

Another Day

Berner

Yea I'm still the same dude that you met back then
I got ma shit bustin hard and I don't act like them
I let the candy paint drip like the cocaine sniff
I'm dope and I don't know bout days like this
I leave the house and pray to God that they don't raid my shit
It's hard I spent my whole life taking risk
Hit the mall spend a grip on a couple of fits
New kicks and I know they don't hustle like this
Big faces no twentys not even a fifty
So much money in my pocket that my jeans don't fit me
Remember high school it was three for fifty
Not that OG but it was green and sticky
I upgraded from yellow gold to platinum
And lost alot of friends when I started rapping
I never finished school I was caught in traffic
No metal on me homie because my glock is plastic

I was young I was gettin my cake thoe
Now I'm out of state lettin that weight go
I pray for another day cause this life is rough
I roll up and I light my blunt
Yea I'm ridin to that pac sippin leen and smokin
All eyes on me picture me rollin
Yea I pray for another day cause this life is rough
I roll up and I light my blunt

I get letters from the pen they wana keep him in
He caint wait to get out and play the streets again
It gets hard out here in these streets were in
It's dry I can't wait to eat again
Fresh money brand new and crispy
When I'm broke it feels like the whole worlds against me
My baby mother still screaming in my face
Calling me a loser cause I send things outa state
I guess I'm just a drug dealer living day by day
If you feel the same way and can't take a brake
Then you feel my pain it's like I'm paralyzed
Cause I'm stuck right here this is where I die
Fuck a 9-5 I culdnt wear a tie and this kinda lifestyle makes my parents cry
I got a kid know it's time to make a change
When I open up that door I hear em' say my name

I was young I was gettin my cake thoe
Now I'm out of state lettin that weight go
I pray for another day cause this life is rough
I roll up and I light my blunt
Yea I'm ridin to that pot sleekin leen and smokin
All eyes on me picture me rollin
Yea I pray for another day cause this life is rough
I roll up and I light my blunt

Up early in the morning the sun ain't up yet
Thinking about murder cause mayne I'm upset
Erase another line off the plague watch the sun set
Soon as you come out the house it's would be yo last breathe
But you never came out the house so I'm out here
Trying to pay bills in the drought gotta kill again

Never leave the steel at the house never sleep again
Cause I missed out on so much when I'm in my dreams
So I'm out late on the fall trying to shake the being
Niggas getting bread of course but it never seems
To be enough I'm insane I be seeing stuff
Ran for the petty club golds with my ones
Look, I must be having fun but it's not a game two stepping with my gun
Feelin like a king head hustlas like myself
Tryna join the team sick I'm on the meth pushers then we split the cheese