

Another Day

Statik Selektah

Anther day, another dollar, right
Gon' dedicate this one to Mac Miller, ya heard? (Just another day, another dollar)

Been in my lane so long, I dozed off at the wheel
The doc said I crashed into a deal
Now I'm an artist, the last you could feel
I mastered my skill, I'm nice from Japan to Brazil
This ain't a bad bitch with me, she my wife
And I ain't goin' back and forth, homie, I'm livin' my best life
So I'ma throw first, stand tall, like, "Yeah, I'm the man"
It coulda been worse, the word earth means dirt
Now you stuck in rotation
Militant, but never joined the Nation
The All-High UFO invasion
Right, you see me rollin' through smooth
Like I'm Dean Martini smokin' herb, drinkin' Fiji
I ain't inherit nothin' but stress
I'm puttin' emcees to the test
Teach 'em better if they come incorrect
This one sweater might run you a check
It's no labels, no recordin' artist or exec could say
They seen it like UFO
Fee measured by degrees, Ecuador, when it comes to this flow
Build equity, that's all I know
And I ain't need to hear four-four-four to gain knowledge and grow
Playa, I did that, even a bobcat is a big cat
I am in the conversation, you cannot dismiss that
Full sleeve, I have a junkie where your kid's at
Playin' ball with 'em just to prove to you I'm big facts
Life come at you fast, don't take it personal
My style like hittin' the glass, look what these words could do
You hooked on phonics, it's gas, let you smell that
I'm hooked on chronic, my past life hell
In this one, I'm symbolic
Plus I get fly and I'm ten toes solid, God must be acknowledged
Right
Look, another day, another dollar

Superior flows, Craft got that fuck you disease
Like venereal goes, take the fight to where they're comfortable
And set up shop there, I got imperial goals
Homie, I ain't even near to my goals, that shit put fear in your soul
Real ones like, "we hearin' you, bro", yeah
So I proceed for the simple fact, that's simple facts
And I talk to 'em 'bout the work as if the shit was slack
But that, I would never, I'm glad my endeavors ain't half-hearted treasure
Upon the first few X's in the sand
'Cause he who never made a wrong turn's a directionless man
And eventually, I'll play the lows, fretless with one hand
But 'til then, I need some boundries just to know just where I am, like
I been lettin' enemies at my energy
'Cause some of 'em just look like friends to me
And I know that that's cliché, but most clichés started as the truth
So you gon' run into a few if you be partial to the proof
Simply put, I just ain't one of these artists you can mute
Before that, I'll be one of these artists you could shoot

Sometimes beautiful's ugly and the heart just isn't cute
You could hang me by my art if its the noose, Craft

Uh, these funny rappers blow overnight and the Rover white
Pitchin', I'm dissecting they lyrics and they over-hyped
Show's overpriced, damn, they is cold as ice
Sellin' you product that's garbage, they get me overtight
It's cold at night 'cause I been livin' the sober life
Had to go blow-for-blow so I could get me my soldier stripes
Overhand rights from Tyson Fury or Mike Tys'
And knife fights, pussy, tell me what your life like
Chicken with the rice, five-dollar plate shit
Introducin' y'all to Mac Miller from the basement
2020, spaceships, the process is greatness
Law-town, Masses, signed to Roc Nation
Check the birth certificates, my brother is killin' it
Never thought limited, we handlin' our business
Givin' back to the children, that's what we do
We raisin' money, too, S.T. Show Off Crew, we worldwide

Another day, another dollar
Another day, another dollar
Another day, another dollar
Another day, another dollar