Another Day In SF

Larry June

I was sliding to Mason, when I cracked this bitch
Bounced out at the cafe, and gave her the zip
You got [?], you to the neck, yo last P wasn't really bout a check
It ain't really bout the money, bitch I got alot of game
Once you hop in this drop, bitch yo whole life could change
I could see it in your eyes, you been stressed off Backpage
But you a million dollar bitch, you could get it any way
We can go to Las Vegas and eat big steaks
If we hit the strip club you could make a band day
She don't dance in the city 'cause her family be out
And I'm a million dollar nigga so this whammy be out
Sippin champagne with my nigga Worthy and shit
All the hoes out tonight so I'm sweatin a bitch
Grab a pack of Backwoods and the Frisco fittest
I ain't a superstar yet but the real niggas feel it
I got respect in my city I don't need that blap
But I keep that blap, 'cause nigga I rap
If you a snitch you a snitch I can't fuck with that
That's why I'm always by myself with this mini mac
I be at Whole Foods, white folks and shit
In the produce aisle tryna crack a bitch
Said how you doin, my name's Larry had to switch it up
Yo daddy must own hella iHOP's or something
She had a house in Diamond Heights and a Benz truck
I asked her how she doin this she only 21
She sat me down and said June I got a great trick
He give me everything I want since I was 18
I sit her down and gave her game and made it make sense
I told her nothing last forever gotta make it flip
Make sure your credit [?] you gotta own some shit
And you always gotta know a trick gon' be a trick
I be up bright and early eatin' egg whites
Fresh tangerine juice get my day right
I be playin' Darnell Jones and Berry White
Make my bed, clean the kitchen, and book a flight
Sometimes I never leave the house I ain't missin shit
Same niggas same bitches on that bullshit
I'm wipin' down my M80 while I read a book
Barbeque at the crib you should slide through

Another day in the city, Another day in the city
And I ain't worried bout shit
I'm not worried bout a damn, damn thing
I'm just living, living, living

Take it back to 2012 when I bought my first Benz
I never did graduate but I always had a plan
I was out in Miami when I touched my first 10
Wasn't even 20 yet and I was foreign lane switching
Thought a nigga had it all but I didn't have shit
Then I caught my first case nigga ain't this a bitch
They hit a nigga for a dub and that was all a nigga had
So I hit my nigga Kilo like we gotta bounce back
He said let's hit Pleasant Hill, that's when Redbook was cracking
For like two weeks my bitch was hittin full rack
I'm out in Costa Mesa trappin with my nigga June Pack
He said there's money in Seattle so he gotta shake back

I been going through some shit I'm on my way back to the Bay
I need to holla at my pops, I need to get some good game
I been making hella money, but I'm feelin hella lost
I lost touch with my family, and took another loss
Can't believe my grandma gone, life is a bitch I wish I could've said I love you
This rap shit is like a gift and a curse, but it could be worse
RIP lil [?] man that shit still hurt

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