

Too Many Days

Futuristic

Yeah, soon as I get in the zone
You know I'm setting the tone
I am the one
Better than anyone known
Shoulda just left me alone
Bitch here I come
And I'm putting myself on with
The way that I write these songs
Second to none
Finally turning into somebody
You'll never become
Ah, man, I am just living my life
I am not getting a wife
Fuck all of that
Too many women I like
Wanna come get in the ride
And fuck In the back
Lately been two at a time
Fuck it I couldn't decide
They're lovin' the fact
I'm literally killin' these artist
Whenever I jump on a track
Ah, man, we in the booth
Speakin' the truth
That is a must
We are the youth
Leading the youth
We are the only ones
That we can trust
Pourin' the liquor
Fuck an authority figure
We only answer to us
Crackin' the seal and
I'm grabbin' the wheel
Everyone else to the
Back of the bus
Ah, man, look in my eyes
You can see the passion
Whenever I put it in drive
I look in ya eyes
And I see the envy because
You been put to the side
You wouldn't survive ever
Inside of this type of environment
You're not even looking alive
Man I'll put you into early retirement

Too many days
Putting my pen to my page
Tryna make minimum wage
Too many days
Riding around in a hoopty
Not hookin' up with a groupie
Too many days
Wishing the city was mine
Knowing I'll get it in time
Too many days, yeah

Too many days, yeah
Too many days
I was the butt of the joke
Didn't make money was broke
Too many days
The women weren't around
They were just turning me down
Too many days
That I was stuck in my head
Couldn't get up outta bed
Too many days, yeah
Too many days, yeah

Yo, too many days I was broke
Too many days I would hope
To get in positions like how I be livin' right now
Man I dreamed of this shit in '04 ya know
Too many days I would hop on the stage
But no one at the show
Too many days I was stayin' up late
Makin' music and now all my records is gold
Too many groupies I had em Fa'sho
Too many commas I'm splitting my dough
Too many homes
Too many businesses
Make too much money with all of my bros
Puttin' em on like clothes
I wrote this shit in a robe
I'm in Mexico, I pull up to the hotel
With my Brodie who just got a Rolls
I want my flowers while I can still smell 'em
No I'm the bachelor but gimme a rose
Look how I rose
Like I was D Rose
I leave 'em exposed
Like Anna Nicole
Too many countries I hit
Hungry you know I can't sit
I'm on a trip for real y'all niggas a trip
I'm 'bout as real as it gets
Have me a sip
Damn that shit good
I shoot from the hip
Nobody safe when I'm triggered

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