

# Tomorrow

Murs

It's another day  
And I'm tryin' to keep my beadie lit  
Thinkin' I should quit  
A thought I swiftly forget as I'm proceeding up the block  
Right past the bus stop  
Where this fool tried to mug me  
A trendy ass punk, I could tell from his rugby  
With no idea on what a real thug be  
I mean, it's a nice day it's just the people that's ugly  
Stroll straight into the store  
Where I'm greeted by the clerk who used to treat me like a jerk  
Until my brother damn near snatched him up by his shirt and now he's speakin'  
' out of fear  
Step into the rear  
Grab an ice cold juice, really wish I had a beer  
Give him the change like, "Here."  
Thinkin' it's only a year till I can purchase my own Bud  
Weiser/wiser than I was when every other word out my little mouth was, "Cause"  
Thought that I could rule the world  
Dickies and jheri curl  
Not to mention  
This snake skin belt  
But had to put the nightmares back on the shelf  
It don't take a genius to figure out that gang bangin'  
Ain't good for your health  
But shit, neither is the liquor  
Keep 'em both in moderation  
The trials and tribulations of a Mid-City nigga

I walk the streets  
Wonder what's on the horizon  
For life is but a game through these eye's I'm analyzin'  
Realizin' one truth  
That everything should change  
Enjoy it while you can, cause nothin' stays the same

It's another day  
Still tryin' to keep this beadie lit  
The smog is way thick  
Just breathin' in L.A.  
It's mandatory you inhale at least a pack a day  
On my way to the Dell  
When I hear this fool yell  
"Do you know where I can get a sack? "  
The fuck kinda question is that?  
I don't know you from Jack  
Yet, I'm supposed to take you to my homie so he can get caught up with it  
I mean, I know you lookin' for it  
But I'm not the one to stress on your mission to get lifted  
Just like them base heads who keep askin' me for work  
When I'm only tryin' to kick it  
Only makes the block hot  
Now I can't go a day without speakin' to the cops  
What's your name, where you goin', where you been, where you from?  
I knew addition to my problems  
Can't calculate the sum

And can't stand the rain of Avalon as I travel on yet another mission  
Minus the umbrella  
My story's Cinderfella  
The one you least expect to live happy ever after  
Seein' only hope after ruins of disaster  
Is the curse and the blessing of a Mid-City bastard  
The curse and the blessing of a Mid-City bastard

Yes another day  
But fuck all of that beadie shit  
I'm really gonna quit once I put my mind to it  
Hard times, I rhyme through it  
So it's yours to borrow  
As long as some of what I say helps you make it through tomorrow  
Hard to deal with the sorrow  
But what's life without it?  
You can't enjoy the good times without the struggle  
Can't appreciate the whole picture minus the puzzle  
You didn't ask for the challenge  
But go ahead and do it  
Inside we got the talent, just need the courage to use it  
This one, I had to lose it  
I should have wrote it down  
I guess I'll misquote it now but day to day  
I hold it down tryin' to make this music timeless  
The call and the duty of Mid-City's finest