

# No Days Off (feat. Young Buck)

## G-Unit

I came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin  
Child of the hood, I was put here for stuntin  
Strap like it's legal, ridin around bumpin  
If you can't beat 'em don't join 'em, jump 'em, fuck 'em I never liked these niggaz anyway  
They could drop dead, fall off a buildin today  
Hey, nobody gon' miss you anyway  
No days off, keep the pistol e'ry day I got the burner burner, I come to burn and burn ya  
Revolver turn ya, call it murder murder  
I ain't smilin I ain't smirkin, I ain't muh'fuckin jokin  
See if you think somethin sweet when your head open Cross me, force me, go 'head, line me up  
I found where you rest at, you grimy fuck  
I be out front your raggedy ass crib on a stake out  
With a pound, two clips and Chinese take-out You make it rain, I make it lead shower  
You say your prayers, you in your last hour  
I have you pushin up daisies, the coke dump crazy  
You chumps amaze me, the wolves they raised me  
You don't like me then spray me I came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin  
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If you can't beat 'em don't join 'em, jump 'em, fuck 'em I never liked these niggaz anyway  
They could drop dead, fall off a buildin today  
Nobody gon' miss you anyway  
No days off, keep the pistol e'ry day This is that face down on the floor, ski mask shit  
If I fall off I rebound quick  
Like Greg Odin, Tony Yay' I be holdin  
German mouths on my hip cause my wrist be frozen How these rappers claim blood and the books is closed?  
How these rappers claim cars and they gun don't smoke?  
I catch a nigga on his deathbed  
And rip the IV out his arm then jump in the Optimus Prime Dust the yellow Enzo with the Dalvins on  
In my bulletproof Ac', who you stylin on  
When the sun is gone, and the wolves come out  
You coward ass niggaz bring your jewelry out I came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin  
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Strap like it's legal, ridin around bumpin  
If you can't beat 'em don't join 'em, jump 'em, fuck 'em I never liked these niggaz anyway  
They could drop dead, fall off a buildin today  
Nobody gon' miss you anyway  
No days off, keep the pistol e'ry day You may have to bring that, ain't nobody trippin  
Shit, niggaz is hungry, I ain't nobody chicken

I think a screw is missin, I'm pimpin, I'm livin  
Nice with the dice, deuce-deuce six'n Look how the game change, bad for the system  
Niggaz on game shows, two dudes kissin  
Listen, we're not the same, we're not for fame  
The industry's punked out, we're not to blame These niggaz been perpetratin so long  
If they can make it rain, I can make it storm  
He's makin a scene but I can make him calm  
I just got a N.B. that'll break a arm I came to get somethin, I ain't worried 'bout nothin  
Child of the hood, I was put here for stuntin  
Strap like it's legal, ridin around bumpin  
If you can't beat 'em don't join 'em, jump 'em, fuck 'em I never liked these niggaz anyway  
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No days off, keep the pistol e'ry day

Songwriters

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