

Shit Happens Everyday

G. Dep

Listen...I'ma tell you straight like this
Word up! Listen...

Hey yo! I walk down the block
Wit' my stomach in knots
Spend time hustlin' runnin' from cops.
Broke as a joke, no wins at all
Can't play ball and my Timb's are small.
Can't buy trees wit' government cheese
I rather be where it's breeze, niggas bubblin keys.
My moms got two jobs, one on her knees
And writin' letters to the governor-
Please call off the deeds!
My baby mother wit' another brother wit' cash
They drive by, roll down the window and laugh.
I solve all my problems wit' indo and hash
Bought my daughter a Nintendo
Now she callin' it dad.
My landlord's a jerk, the water don't work
My little sister twelve
And she bought her own skirt.
Rather do Kurt than do her homework
Talk blunts and boys and she'll jump fa' joy.
Shit's twisted! Opportunity knocked
But I missed it, out in the park gettin' lifted.
So now I'm sittin' here shit outta luck
Without a buck and it don't make a difference!

So yo! If you hear me
Cause if you don't I come up close
And say it clearly. I got ta' know-I got ta' go!
I strive fa' my pay each and every way
But this type of shit, it happens everyday!

It's like I'm trapped in a maze
Walk around in a daze.
I won't rest til' I'm paid
Almost down in my grave.
I wanna' look tough but my sneakers is scuffed
Everyday passing the week is enough.
I had a little money but it came and it went
Now it's either pay the rent or stay in a tent.
And it don't make sense how the shit is intense
And all ya' got up in ya' pocket is lint.
You get the hint!
I had a cigarette fa' breakfast, just a beginner
Fries fa' my lunch and sleep fa' dinner.
Try ta' go ta' church priest call me a sinner
They call me everything except for a winner.
I'm walkin' in the rain wishin' things would change
It ain't a game and I pawned all the rings and chains.
Emotionally scarred from losin' my job
Pastor nod-nigga times is hard.

Now do ya' hear me?
Cause if ya' don't I come up and say it clearly.
I got ta' know-I got ta' go!

I strive fa' my pay each and every way
But this type of shit, it happens everyday!
Now would ya' check me?
If I was you and you was me
Would you respect me?
I got ta' know-I got ta' go!
I strive fa' my pay each and every way
But this type of shit, it happens everyday!

Yo, yo! I ain't gonna' front!
All I want is a blunt
A pair of blue and yellow dunks
And my hundreds in chunks.
But people see me, put they purse to the front
I'm wakin' up early in the first of the month.
Honeys don't respect when you callin' collect
And it's twenty-five cent, you can call em' direct.
I put my life on the line, I ain't makin' a dime
Niggas call me never mind.
Man, you're wastin' ya' time!
Hey yo! I'm livin' in the ghetto
And I'm tryin' ta' survive.
At the same time a nigga rollin' by in a five
Can't find a job for a 9 ta' 5
It's like the only gettin' by
When ya' feelin' the high.
And I ain't got no smoke, the elevator broke
I'm at the end of my rope
Tryin' ta' find a way ta' court.
I'm sippin' on gin thinkin' how I could win
I don't know where it begin
But this is where it could end.

Now yo!