

Everyday

Dave East

I got this shit from the trap, a few baggies, my pen and my pad
I done got rich off of rap, you throw 'em, we sendin' 'em back
That shit is a fact, my young boy ain't got no I.D. on him
He had to slip through the back (Go in the back)
They took everything he had off his body, he thought he was lit 'cause he raped
Gotta hustle, go get off your back (Get up)
He broke, go get him a pack
I just blew 10 up in Saks (Dimes)
f*ck cops, they kill you if you black (f*ck cops)
You might get a deal if you nice (You might)
Gelato I'm smokin', it give you the feelin' you feel when you still on the f
light
Light up that blunt, go wheelie that bike
This is our life

This the lifestyle that we cherish everyday
Taking risks, then count this cash in every way
If you lucky bitch, then you just might get saved
Only thing on my bucket list is I get paid
f*ck the coppers you can't stop us like a train
Like a doctor, I got meds, they heal my pain
Bitch, got all my peoples support, you think I raised 'em
Bright stars shine on me in the dark inside my Wraith

I got a plain Patek Philippe and a plain Richard Millie
Can't explain the shit I see
Switchin' lanes in a new V
I be slayin' on that recording
I done made it out the streets
Lotta lames in this industry
Sucka free, me and Dave East
My niggas like water, two hunnid sittin' on a plain tee
Rich my persona, I bought your bitch a new Wrangler Jeep
Keep the stick on me, 'cause if they play, we gon' play for keeps
Back to back Royces, me and me
We the champs that they envy

I'm a cold P-I-M-P
I got ho's in a Benz Jeep
I smoke Oprah Winfrey
While my bro pumpin' N-Sync (White)
The gas the color purple, sellin' white boy like Lewinsky

The cars is foreign like Ginóbili, shots'll burn your chest like whiskey

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Popular nigga, I'm not tryna start this is not the beginning
These niggas is broke, I forgot to forget it

Stayin' on my toes bitch, I'm tropical livin'
I try not to pay no attention
They probably gon' hate 'til I'm finished
f*ck it, as long as they pay me with interest
Buckets, now I jump out of Ranges that's tinted
Smile at them niggas, they hate when you grinnin'
I got a Patek that I put on everyday
I just watched you eat that bitch, how you not gay?
I'm at the gun range just to practice on my aim
Bitch, this Crip, watch how I get rich, Gunna know my gang

You make your transitions, I go buck 'cause you phony
Once my mind made up, I'm pullin' up like the Grim Reaper
Since I let you hear my slang, it's blue and that's all I see
Ain't no red cap in these lights, that's you, ain't no flaw in me

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