

# Days of My Life

Trae tha Truth

The days of my life, the struggle I'm going through  
Cause times are too hard, but I gotta make it through  
The ghetto of my life, the struggle it ain't right  
But I gotta move on, and strapped with my chrome  
Cause I feel like they coming for me, but I'ma keep holding on  
A guerilla going out like a soldier, that's mobbing till it's over

[Trae]

So many times I'm ready to run the deal, I can't cause it ain't in me  
All the hatred people show us, what got me strapped down  
With a semi-automatic, living drastic  
So don't you get too close to me, cause I might blast it  
And paint another scenery, nigga this is what they made me  
Live in your face, a bonified poverty stricken nigga out of place  
That was praying to get a chance, but a chance wasn't given to me  
The only thing I was given was pain, that I could spit over beats  
So guerilla on his last leg, watching time fly by  
Over and over and deep inside, forever wonder why  
Trae never get no chance to be like Mike, or to live like Mike  
Or told, that I'ma be alright  
I have no life, and that's why I be mobbing and bleeding blocks  
Corner to corner, bended tinted up and away from cops  
Grinding and hopefully, one day I can live stress free  
So everyday I pray the Lord, will come and bless me

[Hook: Billy Cook]

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[Trae]

Got so many tears running down my face, when times got hard  
And feel the pain deep inside, when my heart got scarred  
And I know, that it ain't nothing that I wanna be feeling  
I've been praying for twelve years, and never seemed to be healing  
That's why I smile upside down, till then everybody move around  
Cause I don't wanna click on everybody, why hatred holding me down  
It's been hell living, it's Trae I display nothing but hurt  
Everything I lived and I seen, is what's sending me to the dirt  
My first born on the way, will I see it I can't say  
My baby mama say I'm zoning too much, and don't wanna stay  
But it's ok I made it through, and I lost everyone else  
The only thing that's in my life, that I ain't missing is death  
Cause everything I loved got took away, and ain't coming back  
The only thing I got is me, and it's killing me that's a fact  
But I'ma be alright, long as I'm staying strong  
Gotta play the cards I was dealt, even though this world ain't my home

[Hook: Billy Cook]

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[Trae]

So you wanna hate me now  
Them niggaz, try to take me out  
I ain't never did them, no wrong  
These motherfuckers, better leave me alone  
My life, is all I have  
And I don't care, I'm in love with that  
Deep down, I know I really gotta be strong  
And if they run up too quick, they gon meet my chrome

Because this world ain't promised to me  
The life that I'm living, is for the day  
And the pain I forever feel, is what got me running a stray  
And I don't want much, but it never fell  
I can't even get a piece of a piece of mind, without going through hell  
Hard times is what I bleed, a blessing is what I need  
So I can get over the struggle, and make it for my seed  
These days on the line, and I feel like I'm next to leave  
And I hope I'm going to heaven, aside if I believe

[Hook: Billy Cook]

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[Billy Cook]

Yeeeah, the days of my liiiiiiife  
The struggle I'm going through, feeeeel meeeeee  
Tell em Trae, when times get hard  
We gotta keep our head up, and gotta move on through  
Make it on through, the ghetto the ghetto of my life  
The struggle, it ain't right