

Everyday

Yung Mal

Gudda Tay
Gudda Tay on every beat nigga
For sure

Where that pressure, I'ma roll one to the face
Thinkin' 'bout my nigga dead, wrong time, wrong place
All them losses paved the way, I count the cake then meditate
I get so high they think I'm lazy, I just had to cash, that's everyday
They hold out their hand, they'd rather wait
All these bitches get smashed, we pass every day
He ran out of cash, he all in the way
I can never fall off, I done flooded the safe
Wanna be a young boss, it's a price you gon' pay
Set the point on 1'5, beat that bitch like a slave
I run circles 'round niggas like I'm in a maze
I ain't perfect, I'm blessed and I'm filled with that faith
I stay strapped with a drake 'cause they filled with that hate
I'm a man of my word, it's a go if I say
Bitch do numbers, sold nicks on the curb every day
This gas to my lungs, smoke a bag every day
Say dot on the scene with us every day
Double cup for the lean, boy that's everyday
Every day we turn up like we been in a race
Catch a case, nigga eatin' cheese every day
Do the dash in this motherfucker, we like to race
Every day gotta put a new bitch in her place
Every day gotta change out the whip, I need space
Every day gotta catch a new play, I need cake
Every day I count up a backend in they face
Where that cookie, this swag, I can tell how it taste
Go [?] my brother, 1'5 in his face
Set the booth straight on fire and the beat came from Tay
They tell me don't stop, I hear that every day
One time for my bitch, she's too gutter
That bae, she say I'm stuck in my ways
She wanna hug up and lay
But I'm on the grind, chasing cash every day

Every day
We get money, we get paid ten ways, every day
We got ten hoes at the spot tryna get laid, every day
Come for that pack but he came too late
I'm working out how everything be straight
They know we keep working, they know we got weight
We get on the road and we switch up the state
Every day
We get money, we get paid ten ways, every day
We got ten hoes at the spot tryna get laid, every day
Come for that pack but he came too late
I'm working out how everything be straight
They know we keep work, and they know we got weight
We get on the road and we switch up the state

Let's get on the road and we switch up the state
Just caught me a flight and I land in LA
Who got that gas, I got cash and this weight
Get out the P, put that shit on the plate

If it's 'bout that cash I swear I'm on the way
I hop in the foreign, the interior slate
I drip in designer, my hoodie is Bape
I'm straight, I don't know why these niggas hate
We pullin' up on a yacht on the lake
Doin' shit niggas don't do every day
Influenced by niggas who get off that yay
You hang around niggas that ain't even gon' spray, that cray
But I see that shit every day
I pour that lean every day, I serve a fiend every day
I cop the blue cheese everyday
I'm strapped with that Glock every day
I keep that on my waist

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