

Everyday

Fredo

If they snatch me, I could never say
Ask my bruddas, think about them each and every day
Why you let them feelings build up and you never say?
Girl you love me or you love me cause I'm getting paid?
Yeah I had a lot of hoes, I didn't let them stay
So I still was alone each and every day
Put somebody in a cone and I meditate
Chasing money in my zone, I could never wake

No matter what I do, that's fading after time
Wanna move forward so my burner's in the car behind
She's been round them lame girls now, girl you can't be mine
Yeah I might hit that once or twice but no I hardly try
I just put my daughter to sleep, it's a bit mad that I'm this kid's dad
Cause same time Stro just got eleven for his kidnaps
And I'm finally seeing there's more to life
Every single time I pree into my daughter's eyes
I've got some niggas locked in jail, that leave you mortified
No pizza shops but couple times I went and bought a slice
I'm in the hood taking in ten racks for them quarter pies
I told my mum I left that shit alone, it all was lies
Cause I need my guys in a better place
Won't settle for second place
Selling coke, we never take
Fuck the talk, we demonstrate
Every time I came from jail, it's like I elevate
Looking back it felt like Hell, those were Heaven's gates

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I had my Samsung phone kicking like it's MMA or Jackie Chan
Coke from Mexico, the dope from Pakistan
Sometimes I make mistakes
And fuck on hoes that I don't have to bang
But course you're gonna get lost
On a journey that you haven't planned
It's all about maintaining, adapt to game changes
Nothing happens overnight, it really takes ages
I seen my youngers crying, dressing up in jet black
Pulling up for murder, in two weeks we got the getback
I respect that, if you need it and I got it, you can get that
I was looking at attempted murder, she didn't even text back
I know a lot's changed now but you know I didn't forget that
I know I moved off the ends, you know I didn't forget man
I'm just tryna run my money up, each and every way
Lost my brudda, got me thinking bout him each and every day
Rapping, trapping, get it each and every way
If he ain't been with the gang gang, I'm keeping him away
Tell a bitch boy, "Forget the talk"
It's been raining outside, they better get indoors

I've got tennis chains on cause they say less is more
My nigga died but more died so you can rest assured
How you tryna judge me when you know that should be left to law?
Know I had no choice but to steal, rob and stretch the four
Play with us and somebody's going next to law
Yeah they say I'm hard at rapping but I'm best with raw

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