

Every Year (feat. E-40)

E-40

Make me feel it, uh
It's in the heart man
I can feel it right here
It's in the heart man
I can feel it right here man, it's real
(Every year about this time)
Every year about this time, yessuh
(There's someone like me)
There's always a dark cloud that lingers over the city
There it is
And I wanna preach about it, looka here
Every year about this time I get to diggin up
old school memories that I keep stored in the back of the head
in the back of my mind that I always seem to find
When I'm marinatin with my peoples, slappin bones and drinkin wine
Just come home from Quentin, and all I know is strind
Grind, time-uhh, dope game been gone it's either
white collared crime or uhh, clickin da bones
How can I make some sort of dividends
How can I get my mathematics on how can I get in where I fit in
How can I, get in get gone
Every year about this time it's always, someone like me
They uhh, handcuff and shackle, and uhh, throw away the key
Every year about this time it's always, someone like me
They uhh, handcuff and shackle, and uhh, throw away the key (Every year about this time
There's someone like me
Every year about this time) About this time, uhh
(They lock us up, and throw away the key)
Every year about this time-uhh, oh what a pity 'ater
Spooky dark cloud lingers, over the city uhh
Life and death does it, coincide
Will that, scared man live to tell how, that brave man died
A j-a-just the other day, coulda sworn I heard a brother say
White folks kill they parents, but black folks kill each other
You make the bed you lay in, if this is what you choose
But if you choose to cross the game, then I'd have to break the news uhh
Sky-ballin and doin dirt, not haulin dirt
I'm used to fast cash and big bucks, fuck construction work
And how can I make some sort of dividends

How can I get my mathematics, how can I get in where I fit in
How can I, get in get gone
Every year about this time it's always, someone like me
They uhh, handcuff and shackle, and uhh, throw away the key
Every year about this time it's always, someone like me
They uhh, handcuff and shackle, and uhh, throw away the key(Every year about this time
There's someone like me
Every year about this time
They lock us up, and throw away the key)You think I'll ever be able to turn some of this dirty money
into some clean money?
Get a bidness license maybe someday start a record company?
Good intentions but I, never follow through
I got good intentions but I, never follow through
Systemized, a big nigga for my shoe size, trust me I'll fuck you
You ain't from the hood nigga, so you ain't got a clue
If I ever strike it rich UHH, I ain't gon never move
Cause I'm a pistol packin weed smokin, nigga witta attitude
How can I make some sort of dividend how can I
get my mathematics on, how can I get in where I, fit in
How can I, get in get gone
Every year about this time it's always, someone like me
They uhh, handcuff and shackle, and uhh, throw away the key(Every year about this time
There's someone like me
Every year about this time
They lock us up, and throw away the key)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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