

Same Everyday

Z-Ro

Man, same everyday, wake up, gotta get it
Trying to get it baby

It's the same everyday, everyday is the same
Running up and down the block, chasing change
And off a million faces, there be a seven year case
So we gotta be careful, when we slang

It's the same everyday, I gotta get up and get it
Trying to keep the lights on, and avoid getting evicted
Cause the landlord tripping, want me out of the house
Thinking it's nothing but that hard, coming out of the house
And it is I can't get a job, cause I'm an ex convict
All day I sell crack, not with but the bomb shit
My spot hotter, than a motherfucking stove
But if I can't recognize, your face shop close
I got uppers, downers, whatever you need
I got them wholesales, for niggas that wanna be
And when the drought come in, Z-Ro gon go to the stash
I'm in and out of season hustling, addicted to cash
I don't hustle for the fame, I don't hustle for the shine
Cause that's where a alot of motherfuckers, be doing time
Not me, I gotta stay free
Cause if I'm locked up, can't nobody pay me

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(2x)

Gotta feel me mama, I ain't trying to balla
I ain't gotta follow, plus I'm on the hunt for the dolla
Going through the drama, daily
Cause you realize, that the street pays me
What lately you been giving in, to the sinning of your kid
In and in women friends, getting trained in your den
Yep since daddy left, and granddaddy left
I been left with the stress, of the shelf
At the age of sixteen, my judgment was afreered
And for my 18th birthday, they sent the blue wern
I mean the blue warrant, my past pride's current
While my attitude's a middle finger, they don't know what I've endured
It's hell riding candy no license, uninsured
Pulled over to the curb, where's the weed and the syrup
But I'm staying on my note, yep perfecting is with time
Since I'm a boss hap, I use paper, pen in mine

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We got rich white guys on heroine, snorting
We go to jail for stones, but they can leagallize abortion
Extortion, money laundering and inbroan

Who the hell gon do time for jobs, lost at World Com
This year America's fucked up, D-Black and Jono got time
I'm grabbing a phone, it cost a dime
I'm bout to put this land in line, y'all don't
Feel going, y'all feel bills and crime
So here's my mind, plus a toilet for a dookie
Seven C sale, Mussolini best boochie
Ignorance is bliss, so you better call Calvin
Shit I can't duck fly, for the whole damn album
My life is a near, and turbulence is here
Body full of wounds, I think them folks got the spill
The land of the lost, but I'm lost in this land
Trying to make a future out this corn in my hand, man