

Everyday Thang

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Everyday it was almost the same thang
'Cause it's all about survival of the fittest

What you are about to hear will portray
The image of a young black male living everyday life
In the ghetto today
So Bone, drop dat

(You know what?) Live like a hustla
'Cause I ain't with bein' broke
I'm rollin' dope, and I'm bound to let the gun smoke
I'm gettin' richer everyday because
I'm selling crack, and, yo, police ain't jack
So I just wait to pull the trigger back
I sell a twenty, a ten, and I won't let you slide
I need all ten, and I ain't takin' nine ninety-nine
So how you figure you're gettin' up around the Bone?
You try to gank, you catch some blows to your damn dome
Don't take no shorts, that's why I'm climbin' to the top
And everyday I sell a thousand dollars worth of rocks
Yo, ain't it funny the way the Bone will make his money
And won't get caught because the cops
To me ain't nothin' but dummies?
So what you need? I'm servin'
Everything is straight. I mean it's great
And now I'm rollin' heavyweight
And coppers hate to see me come up off the 'cane
And makin' ends to Biz is like (just) an everyday thang

Everyday it was almost the same thang
'Cause it's all about survival of the fittest

I hit the floor
And now I'm lookin' for my khaki pants
I looked around and couldn't find 'em
So I put on Stan's
And then I headed to the closet for my Fila shoes
They lookin' hit 'cause I was runnin'
From the biggy-blues (siren)
That's when I headed out the hizzy
And jumped in the smug
And put my skully on my head
And now I'm lookin thug
Car souped up
Posse seven deep
Now we gettin loose
Well since we posse'd up
We might as well go get the brews
I bust a u-turn on the Clair
So we can rush the store
We need a case, or maybe two
Or maybe three or four
Pay for the brews, up in the smug
And now we getting
I be like, "Word up cuz,"
Brushin' on my peach fuzz
Looked for the party

Cause there's lots of women to be grabbin'
We went on to the one Ali was havin'
We stepped up in it, pumped as hell
And yo it wasn't lame
And gettin' brewed to Layzie Bone
Is just an everyday thang

Everyday it was almost the same thang
'Cause it's all about survival of the fittest

Load up the pistol, ask Layzie for a couple clips
And get the twelve-gauge, cause I got another lick
Round up the posse, call up James, Wish
And double-Zs, my nigga Tone,
You know we scorin' keys
I heard the dread's sellin' some dope
It's comin off the lake, down at the dock
And yo, it 'posed to be at eight
So hurry up, we getting paid, no matter what the cost
And since they thinkin' they all that
They gotta take a loss
They can't hang with the Bones
Get it in your head, forget a dread
I'm leavin' all those suckas dead
We on the scene, I must admit, Hoop Phi's drunk
They started slammin' those dreads like a power dunk
I mean, blastin' and crashin', K-Bone is the assassin
I started sprayin', and count out caskets
We got the dope, and we got rich
But yo, we still the same, and it'll never change
'Cause it's an everyday thang

Everyday it was almost the same thang
'Cause it's all about survival of the fittest

Call up your posse, chump, and yo
And you will never win it
Because my organization, see
We got fifty million niggas in it
You wanna scrap? Come on, let's do it
We can get it done
It's kinda funny plus I'll show you that
I'm not the one (I ain't the one)
You stupid bro, now what you ball up your fist for?
Make you think we was buckin'
And capped you down with my pistol
A dirty move, yo, Layzie had the sucka fooled
Yeah, it was cool. They shoulda had the boy schooled
You messin' with a brotha, Bone. Yes it's good to go
I beat on niggas everyday, so, yo, I'm not a ho
So gimme P's if you see me walkin' down the street
Because I can't be beat, known for breakin' niggas teeth
I'm droppin B's, and you never catch me chill and calm
I hang with Vicki when I wanna drop the damn bomb
See all my fellas, and even the Bone
We is insane, and throwin' blows on foes
Is just an everyday thang

Yeah, Layzie Bone up in the house
You know what I'm sayin?
I gotta give some P's up to my homies
That's still doin them everyday thangs with me
I gotta say what's up to my brother Stan Howse

Vicki da Bomb, Wish Bone, Bizzy Bone
And Krayzie Bone, my boy Tony Tone, Old Mo
And the troublemakers in the house
For these funky productions, and yo
K-Chill's in the house, too, so bus tickets, G

'Cause it's all about survival of the fittest