

Any Given Sunday

Common

Though the times are getting wicked I'm older
I got a chip on my shoulder
True players always maintainin', I'm different I told ya
Don't want to be just a commodity
I'm smarter G
This is my life, and my soul not just a job to me
It's the truest part of me
Fans now mobbing me
Fake friends acting like I just won the lottery
Back then I guess it was hard to see
The real paradox
What an artist see
It's like that saying
Be careful what you pray for you might get it
Of course it's all about winning and money but how far will we let it
Taken 'em, the holy game can make 'em, then instantaneously break 'em
Rain one day sunshine the next
Haters try and stop my flow sometimes I'm vexed
What's next accounted by the press
Mad stress on my chest
Of course I know that I'm blessed but here's the test
On "Any Given Sunday" I got to play my best

Sacrifice don't give up the fight,
everything will be all right on any given Sunday
[Guru:] The harder they come the hard, yeah the harder they must fall
Depends on you if you win or lose,
you know you got to pay some dues so that you can live on Monday
[Guru:] Strive to achieve and die for what you believe

On the battlefields left abandoned
One man standing
To me the ball was handed
Taken shots and left stranded,
No defensive they tackle me
Every blow brings back a memory
Learning lessons from my injury
It's killing me
Cause at first they wasn't feeling me
Never given a chance to show my true ability
Too many pressures trying to play me out
Put me positions that's sure to lay me out
No doubt

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Playing on a field of hard times
These struggles are like the yardlines that I gain from
Nowhere is where I came from
From day one, I knew the game and how to play run
But never knew the price of fame would weigh tons
Now I learn from self when pain comes

And walk when they say run
Fame can be as painful as
Death of patron
Young black, gifted
But I'm rapped in myself
Broke many tackles but I'm trapped in myself
See what happens with wealth
At times you can lose yourself
During the sunniest of days many superstars fell
From cotton to football fields
You know how they play brothers
As long as we play well they love us
I know that on Any Given Sunday
This can be taken from me
But it all comes down to is money
I know that on Any Given Sunday
This can be taken from me
But it all comes down to is money y'all

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