

Days Of Our Lives

De La Soul

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh
Yo 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?

I want the boom in the back of the truck
Ain't nuttin' the matter with a good dude havin' a buck
With that on my mind, I'm on the grind, it pays
We break it down in these three ways, yo

These 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 celery

Hell and I do sometimes, still the sunshine ain't even all day
(Yeah) 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 bus

Even 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 papers
Had you gassed now that - gas became vapors
Tricked your cash on ice; shoulda had acres
Now your, empire fell like the Lakers
So you're talkin' to your maker

It'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 the crowds can use

Yo 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 ways

Check the life I got that antidote, cantelope scent, bent back
In the sunroom 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 day

Get these barbie filets on hot charcoal tracks, so black
Darko Pecoltrane plays them back
We them freedom fight kids who gon' ball and raise fists
If y'all down for the struggle, c'mon y'all, resist

Everyday script, I exercise cheek
Sixteen on the bar, I exercise speak (ha)
It's been a long time, Long Isle's on the map
While y'all stand on the corner, stoned like Chris Back
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 (that 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 booth
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..