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 sed that it wooda helped anyway
Wit mo guns niggaz sinnin for another day
Damn cause this spots gittin hot
Damn cause this spots gittin hot
Shits gittin hectik bustin threw my windo
Think it was my homies fucked up can't realy 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)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/