

# Through The Day

Young M.A

Cops is firing, niggas is dying  
And for the ones tryna make it, please keep trying  
Cause niggas out here die for no reason, it's killer season  
Kids dying, somebody's son, daughter, nephew, and nieces  
R.I.P big bro, I swear I miss you man  
I wish I was right up there hanging with you man  
In the hood there's no hope, them crackers take us for jokes  
They laugh at us, when we successful they mad at us  
Crack fiends in the hood with bad habits  
And cops passing always tryna stop and harass us  
Liquor stores on the corner, they tryna line us  
Go to white neighborhoods, you hardly find one  
It's a cold world, that's why we hold heat  
Either your pops in jail, dead, or a deadbeat  
We gotta eat by any means necessary  
Cause niggas hustle from February to February  
And ain't no telling how many niggas in cemeteries  
It hurt to see my brother's name on that obituary  
They tryna bring us down but fuck 'em, we ain't breaking  
And for my brother, I promised that nigga that I'ma make it

I'm just tryna make it through the day  
And I just wanna get away  
So I'ma inhale until I'm out of breath  
And I'ma drink this bottle 'til it's nothing left

It really hurt me when they killed my brother  
He was only 20 when they took his life from him  
I was 17, I was happy with a dream  
But when he died I realized life ain't really what it seems  
It's a cold world, so fuck it I'm a cold girl  
And I'm screaming fuck the whole world  
Cause life took that one person that meant most to me  
Other half, he was close to me  
I want him close to me  
Now he a ghost to me  
I feel like there's no hope for me  
That's why I keep that ghost with me  
Cock it back and pop a nigga close to me  
Cause I don't trust nobody  
I think i need some damn help  
I can't trust niggas, I don't trust my damn self  
And that's why my brother dead, because he trust niggas  
He fucked around and trusted a fuck nigga

I'm just tryna make it through the day  
And I just wanna get away  
So I'ma inhale until I'm out of breath  
And I'ma drink this bottle 'til it's nothing left

I'm stressing, anxiety and depression  
I carry a lot of anger, a lot of hate and aggression  
I'm lost, and I'm just tryna find my way home, how  
In a world full of people I feel alone after  
Almost losing a sister I lost a brother and  
Never having a father, only a mother  
My sister was one pound and twelve ounces, premature

You heard? one pound, not three or four  
But she survived and that's a blessing in disguise  
We prayed and we had faith, I guess hope is still alive  
And now she's in middle school, you see how time flies?  
Just to see her graduate is a feeling I can't describe  
She ain't really know her brother, he passed when she was five  
She was three when she last saw him alive  
And I'm just happy that she ain't gotta ever live with that pain  
Shit, I be ready to cry hearing his name man

I'm just tryna make it through the day  
And I just wanna get away  
So I'ma inhale until I'm out of breath  
And I'ma drink this bottle 'til it's nothing left

Dear lord I know I'm sinning but  
It's hard to change the way I'm living  
I gotta get it, I gotta get it  
I gotta get it  
I'm just tryna make it through the day  
And I just wanna get away  
So I'ma inhale until I'm out of breath  
And I'ma drink this bottle 'til it's nothing left  
Dear lord I know I'm sinning but  
It's hard to change the way I'm living  
I gotta get it, I gotta get it  
Oh I gotta get it