

# Just Da Other Day

JID

Just the other day it was a dream to make it...  
Just the other day, that same dream... they tried to take it...  
Just the other day all you wanna do is see them be great...  
Just the other day, they look you in your face... eyes full of hate...  
(Bobby Kritical)

Just the other day I was goddamn broke  
You got a five, I got a five, let's smoke  
Just the other day I was running from them folks  
Like (ooh, ooh) niggas is too slow  
Just the other day I was telling all my bros (woah, woah)  
Nigga it's time to go  
Just the other day I was goddamn broke

Just the other day I was broke as a bitch  
Walking to work in the hot Sun, soaking it in  
I never been a dope man, but I'm the dopest of man  
Buying some smoke from the dude with the dope throw five, four point five, so on, so forth  
I'm tryna get my fucking goals, not goyard  
Paying for the lawyers, get my bros out the courtyard  
Cause I got the ear for the flows, not Mozart, but damn a nigga go hard  
Put me on a postcard or miss me til the show start  
My niggas got a Benz and he push it like a go-cart  
Tryna get one of them, but my ends like "don't start  
The bullshit again fore' you end up a broke"  
But, again, so don't pretend  
Oh we remember, last September, like the coldest winter  
Man I really had to show these niggas I owe these niggas a throat slit, know me nigga

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Today, today, I woke up like this  
My girl on my left, no watch on my wrist  
Some rings on my fist  
What we did last night? Was it a hurricane in here last night?  
It would appear that something sexual or severe having being that I see liqu or and beer  
Weed people still in the living room sleep, come and see  
Come and see, she say "I'm dizzy," don't wanna move, just wanna lay under me  
Honestly, I know that just other day you was goddamn broke  
Watch outside, that nigga shot them folks  
Glock in the ride, you gotta watch them folks  
And the cops be wilding, we ain't even provoke 'em  
I remember being broker than I is right now  
Tryna find a place to live, shit I'm is right now  
In doubt of my next move, get a pill, bite down, find focus  
I grab pen, it was poetry in motion  
Not the same for many folks, different strokes, colloquialism  
Idiot vision, y'all seen I was doing the most

Definite dope, it's on the scene, not in need of a vote  
Repping the city, what's ya team, nigga, fuck 'em  
East Atlanta king and I mean every letter  
But when I'm good, I'm good, when I'm bad, I'm better  
The man of the method, it's a method to the madness  
I'm stepping in my bag, with the cannon, step back  
Repping the city, showing love that I don't ever get back  
But that's the plight of a player, plot an attack and rocking and rapping, r  
ippin' rappers off of the fuckin' map  
Suckers suffer, succotash  
I need that Mark Zucker bag, Zuckerberg  
Hovercraft flows, I don't fuck with that  
Bullshit below, from the ceiling to the floor  
Full schizo for the dough  
New pistol, but I know I'm planting seeds so they can grow  
But if they don't, then I don't know

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