Everyday

Soopafly

[Soopafly]
Check it, I bust a bitch till she butt naked
Soopafly D-P from Cali one raked
Eastside Long Beach, this one to eat
or all, rough, ruggeded and raw
We give it to why'all, us niggaz give fuck naw
It's like everyday, I greet my niggaz with a grin
They pull out the dice, starting grinnin and shake it twice
But I don't gamble, I pull a bitch like a door handle
Let that bitch leave nothing but toe sandals
and a map, it's like that
I ain't payin nothing until she bring they pipe back
It's like twice that, my niggaz fell to semm they like that
Fuck rap, fuck a around and you get snatched
What a tight match, and Tray Dee, Soo' and Style
When I say tight, they "Ha" like Juvenile

[Lil see Style]
Bust a regal, livin life illegal
time to say whut up to all my people (Whut Up, Whut Up)
Eastsidin, did my first crime with an automatic nine
And every since then I known about to grind
Tryin to rap, and slang at the same time
That was then, and look at me now
Ballin like a motherfucka, puttin it down
with Soopafly, who got gangsta shit
Eastside Long Beach as we represent

[Chorus: Soopafly]
Pimpin everyday (Every day)
We doin this Everyday (Everyday)
Everyday (Everyday)
Just doing our thang (just doing our thang)
We ain't trippin (Everyday)
we doin this everyday (we doin this like everyday)
Everyday (like everyday)
Just doing our thang, trippin

[Tray Deee]

We dippin, sippin, saggin, and crippin
Slap a bitch with this dick with stand vicious, we pimpin
Watch a sucker drop, bank rolls a hoe
While mackin keep me stackin bankin, and clothes (We Stroll)
With a limp from the limp of my clip
Plus this heavyweight peace with all the diamonds that drip
Bitch, you best recongnize how we ball day
All day every day, ain't no playin a tray
I'm like an ace of space, I bust I'm doin too much
Catch her in traffic I'm scoopin her up
Jumpin out the white with the park lights on
High as a kite, shootin dice all night long
I stay hustlin and mustlin to keep my effect
Smoke a quarter or a half, fuck a cheap dime sack
I'm livin to the limt or don't live it all, get it and ball
Nigga look at me and my doggz

[Chorus]
[Bad Azz]
I floss my gold chain, with diamonds
The Italian style, the bad person Tray Davis, Soopafly, and Style
I never lost my touch not a bit
Today I'm better than I was yesterday with this
Don't test touch my fast hand draw
If my strap is in the car, I'm going bomb to the shore
We the number one supporters, drugs, gang love
Smoke the weed, throwing up gang signs, we gangstas
Got to love, got to thugged it up for our mouth
I be on this every single day, no doubt
See me, I'm worth about 450 and ounce
I drop sixteen bars, and go buy me a car
I'm just an local universal with my vocal
Put the hip hop fan base in a choke hold
My gang Dogg Pound, a gang of gangstas and entertainers
Sign an autograph, bangin, and we rich and we famous

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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