

Another Day

Tha Eastsidaz

(Goldie Loc)

Damn cause this spot's gettin hot

I can't trust the paremedics or them crooked ass cops

The closest nigga to you would do you and try to screw you

Backstab you in the back and act like he never knew you

And he could be the same nigga the switch

Playin all one minute but he really is a bitch

Now watch out for the twist

Here come them niggaz that was with you but they out to get rich

But you thought them niggaz would never do that

Until they came back strapped with them rat-tat-tat-tats

And it always ends up fucked up

When the innocent die it'll have yo brain stuck

It'll have yo brains stuck shit outta luck cause I'm havin bad luck

Fucked up in my younger days

Shit I'll bang you with deuces and hang you with trays

A few days back one of homies got rugged out

Damn shame all the brothers seem drugged out

One of seeds bust a bottle over the bizis head

Say it's yo fault that the otha bizis layin dead

But it's a fact if you pack nigga bust back

Neva run throw our gun unless you fall rat

Hoo wooda said that it wooda helped anyway

Wit mo guns niggaz sinnin for another day

Damn cause this spots gittin hot

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Shits gittin hectik bustin threw my windo

Think it was my homies fucked up can't really call it do

If it was I'ma git him

He gunna hate it when it hit him

Damn cause this spot's gettin hot

I can't trust the paramedics or them crooked ass cops

The closest nigga to you wood do you and try to screw you

Backstab you in the back and act like he never knew you

(hook, Butch Cassidy)

Another day has come

How much longer will I run

I wanna have sum fun

Layin out in the sun

How much dirt have I done
My life has just begun
I sleep with my gun
My problems weigh a ton
(Tray-Dee)

I gots to say damn the program dun up and switched

Fool I used to run with and trusted snitched

Got one time on my block straight posted

Hopin that I slip but I dip and ghosted

Told my babymama it wus drama unfoldin

I kissed all my kids den commits to strollin

Wound uptown on a hot ass block

Checkin with some chickens gettin hot ass cock

Daily Tray-Dee'll loose pursuit

But deez ho's broke and don't look to cute

So I parlay to the hard ways of jackin

Fast came to cash but the mash was crackin

I didn't I was the one to be

Kickin summary of sum wen I let em slide up under me

But God as my witness

As a G I couldn't see Dee just goin out sensless

I stayed hard hit the yard

Pull niggaz hole cards

Had em runnin to the sarge

Jail house scars tell the part you played

Livin with a snitch jackin destined for the brake

It don't pay to go soft

Cause when we catch you slippin real niggas takin off motherfuckers

(Dee, Talkin)

And that's how we do it

Bitch ass niggaz

Out here tellin disrespectin the game

Fuckin up this realism we puttin down out here

You know what I'm sayin

Nigga need the cops to help em out

Hoe ass niggaz

Stand on ya own nigga

Live by the gun die by the gun

Nigga be a soldier

(hook)

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