

One Day (feat. Mr. 3-2)

UGK

Well, well, well, well
Hello baby For one day you're here
And then you're gone Mama put me out at only fourteen
So I start sellin' crack cocaine and codeine
Time to stack some paper, I gotta do it quick
Thinkin' I'm a juvenile
But they don't know who they messin' wit, yeah
My mama's only son
But I live every day like its my muthafuckin last one
Every nigga and they mama askin why
But I'm in the game live by the game
And in the game I'm a die
And if I die or should I say if I go
Bury me in Hiram Clarke next to the Come N Go
'Cause tomorrow ain't promised to me
The only thing promised to a playa is the penitentiary
So I'm a take care of my business on the smooth tip
Watch my back sellin crack and pack two clips
And when ya think about that you say "it'll be on"
It's a trip you're here today
But the next day you're gone One day you're here, baby
And then you're gone (The next day you're gone) One day you're here, baby
And then you're gone (Maybe the next day you're gone) One day you're here, baby
And then you're gone (The next day you're gone) One day you're here, baby
And then you're gone This world we livin in, man it ain't nothing but drama
Everyone wanna harm ya
In New York niggas gettin shot for bombers
Now they got your life in the palm of they hand like California
Niggas with dubs of hydroponic marijuana
Gangbangin got the ghetto hotter than a sauna
Down in Orange my nigga Pots died on the corner
Behind a funky-ass dice game
I saw him once before he died wish it was twice man
I remember being eight deep off in Chucky crib
Lettin us act bad not giving a fuck what we did
When we lost him I knew the world was comin to the end
And I had to quit lettin that devil push me to a sin
My brother been in the pen for damn near ten
But now it look like when he come out man I'm goin in

So shit I walk around with my mind blown in my own fuckin zone
'Cause one day you're here, the next day you're gone
One day you're here, baby
And then you're gone (The next day you're gone)
One day you're here, baby
And then you're gone
I'm up early 'cause ain't enough light in the daytime

Smoke two sweets

And sold three chickens 'fo the clock strike nine
Big nut holder my boulders smolder on the PA pipes
AK loader as I get swallowed under city lights
Niggas be lookin shife so I look shife back
Can't show no weakness with these bitches get your life jacked
Man it's a trip where I stay especially for me
Them bitches trying to lock me up for the whole century
They gave my nigga Donny 40, Dante 19
I wish that we could smoke again and take a tight lean
My world a trip you can ask Bun B bitch I ain't no liar
My man BoBo just lost his baby in a house fire
And when I got on my knees that night to pray
I asked God "Why You let these killas live
And take my homeboy's son away?"
Man if you got kids
Show 'em you love 'em 'cause God just might call 'em home
'Cause one day they're here
And baby the next day they're gone

Songwriters

CHAD L BUTLER, BERNARD JAMES FREEMAN, ERNIE ISLEY, MARVIN ISLEY, O'KELLY ISLEY,
RONALD ISLEY, RUDOLPH ISLEY, CHRISTOPHER JASPER, CHRISTOPHER H JASPER
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>