

One Day

UGK

Mama put me out at only fourteen
So I start selling crack cocaine and codeine
Time to stack some paper think I'm a do it quick
Thinking I'm a juvenile but they don't know who they messing with, yeah
My mama's only son
But I live everyday like its my motherfucking last one
Every nigga and they mama asking why
But I'm in the game live by the game and in the game I'm a die
But if I die or should I say if I go
Bury me in Hiram Clarke next to the come and go
Cause tomorrow ain't promised to me
The only thing promised to a player is the penitentiary
So I'm a take care of my business on the smooth tip
Watch my back selling crack and pack two clips
When ya think about that you say "it'll be on"
Its a trip you're here today but the next day you're gone

One day you're here, baby
But then you're gone (repeat)

This world we living in man it ain't nothing but drama
Everyone wanna harm ya in New york niggas getting shot for bombers
Now they got yo life in the former they in like California
Niggas who roll that hydroponic-marijuana
Gang banging got the ghetto hotter than a sauna
Back in Orange my nigga Pop died on the corner
Behind a funky-ass dice game
I saw once before he died wished it was twice man
I remember being eight deep off in Chucky crib
Letting us act bad not giving a fuck what we did
When we lost him I knew the world was coming to the end
And I had to quit letting that devil push me to a sin
My brother been in the pen for damn near ten
But now it looks like when he come out man I'm going in
So shit I walk around wit my mind blown in my own fucking zone
Cause one day you here but the next day you gone

One day you here baby
But then you're gone (repeat)

I'm up early cause ain't enough light in the daytime
Smoke two sweets get in these streets out the pop up line
Peanut holder my boulders smolder on the PA pipes
AK loader as I get swallowed under city lights
Niggas be looking shife so I look shife back
Can't show no weakness with these bitches get yo life jacked
Mayne its a trip where I stay especially for me
This bitches trying to lock me up for the whole century
They gave my boy down in Florida Dante nineteen
I wish that we could smoke again and take a tight lean
My world a trip you can ask Bun B bitch I ain't no liar
My man RoRo just lost his baby in a house fire
And then when I got on my knees that night to pray
I asked God why he let these killers live and take my homeboy's son away
Man if you got kids show em you love em cause God just might call em home
Cuz one day you here but baby the next day you gone