

## Same Clothes As Yesterday

GoldLink

I show these niggas what I'm worth everyday  
I thank Jesus cause he keep me blessed man  
Niggas get murked everyday  
My people that's gone  
Cause they made me strong  
Even though that they hurt everyday  
Told my momma I'm a be somebody  
But she told me to go to church everyday  
I'm making things work everyday  
I'm getting closer to food that's booster flow  
I'm waking everybody up that's rooster flow  
And you ain't now you just You ain't fly, you just Rufio  
I'm in the backseat of a black jeep  
Feeling classy  
Niggas wanna trap me (ay)  
Acting like they getting at me (ay)  
But that do is at me (ay)  
Fly as I'm supposed to be  
Y'all just some hoes to be, lines in my holster  
I ain't got time to be rhyming for groceries (ay)  
Time's been so good to me  
I've been in ovaries  
Got so many girls like I've been in Jodeci (ay)  
And there's so many relationships  
I still ain't as wise as supposed to be  
Devil be trying these rappers and Man it's crazy how niggas need devil worsh  
ip to keep up  
Cheap stuff, I'm so 301 mo, my jeans cuffed  
Looking like I'm a Brooklyn prince  
I don't know what I'm on the brink of  
Doing rap tours like I'm Rookie Vince  
My mom had a stroke ten years ago  
She really been cooking since I tell her

All my niggas stay  
Wildin' in this bitch  
All this bullshit happened  
I still smile through the shit  
I ain't really really even supposed to here  
They don't want me here  
But I ain't bout to leave here (what what what)  
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I don't give a fuck about shit my nigga  
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I don't give a fuck about shit my nigga

I'm ridin' 'round and my car's low  
Nigga what you waiting for  
Big dick in her tonsils  
Yeah I got a big ego hoe

Ridin' 'round and my bitch high  
And grip her thighs  
I might fuck that right  
Wildin' out, I might make her mine  
Might blow her high  
Go kill a nigga, be a real nigga  
Still rock put it for a kill figure  
Never trust a hoe cause she's gon' fuck whoever feels bigger  
See seat to my seat nigga  
Big sunnies he beat niggas  
I don't give no fuck  
I might just come around start heatin' niggas  
You fake ass rap niggas  
Like Big Reese might slap niggas  
All you niggas my children now  
But I ain't even 'bout to tax niggas  
Fuck her ride her passion (ay)  
All talk gain no action (ay)  
No no feel no type of way  
Momma said you better pray  
For these little D.C. boys, you might get hit with a stray  
Congress parked at MLK, they'll just give us any day  
Man a lot been on my mind, like how y'all feel when I die  
Everybody gon' cry, go head just build my shrine

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