

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

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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

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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