
Because it's hard liquor that's inside his liver[Hook]
But that's just daily routine
The streets are cooped fiends
Whether the hoops or the booth, niggas shoot dreams
Better choose the right scheme
Cause you could think you're cool with your nice things
But get wiped clean for ice cream when the lights beam[Verse 2]
Traded in my Nikes for a new mic
I guess it's safe to say he sold soul for his new life
Like they were tryna blind us, but we know the true designer
They didn't wanna see us find the diviners
So now we hit the vines up day and night
On the regular, I know my momma prayin'
Like she want me reach my aims in life, but just stay in sight
So I'm shootin' for my dreams, hit the booth and it boost my esteem
The Pro Era crew recruitin' in them fiends by the boat load
Nigga caught a wave and now he surfin' coastal
They don't feel the name but they say the music dope though
Fuck it, that's how it's supposed to go, these bloggers too emotional
They'll be postin' you until labels start inter-scopin' you
By then, it's wild late and I'll be chillin' where I lay
Cause I'd rather see the top than to be livin' where I lay
Imbalances in my Kundalini, they tryna put two through my beanie
Wish you well, tryin' to poof a genie[Hook x4]

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