

# Days Of Our Lives

## De La Soul

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uhYo how the days of your life go Com?  
I'm just tryin' to be, that's it? Stayin' focused so my mind is free  
Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons  
If tomorrow come now, it might be too soon too soon, too soon?I want to boom into the back of the truck  
Ain't nuttin' matter with a good dude, havin' into the block  
With that on my mind, I'm on the grind, it pays  
We break it down in these three ways, yoThese days, I travel the Maze like Frank Beverly  
To the East, lookin' for pieces of a better me  
Responsibility of my man's felony fell on me  
Celebrity status, make 'em think I got celeryHell and I do sometimes, still the sun shining even all day  
The life of a baller, ain't even all play  
I stack 'em, so the chips fall where they must  
I ain't far from a Benz, or dude on the busEven when I don't have enough, still in God I trust  
Said baby you're a star  
Said, I'm on the car, seen the jiggiest of stars  
Become dust, and one love become lust for the papersHad you gassed now that gas became vapors  
Tricked your cash on ice, should a had acres  
Now your, empire fell like the Lakers  
So you're talkin' to your makerIt's the nature of the business, they givin' niggaz inches  
Takin' miles and mules, it's the wildest rules  
I'm tryin' to walk in the black scent of proudest shoes  
Makin' music that crowds can useYo how the days of your life go, Dave?  
With sunshine and shade, that's it?  
Tinted window grades and Kool-Aid  
Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons  
If tomorrow come now that might be too soon, too soon?I want twenty-four plus on these  
Put the pinto engine and the bus on these  
I get that first class seat to escape the days  
We break it down in these three waysCheck the life I got that antidote, cantaloupe scent, bent back  
In the sun room froze, put your flick on pause and pop a cork  
There's no occasion nigga it's just because  
I'm celebratin' for a hell of a dayGet these Barbie filets on hot charcoal tracks, so black  
Darko Pecoltrane plays them back  
We then freedom fight kids who gon' ball and raise fists  
If y'all down for the struggle, c'mon y'all, resistEveryday script, I exercise cheek  
Sixteen on the bar, I exercise speak  
It's been a long time, Long Isle's on the map  
While y'all stand on the corner, stoned like Chris[Incomprehensible]Kiss back, watchin' time wrist back  
Every second count but just finish this lap

You gamble on your life like casino slots  
And cash out and still walk with a knot Yo how the days of your life goes, Merce?  
Man I'm just holdin' my head that's it?  
Shit, I'm also tryin' to hold this bread  
Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons  
If tomorrow come now it might be too soon, too soon? I furnished the rooms and mortgage on these  
See them quittin' ass rappers caused a shortage on these  
The soul boys of big illa-noyz get the praise  
We break it down in these three ways My moms died from secondhand smoke so I wish yo' ass would die  
From them secondhand rhymes you wrote  
Or shall I call them second rhymes written seconds 'fore  
You enter the both words thrown together with very little truth And a select few can do it true you ain't part of  
them scriptures  
And got the nerve to feel you want me out the picture  
But I was never in it, I'm the frame around the flick  
Or dishin' in the mouth of your dame around my dick Ladies and gentlemen, introducin' Workmatic  
One of L.I.'s finest, and this is my life  
Which is filled with bad minutes and good hours  
And, good months and bad years and with my peers We struggle to juggle the shit  
Family life and the music game don't easily fit  
My lady wants me home, sayin rap tour, three rap whores  
And scores of scandal, even more than we can handle Sometimes, the rhymes I say  
Is the fly the currency to save the day  
Can't turn it away, cause we out  
To find presence way beyond our measure, so baby don't pout Don't pout, De La Soul now turn it out  
Don't pout, Common Sense'll turn it out  
Don't pout

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