

# It's Like Everyday (feat. R. Kelly)

## DJ Quik

Yeah, ain't nothin' changed, ya'll niggas still obvious  
Yeah, it's for real though hmpHNow we don't wanna talk about all the people I'm supportin'  
That's more important to a nigga than them diamonds you sportin'  
Ain't a sell-out or a bail-out, although life is a bitch  
And I'm beginning to think that they don't wanna see Quik rich 'Cause I'm gon' gather up my homiez and put  
something in they bellies  
Ride around the town bumpin' that CD from R. Kelly  
Gettin' at them ghetto queens if you know what I mean  
'Cause it ain't nothin' like some lovin' dipped in afro sheenBreak it down with two gates in that burgundy eight  
'Cause real riders don't three wheel, they just drown on the skate  
Send a care package to my homiez up in Natches  
And shoot a kite 'bout how these suckas keep my Benz up in scratchesIt ain't no puzzle that's to be expected  
Sometimes I think they only come around it, just to see if I wrecked it  
I feel like hittin' the 101 leavin' town on a bike  
On my way up to the Bay to clear my mind 'cause it's likeEveryday is a scuffle  
Turnin' them corners to get my hustle  
Every single dollar is a struggle  
That's how it is comin' up in the ghettoNow I don't been through it all pushin' work on the boulevard  
Runnin' from the 5-0 in somebody else car  
Ghetto dreams so it seems to be easy  
Think about my life and I get queasyPumpin' the pimp knowin' it ain't helpin' me  
But the ghetto got me trapped thinkin' this is how it's s'posed to be  
A cold thang when you knowin' yo' gang ain't got yo' back  
But you still put yo' life on the line for no snapsThis ghetto world is one big battlefield  
That's why we get rich and move to them hills  
Everywhere we go the haters tag along  
But don't let that stop you get yo' hustle onBut dog you gotta do yo' thang get yo' grind on  
Eliminate the fake and keep yo' game strong  
Don't let the streets be yo' downfall  
Keep it real with yo'self and you gon' rise 'til you ball dogEveryday is a scuffle  
Turnin' them corners to get my hustle  
Every single dollar is a struggle  
That's how it is comin' up in the ghettoIt's gettin' down to ground level but tryin' to keep time  
'Cause my hustle and my tustle is my beats and my rhymes  
And I'm lovin' this collabo 'cause Rock Land is saucy  
And Quik is trying to get Versace staying flossy wit Mausy  
But theDrama don't stop but you can make it better  
Don't point your finger at the next man get yo' cheddar  
Lifestyles of a thug ebonic definition dog nothin' but love

But we gon' ride to 'til we can't ride no mo'Pop a bottle a pair of D's and let the wind blow  
When you get it appreciate it 'cause those who ain't got it gon' hate  
Every dime is a struggle so I'ma suffer everydayNow my conscience got me wonderin' do I be in the flow  
And this sucka's got me wonderin' if he friend or foe  
Now do I sin to grow, knowin' there's consequences  
And I'm tired of gettin' bent 'cause it's dullin' my sensesEveryday is a scuffle  
Turnin' them corners to get my hustle  
Every single dollar is a struggle  
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