

# It's On All Day

Bad Azz

(Bad Azz talking)

I hear everybody say they put they heart into they music  
Blessed with the time, I want to share this piece of my life with y'all  
I mean all y'all  
I dedicate this to the whole wide world  
And everybody who's in love with life, feel me, you know what I mean  
(Life is full of hard times and then you die)  
I gotta thank God for real life 'cause man invented violent death  
My generation's in love with sin, I want to live  
I want to see some more kids, Martini, stress, a little head  
'Cause my son ain't here and only God cures fears  
Ain't no woman 'bout a dollar, 'cause what we need, we got it  
Even God gave it to us, so one of his people bought it  
See change, that's ??? ??? favor this time  
He sent the angel to sprinkle some flavor on this rhyme  
Sent the poor folks, rice, chicken wings and hope  
And for Christmas all the kids got brand new coats  
I got a letter from my uncle in jail, he said he love us  
Ain't no life in this hell, and only friend is God above us  
I told him 'hold on', Pac said 'life goes on'  
And what's the price of freedom, if they was wrong we could teach 'em  
Damn, you don't know the strength of together  
We in the house of smiles if outside this bad weather 'til the sun comes

In the ghetto we hang all day, play all night  
Gotta give thanks for life  
In the ghetto it's on all day (it's on), just keep it tight  
In the ghetto we hang all day, play all night  
We gotta give thanks for life  
In the ghetto it's on all day (it's on), just keep it tight  
I gotta thank God when I wake up and pray before I go to sleep  
And hustle all day, 'cause life ain't cheap  
The cost of living is an arm and a leg, so crawl around  
Tryna' eat and get back on your feet  
If you could sleep, you could try this everyday of the week 'til you deasee  
d  
You could sacrifice your life to see peace, with all the grief  
Can't buy you a minute of sleep, so stay up  
Smoke a blunt and get drunk, like us, don't give a fuck  
Thugged out all night, 'til the sun come up  
Ridin doubles on a bike, probably playin with my life  
Sayin 'that's the police' when we see some headlights  
They dead right when they tell you that life ain't long  
But keep it tight, and it'll be aight  
And I don't lie about nothin, know the truth about me, I be for real  
If I lie, you don't know how I feel  
It's hard to love the place  
somethin you ain't never had the structure to feel

Before I go I want to leave this here, with your acceptance  
This experience here, has really sharpened my perception  
And I'd love to stay, but we all gotta go  
Take ya patience, it's a while before you reach ya destination  
It's a lot of love here, it's just mixed with all the hate  
And I been waitin, I ain't seen no fallin stars or no comet  
I was lookin for a sign he said 'I'm it'  
I hit the blunt and dumped the ashes and told the homeboys 'stop it'

What gangstas gotta do as saviors and prophets  
Nothin, ain't no connection at all  
Except the fact that we created by the All Mighty God  
That ain't enough to stand up and clap your hands for this song  
'Ain't no supportin Him by myself, I can't stand up for the cause'  
Damn, you don't know the strength of together  
Didn't wonder when they talked about the power in numbers  
I'm the ghetto and I love the hood, what you wonder